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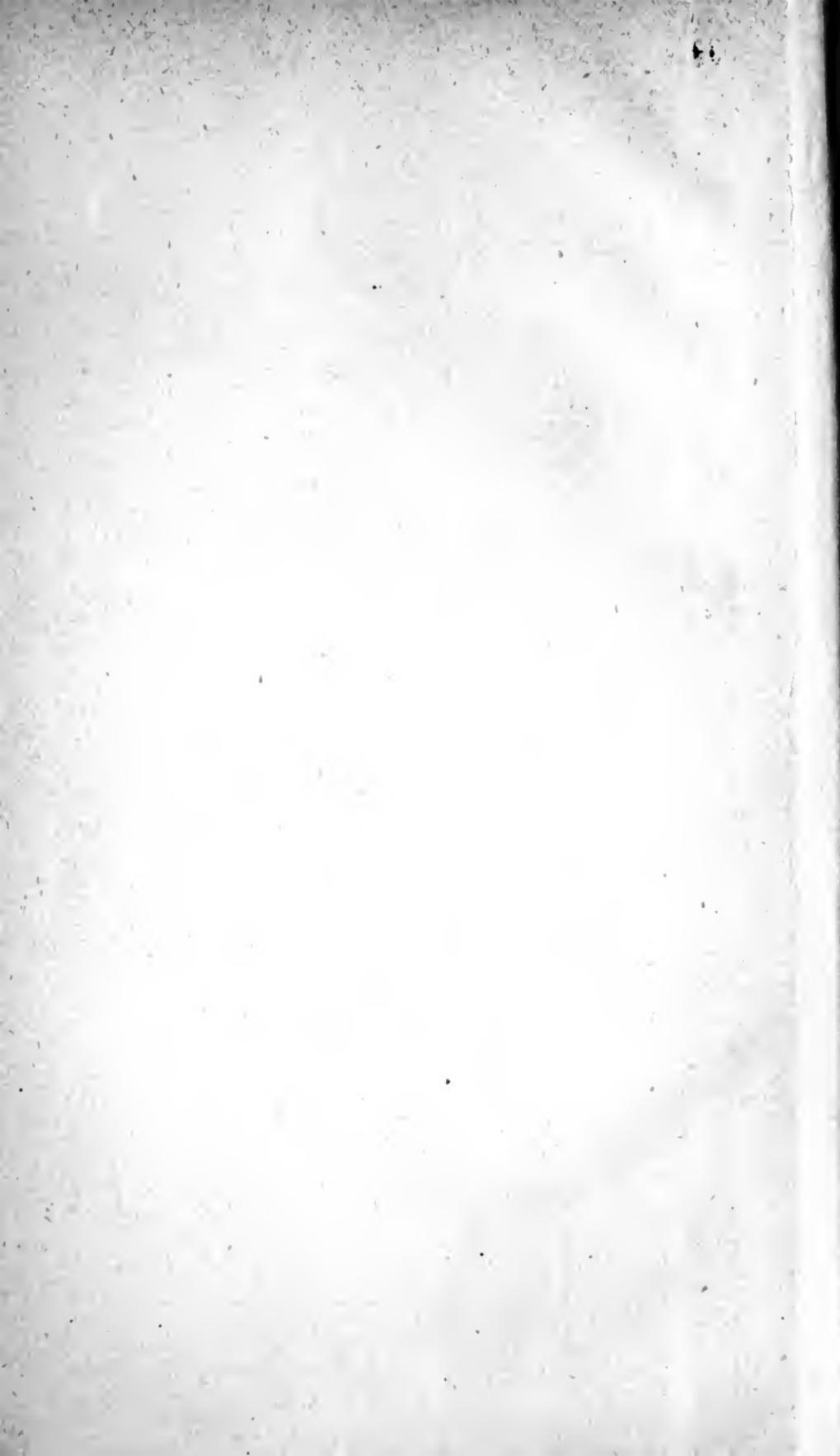
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HEYWOOD'S
DRAMATIC WORKS.



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THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
THOMAS HEYWOOD NOW
FIRST COLLECTED WITH
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR
IN SIX VOLUMES

Aut prodige solent aut delectare

VOLUME THE SIXTH



372346
6. 11. 39

LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1874

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2570
1874
V. 6
cap. 2

THE
R O Y A L L
K I N G,
AND
The Loyall Subiect.

As it hath beene Acted with great
Applause by the Queenes Majesties
Servants.

Aut prodeesse solent, aut delectare.—

Written by *Thomas Heywood.*

LONDON,

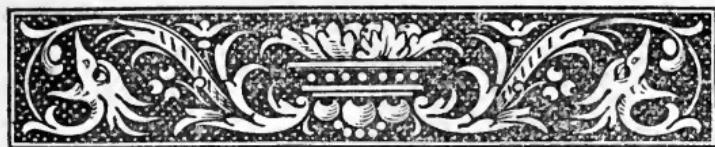
Printed by *Nich. and John Okes* for *James Becket*, and are to be sold at his shop at the inner Temple neare the Gate. 1637.





The Prologue to the Stage.

To give content to this most curious Age,
The gods themselves we' have brought
downe to the Stage,
And figur'd them in Planets; made even Hell
Deliver up the Furies, by no spell,
(Saving the *Muses* rapture) further, we
Have traffickt by their helpe; no History
We have left unrifled, our Pens have beene dipt
As well in opening each hid Manuscript,
As Tracts more vulgar, whether read, or fung
In our domesticke, or more forraigne tongue:
Of Fairy Elves, Nymphs of the Sea, and Land;
The Lawnes and Groves, no number can be
scan'd
Which we' have not given feet to, nay 'tis
knowne
That when our Chronicles have barren growne
Of Story, we have all *Invention* stretcht,
Div'd low as to the Center, and then reacht
Unto the *Primum mobile* above:
(Nor scapt things intermediate) for your love,
These have beene Acted often, all have past
Censure, of which some live, and some are cast:
For this in agitation, stay the end,
Though nothing please, yet nothing can offend.



Drammatis Personæ.

<i>The King of England.</i>	<i>The Prince of England.</i>
<i>The Lord Martiall.</i>	<i>Captaine Bonvile.</i>
<i>The Earl of Chester.</i>	<i>Corporall Cocke.</i>
<i>The Lord Lacy.</i>	<i>Langsprisado Match.</i>
<i>The Lord Clinton.</i>	<i>The Clowne.</i>
<i>The Lord Audley.</i>	<i>A Welch-man.</i>
<i>The Lord Bonvile.</i>	<i>An Host of the Ordinary.</i>
<i>The Princeffe.</i>	<i>Foure young Gallants at the Ordinary.</i>
<i>Isabella the Martials eldest Daughter.</i>	<i>A Servant.</i>
<i>Margaret, the Martials younger Daughter.</i>	<i>A Bawd.</i>
<i>The Lady Mary Audley.</i>	<i>Two Courtezans.</i>
<i>Two Gentlemen in a Bro- thel houfe.</i>	<i>Attendants, &c.</i>



The Royall King,

AND

The Loyall Subiect.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

*Enter the King of England, the Lord Lacy, Clinton,
Chester, and the Martiall, Audley, and Bonvile.*

King.

THus from the Holy Warres are we return'd,
To slumber in the Summer of soft peace,
Since those proud enemies that late blasphem'd
And spit their furies in the face of Heaven,
And now laid low in dust.

Chester. Dread Soveraigne,
 The Heavens have shew'd their bounty unto us,
 In guarding your most deare and sacred life
 From opposite hatred, and that imminent perill
 To which you were ingag'd.

Clinton. When in one battaile you were twice un-
 horst,
 Guirt with the opposite rankes of Infidels,
 That had not timely rescue come from Heaven,
 Mortall assistance had beene uf'd in vaine.

King. Ey, now you load me with a surplusladge
 Of comptlesse debt to this thrice valiant Lord
 My noble Martiall, twice that perillous day
 Did he bestride me, and beneath his Targe
 Methought that instant did I lie as safe
 As in my best and strongest Cittadell ;
 The whilst his bright Sword like the Bolt of *Ioue*,
 Pierc't the steele-crests of barbarous Infidels,
 And flatted them with earth ; although my Subject,
 Yet in this one thou hast prov'd my Lord :
 For when my life was forfeit to the Warres,
 Thou by thy valour didst redeeme it freely,
 And gav'st it me, whilst thou ingag'st thy life :
 For which if ever by like chance of Warre,
 Lawes forfeiture, or our prerogative,
 Thy life come in like danger, here we sweare
 By our earths honours, and our hopes divine,
 As thou for us, wee'le ours ingage for thine.

Mart. You give my Lord, to Duty Attributes
 Too high for her submisse humility ;
 I am your vassall, and ten thousand lives
 Of equall ranke with mine, subjects and fervants,
 Be over-rated if compar'd with yours.

King. When I forget thee, may my operant parts
 Each one forget their office : We create thee
 Next to our selfe of power, we but except
 The name of King, all other dignities
 We will communicate to thee our friend.

Mart. May I no longer use these Royalties,

Or have the power to enjoy them, then I wholly
Devote them to your service.

Prince. Noble Martiall,
If I survive *Englands* Inheritance,
Or ever live to sit on *Jacobs* Stone,
Thy love shall with my Crowne be hereditary.

Mart. And gracious Prince, since Heaven hath bin
as liberall
To grace me with your favour, as my birth
Was to endow me richly ; all your graces
Shall with my great and ample revenues
Be ever to your vertues serviceable.

King. We know it, and have beeene observers
long
Of thy choice vertues, neither could we yet
Fasten that love on thee, which came not home
With double use and ample recompence.

Clint. These graces are beyond dimension,
They have nor height, nor depth, uncircumscrib'd,
And without bounds. He like a broad arm'd tree
O're-shadows us, and throw his spacious bowes,
We that grow under cannot see the Sunne,
Nor taste the cheerefull warmth of his bright
beames.

These branches we must loppe by fire or Thunder,
Or by his shadowy armes be stll kept under.

Cheft. I was borne Eagle-fighted, and to gaze
In the Suns fore-head ; I will brooke no cloud
To stand betwixt me and his glorious fire,
I'le have full light, or none ; either soare high,
Or else sinke low ; my ominous Fate is cast,
Or to be first, or of all abjects last.

King. You shall renowned Martiall feast for us
The Embassadors that come from forraigne Lands,
To gratulate our famous victories.

Mar. I shall my Lord, and give them entertain-
ment
To *Englands* honour, and to suite the place
Of which I beare the name.

The Royall King, and

King. We doubt it not :

We understand Lords, in these tedious warres
 Some forward spirits have beene at great expence
 To furnish them like noble Gentlemen ;
 And many spent most part of their revenues
 In honour of their Countrey, some undone
 In pursuite of these warres : now if such come
 For their relieve by suite petitionary,
 Let them have gracious hearing, and supply
 Or by our service, or our Treasury.

Audley. I have one Kinsman hath spent all his
 land,

And is return'd a begger, and so tatter'd,
 As that I can but blush to acknowledge him :
 But in the Warres he spent it, and for me,
 Warres shall relieve him. He was a noble Heire,
 But what these lost, let other Warres repaire.

King. Lords all, once more we greete your safe
 returne,
 With generall welcome, we invite you all
 To feast with us, and joy what we have wonne,
 Happiest in these, our Martiall, and our sonne. *Exit.*

Enter the Clowne and a Welch-man.

Clowne. It seemes thou hast not beene in the
 Warres my Friend, but art new come up to *London*.

Welch. Heeven plesse thee from all his mercies, and
 his graces : It was told us in *Wales*, that you have
 great pigge Organ in *Pauls*, and pigger by a great
 deale than our Organ at *Rixam*, which made me
 make my travells and my journies on the pare hoofe
 up to *London*, to have resolutions and certifications in
 that pifineffe, that when I returne into my Countries
 and habitations, I may give notice to mine Uncle, *Rice
 ap Davy, ap Morgan, ap Evan, ap Jones, ap Geffrey*.
 I pray where apout stands *Pauls* Church, can you tell
 her ?

Clown. O very easily ; stand with thy face that

way, and follow thy nose, and thou wilt be there presently. But doest thou heare *Brittan*, take my word, our Organ of *Powles* is much bigger and better than yours of *Rixam*, by as much as *Powles* Church is bigger and better than Saint *Panbridge*.

Welch. Awe man, you prittle and prattle nothing but leafings and untruths : now will you but ease your posteriors a little, and I will quickly shew you your Organ of *Pauls*.

Clown. Very good, I like your demonstration well ; but doest thou thinke your Organ of *Rixam* can compare with ours for all that ?

Welch. Lend me but your eares and your apprehensions, and I will make you easily to acknowledge your errours.

Clowne. But first shew me your case in which you carry your two paire of Organs, sure those flops wil not hold them : but in the meane time walke with me to the next red Lettice, and I will give thee two Cannes, and wet thine Organ-pipes well I warrant thee.

Welch. I will take your courtesies, and if ever I shall meet you in *Glamorgan*, or *Rednock-shire*, I will make bold to requite some part of your kindnesses.

A loud winding of Hornes within.

Clowne. The very noise of that Horne hath frighted my courtesie, but all's one, fare-well for this time, and at our next meeting ten to one I will be as good as my word.

Welch. Say you so man, why then Cad keepe you from all his mercies, and good fortunes, and make us all his servants.

Sound againe.

Enter the King, Martiall, &c.

King. Come, we will to the chace, be neare us
Martiall,

I'le try to day which of our two good steeds
Can speed it best ; let the most swift take both.

Mar. So please your Grace, but I shall surely
loofe;

Yours is the best for proofe, though mine for shew.

King. That will we try, the wager growes not
deepe

Equals the lay, and what we winne, wee'le keepe,

Mount, mount.

Exeunt.

Chester. Greater and greater still, no plot, no
tricke

To have him quite remov'd from the Kings Grace,
To slander him ?

Clin. The King will lend no eare
To any just complaint that's made of him ;
What can our scandals doe them ?

Cheft. Challenge him
Of Treason then, and that may haply call
His Loyalty into suspect and question,
Which in the King at least will breed a coldnesse,
If not a deadnesse of affection.

Clint. Of Treason ? say he crave the combate
then,
For that's the least he can ; which of us two
Shall combate him ? I know his blowes too well.
Not I.

Cheft. I should be loath.

Clin. How doe you rellish this ?
His vertue and his bounty wonne him grace,
On that wee'le build to ruine all his favours,
And worke him to disgrace.

Cheft. Pray teach me how ?

Clin. First, praise him to the King, give all his
vertues

Double their due, adde unto every thing,
Ey, and Hyperbolize in all his deeds :
Let his knowne vertues be the common Theame
Of our discourse to stale him, rate his worth,
To equalize, if not to exceed the King :
This cannot but beget distast at least.

Cheſt. But further.

Clin. Thus ; then fall off from his praise,
And question his best deeds, as it may be
His noble bounty is but popular grace,
And his humility but inward pride :
His vulgar suffrage and applause abroad,
A way to climbe and seat himſelfe aloft,
You understand me ?

Cheſt. Fully ; come to horse, *Hornes.*
And as we ride, our further plots digest,
To finde what may disturbe, what ayd us best. *Exit.*

Enter Martiall, and Servant.

Mar. Spurre to the King, his ſteed's unfhod
before,
The wayes be ſtony, and hee'le ſpoyle his beaſt :
Here take theſe ſhoes and hammer, brought of pur-
poſe
For mine owne uſe.

Serv. My Lord, have you pluck't the ſhoes off
from your owne horſe, to ſet them on anotherſ, a
thouſand to one but you will ſpoyle your owne Gueld-
ing quite.

Mar. No matter, doe as I command thee
ſirrah ;
Hollow him ſtreight, I know he loves that horſe,
And would not ride him bare for any gold.

Serv. Your horſe is as good as his I am ſure, and
I think you love him as well.

Mar. No matter, if he aske thee where thou hadſt
them,
Tell him, thou broughtſt them with thee for my uſe.
Away, I'le gallop after, and over-take thee.

Serv. Put your ſhoes on another horſes feete, and
let your owne goe bare-foot ? a Jefte indeed.

Mar. The King affeſts both his good horſe and
Game,
I'le helpe to further both.

Enter the King, and Martiall: Winde horne.

King. You have fetcht me up at length, that's to
your fortune,
Or my misfortune, for I lost a shooe.
Martiall you ride well furnisht to the field.

Mar. My Lord, so Horsemen should, and I am
glad
My man was so well furnisht, and the rather
Since we are farre from helpe; my man is cunning,
Your Highnesse to his skill may trust your horse.

King. Thou couldst not have presented me a gift
I could have tasted better, for that beast
I much esteeme: you were out-stript at length.

Mar. Till I was forc't to alight, my horse with
yours
Kept equall speed.

Enter the Lords.

King. Our Lords? now Gentlemen,
How doe you like the Chace?

Audl. 'Twas excellent.

King. Had not my horse beene by mischance
unshod,
My Martiall here and I had led you still.

Cheſt. You were the better horſt.

King. And you the worſt,
Witnesſie the hugenesſe of your way behind:
Is not my horse yet ſhod?

Serv. He is my Lord.

King. Then let us mount againe.

Clin. Your horse my Lord, is not in ſtate to ride,
He wants two ſhoes before.

King. Whofe doth, the Martials?

Mart. Oft ſuch miſchances happen.

King. Were you furnisht
For us, and for your ſelfe kept no ſupply?

Mar. So I may have my Lord to furnish you,

I care not how my selfe want.

King. Apprehension

Helpe mee, for every circumstance apply

Thou hast done me an unwonted courtesie ;

You spy'd my losse first.

Mar. I did my Lord.

King. And then alighted.

Mar. True.

King. Vpon my life 'tis so,
To unshooe thine owne good steed, and furnish
mine,

Was't not ? upon thy life resolve me true.

Mar. What I have done my Lord, I did to you.

King. You will exceed me still, and yet my
courtesie

Shall ranke with thine ; for this great duty showne,

I pay thee thus, both steeds are now thine owne.

Clint. They wager love.

Mar. The best thing I can doe

In me is duty ; the worst, Grace in you.

King. Th'art ours ; come mount, we wil returne to
Court,

To order the great Turnament prepar'd

To doe our sonne grace ; in which we intreat

Martiall, your ayde, because your skill is great. *Exit.*

Enter Corporall and Cocke ragged.

Corpor. We have visited all our familiars, is it not
now time that we revisite our Captaine ?

Cock. With all my heart good Corporall, but it
had not bin amisse, if we had gone to *Burchen-lane*
first to have suited us : and yet it is a credit for a man
of the sword to goe thread bare, because by his appar-
rell he may be taken to be an old Soldier.

Corp. Cocke, thy father was a fresh water-soldier,
thou art not ;

Thou hast beene powdred, witnesse thy flaxe & touch-
box.

Enter Match.

Cocke. But who comes yonder, my Match ? I am glad I have met thee.

Match. I knew Cock, at one time or other thou wouldst meete with thy Match. What, shall we goe to my Captains lodging ?

Enter Captaine extreame ragged.

Corp. Spare that paines, yonder he appears in his colours.

Capt. *Fortun' de la guere* ; I that have flourisht, no colours like me, nay, no Trumpet thou in his highest key, have nothing now but ragges to flourish ; I that have fact' the enemy, have not so much as any facing left me : were my suite but as well pointed as I have seene some, and stood I but in the midst of my followers, I might say I had nothing about me but tagge and ragge. I am descended nobly; for I am descended so low, that all the cloaths of my backe are scarce worth a Noble : I was borne to thousands, and yet a thousand to one, they will now scarce acknowledge mee where I was borne.

Corp. Health to our worthy Captaine.

Capt. Thanks my most worthy soldiers ; and yet if I should examine your worths, what at the most could all you make ?

Corp. I would not have your Worship to examine our outsides.

Capt. And for your insides I'le passe my word.

Cock. Cannot all your worships credit afford you a new fuit ?

Cap. Credit me, no ; my revenues were a thousand a yeere, part of which I lavish't amongst gallants, riotted in Tavernes, havockt in Ordinaries ; and when my estate began to ebbe, as my last refuge, I laid all my hopes upon the last wars, but failing there, (as the world imagins) I am return'd as you see. The King hath promised supply and relieve to all that have spent

their estates in his expeditions, but many like my selfe have beeene borne to be poore, that scorne to be beggars ; as many have beenē borne to be rich, that can never leave it ; the truth is, I am my selfe as my proceedings will expresse me further.

Cor. Will you cashiere us Captaine, or shall wee follow your future fortunes ?

Capt. You shall not leave me ; my purpose is to try the humours of all my friends, my Allies, my ancient associates, and see how they will respect me in my supposed poverty : though I loose their acquaintance, I will loose none of my retinew. How say you Gentlemen, will you copart with me in this my dejectednesse ?

Corp. As I am Corporall, so will I prove true Squire to thy body.

Cock. And as I am true Cocke, so will I crow at thy service, waite on thee with a combe for thy head, with fire to thy Peece, with water to thy hands, and be cocke sure in any imployment whatsoever.

Match. And as I am true Match, I shall scorne that any of them shall o're-match me in duty.

Capt. Attend me then ; if I rise, you shall ascend ; if fall, I will lie flat with you. First then I will make some tryall of my Friends at the Court, and in good time : here's the King.

Sound, Enter the King discoursing with Chester, and Clinton, Audley, and Bonvile.

King. You have perswaded much, and I begin To censure strangely of his emulous love.

Chest. Further my Lord, what can his smoothnesse meane,
His courtesie, and his humility,
But as fly baites to catch the peoples hearts,
And weane them from your love.

Clin. Doth he not strive
In all things to exceed your courtesie,

Of purpose to out-shine your Royall deeds,
 And dazell your brightnesse, that himselfe may shine ?
 Is he not onely popular my Liege ?
 Is not the peoples suffrage sole to him,
 Whilst they neglect your fame, his traine doth
 equall,
 If not exceed yours ; still his Chamber throng'd
 With store of suitors : where the Martiall lies,
 There is the Court, all eyes are bent on him,
 And on his glories ; there's no Theame abroad,
 But how he fav'd you from the Pagans fword,
 How his sole hand fwayes, guides, and guards the
 Realme.

Cheft. Thinke but my Lord on his last game at
 Cheffe,

'Twas his past odds, but when he saw you moov'd,
 With what a fly negle&t he lost the mate,
 Onely to make you bound to' him.

Clin. For all the favours, graces, honours, loves
 Bestow'd upon him from your bounteous hand,
 His cunning was to thinke to quit you all,
 And pay you with a horse-shooe.

Cheft. In the Turnament

Made by the Prince your sonne, when he was Peere-
 leffe,

And without equall, this ambitious Martiall
 Strives to exceed, and did ; but when he law
 Your Highnesse moov'd to see the Prince disgrac't,
 He lost the Prize ; but how ? that all the people
 Might see it given, not forfeit, which did adde
 Rather than derogate : briefly my Lord,
 His courtesie is all ambition.

King. And well it may be ; is he not our vassall ?
 Why shoulde the Martiall then contend with us,
 To exceed in any vertue ? we observe him.
 His popularity, how affable
 He's to the people, his hospitality,
 Which addes unto his love ; his forwardnesse,
 To entertaine Embassadors, and feast them,

Which though he doo't upon his proper charge,
And for our honour ; yet it may be thought
A smoothnesse, and a cunning, to grow great ;
It must be so. A project we intend
To proove him faithlesse, or a perfect friend. *Exit.*

Cheſt. It takes, these jealous thoughts we must
pursue,

And to his late doubts still adde ſomthing new.

Cap. Your ſpeech being ended, now comes in
my cue.

My honourable Lord.

Cheſt. What beggar's this ?

Cap. Beggar my Lord ? I never begg'd of you :
But were I a begger, I might be a Courtiers fellow ;
Could I begge fuites my Lord as well as you,
I need not goe thus clad ; or were you free
From begging as I am, you might ranke me.

Cheſt. Compariſons ? Away. *Exit.*

Capt. Folly and pride

In Silkes and Lace their imperfections ſhew,
But let pure vertue come in garments torne
To begge relieve, ſhe gets a courtly ſcorne ;
My Lord you know me ?

Clin. I have feene that face.

Cap. Why 'tis the ſame it was, it is no change-
ling,

It beares the ſelfe-fame front ; 'tis not like yours,
Paled with the leaſt disgrace, or puſt with bragges,
That ſmiles upon gay cloaſths, and frownes on rags.
Mine's ſtedfaſt as the Sunne, and free as Fate,
Whose equall eyes looke upon want and ſtate.

Clin. And doth not mine ſo too ? Pray what's your
buſines ?

Cap. Onely that you would know me : the Kings
avour hath made you a Baron, and the Kings warres
have made me a bare one : there's leſſe diſference in
the Accent of the word, than in the coſt of our weeds :
This is the ſame face you were once acquainted with,
though not the ſame habite : I could know your

face, though your diseas'd body were wrapt in sheepe-skins.

Clin. This fellow offends me.

Cap. Goe churle, passe free,

Thou knowst my forfeit lands, though forget'st me :
Nay, you would be going too, you are as affraid of a
torne suite, as a younger brother of a Serjeant, a rich
corne-master of a plentifull yeere, or a troublesome
Attourney to heare of suits put to compremize.

Sir, I must challenge you, you are my kinsman ;
My Grandfir was the first that rais'd the name
Of *Bonvile* to this height, but Lord to see
That you are growne a Lord, and know not me.

Bonv. Cousin, I know you, you have bin an un-thrift,

And laviſht what you had ; had I ſo done,
I might have ebb'd like you, where I now flow.

Cap. Yet I can purcaſe that, which all the wealth
you have will never winne you.

Bon. And what's that I pray ?

Cap. Wit : is the word ſtrange to you, wit ?

Bon. Whither wilt thou ?

Cap. True,

Wit will to many ere it come to you.

Bon. Feed you upon your purcaſe, I'le keepe
mire.

Cap. Have you the wit to doo't ?

Bon. I have wit to buy,

And you to ſell, which is the greater gaine ?

Couſin, I'le keepe my wealth, keep you your brain.

Cap. The wealth of *Mydas* choak thee ere th'art
old,

And even the bread thou feed'st on change to gold.

My Lord, you heare how I pray for my Kinred,

I have a little more charity for my friend : with you
I have ſome buſineſſe.

Aud. I am in haſte now.

Cap. I pray you ſtay.

Audl. Not now indeed.

Cap. Pardon, for here's no way
Before you heare me.

Aud. Prithee be briefe.

Cap. Your daughter lives I hope.

Aud. What's that to thee ?

Cap. Somewhat 'twill proove, ey, and concerning
me ;

Before I laid my fortunes on these warres,
And was in hope to thrive, by your consent,
Nay, by your motion our united hearts
Were made more firme by contract ; well you know
We were betroth'd.

Aud. Sir, I remember't not.

Cap. I doe, and thus proceed :

I was in hope to have rais'd my fortunes high,
And with them to have pull'd her by degrees
Vnto that eminence at which I aime :
I venter'd for it, but instead of wealth
I purchast nought but wounds. Honour I had,
And the repute of valour ; but my Lord,
These simply of themselves are naked Titles,
Respectslesse, without pride, and bombast wealth,
And to the purblind world shew seeming bad,
Behold in me their shapes, they thus goe clad.

Aud. You said you would be briefe.

Cap. All that I had,

I spent upon my Soldiers, we tooke no spoile.
The warres have grated on me ev'n to this
That you now see : Now my last refuge is,
To raise my selfe by her.

Aud. And spend her meanes
As thou hast done thine owne vyle unthrift ? no,
I know no Contract.

Cap. I have one to shew.

Aud. No matter ; think'st thou that I'le vent my
bagges

To suite in Sattin him that Jets in ragges ? *Exit.*

Cap. The world's all of one heart, this blaze
I can,

All love the money, none esteemes the man.
These be our friends at Court, and fine ones too,
Are they not pray? where be our followers?

Cock. Here noble Captaine.

Cap. You see how our friends grace us, what hopes
we have to preferre you?

Corp. I see sufficient: Captaine, I will discharge
my selfe,

I meane to seeke else-where for preferment.

Cap. All leave me if you please; but him that
stayes,

If e're I mount, I'le with my fortunes raiſe.

Match. Captaine, I desire your passe, I meane to
march along with my Corporall.

Cap. Wilt thou goe too?

Cock. I leave you? who I? for a little diversity,
for a wet storme? no Sir, though your out-sides fall
away, I'le cleave as close to you as your linings.

Cap. Gramercy yet, away without reply?

Corp. *Futre* for thy base service.

Cap. Away, sfoot how am I falne out of my
humour? and yet this strangenesse of my nearest
friends and alliance deserves a little contemplating;
is't possible, that even Lords, that have the best edu-
cating, whose eares are frequent to the most fluent
discourse, that live in the very braine of the Land, the
Court, that these should be gull'd with shadows, and
not be able to distinguish a man when they see him;
thou knowest me, yet these doe not.

Cock. Why may not a poore man have as good
eyes as another? their eares indeed may be larger
than mine, but I can see as far without spectacles as
the best Lord in the land.

Cap. These superficiall Lords that thinke every
thing to be as it appeares, they never question a mans
wit, his discretion, his language, his inward vertues,
but as hee feemes, he passes.

Cock. I warrant if I should looke like an Asse,
They would take mee for one too.

Cap. The next I try is my betroth'd, if she acknowledge this hand that hath received hers, this heart, this face, and knowes the person from the garment, I shall say, Woman, there is more vertue in thee than Man.

Cock. There's no question of that; for they say, they will hold out better: But Sir, if we be no better habited, I make a question how we shall get in at the Court-gate; for I'le assure you your fashion is not in request at the Court.

Cap. My vertue is not to be imitated; I'le hold my purpose though I be kept backe, And venter lashing in the Porters Lodge. Come, follow me, I will goe see my Mistresse, Though guirt with all the Ladies of the Court: Though ragged Vertue oft may be kept out, No grate so strongly kept above the Center, But Asses with gold laden, free may enter.

Actus secundus, Scena secunda.

Enter the Prince, the Princeffe, the Martiall, and the Lady Mary Audley.

Prince. Lord Martiall, we are much in debt to you, For by your favour we obtain'd the prize In the last Tourney: we acknowledge it.

Mar. I could not love my Soveraigne Gracious Prince, Without extent of duty to the sonne.

Princeffe. 'Twas nobly ply'd on both sides, both had honour;

Yet brother to be modest in your praise,
You had the best.

Prince. You please to grace me Sister,
Martiall, I heare you are a widdower late :
How long is't since your beauteous Countesse dy'd ?

Mar. My Lord, you make me now unsoldier-like
Forget the name of Martiall, to become
A passionate husband ; her remembrance drawes
Teares from mine eyes ; shee dy'd some three Moneths
since,

Good Lady shee's now gone.

Princess. A kinde Husband
I'le warrant him : it e're I chance to bride,
Heaven grant I finde no worse.

Prince. Have you no children by her ?

Mar. Two sweet Girles,
Now all my hopes and solace of this earth,
Whom next the zeale I owe unto my King,
I prize above the world.

Prince. Why noble Sir,
Are they not brought up to be train'd at Court,
To attend our Sister ?

Mar. They are young and tender,
And e're I teach them fashion, I would gladly
Traine them in vertue, and to arme their youth
Against the smooth and amorous baits of Court.

Princess. As kind a Father as a Husband now :
If e're I chance to wedde, such Heaven grant me.

Prince. Why Heaven may heare your prayer :
here's one I warrant

That dreames not on a Husband.

Princess. Yet e're long
Shee may both dreame, and speake as much as I.
No question but she thinks as much already ;
And were her voyce and her election free,
Shee would not sticke to say this man for me.

Prince. You make the Lady blush.

Princess. Why to change face,
They fay in modest Maides are signes of grace :

Yet many that like her hold downe the head,
Will ne're change colour when they're once in bed.

Prince. You'l put the Lady out of countenance
quite.

Prineesse. Not out of heart ; for all of her com-
plexion,

Shew in their face the fire of their affection :
And even the modest wives, this know we too,
Oft blush to speake what is no shame to doe.

Mar. Lady, the Princesse doth but try your
spirit,
And prove your cheeke, yet doe not take it ill,
Hee'l one day come will act the Husbands part.

Enter Captaine and Cocke.

Prineesse. Here enters one, I hope it be not he.

Cap. Attend me firrah into the presence, and if
any of the Guard repulse thee, regard him not.

Cocke. I'le march where my Captaine leads, wer't
into the Presence of the great *Termagaunt*.

Cap. My duty to the Prince, Madam your favour,
Lord Martiall, yours.

Prince. What will the fellow doe ?

Cap. Lady, your lip.

Prineesse. My Lord, how like you this ?
She'd blush to speake, that doth not blush to kisse.

Cocke. Well said Mistris.

Prince. A good bold fellow.

Cap. You are not ashamed to acknowledge me in
this good company : I have brought thee all that the
warres have left of me ; were I better worth, 'twere all
thine ; thou canst have no more of the Cat but his
skinne, I have brought thee home the same eyes that
first saw thee, the same tongue that first courted thee,
the same hand that first contracted thee, and the same
heart that first affected thee : More I have not, lesse I
cannot : nay quickly sweet Wench, and let mee know
what to trust to.

Lady Mary. Were you more worth, I could not
love you more,
Or lesse, affect you lesse ; you have brought me home
All that I love, your selfe, and you are welcome.
I gave no faith to Money, but a Man,
And that I cannot loose posseſſing you :
'Tis not the robe or garment I affect,
For who would marry with a fuite of cloaths ?
Diamonds, though set in Lead, reteine their worth,
And leaden Knives may have a golden sheath.
My love is to the Jewell, not the Cafe,
And you my jewell are.

Cap. Why god amercy Wench : come firrah. *Exit.*

Cock. Here's a short horſe foone curried.

Princeſſe. Is this your sweet-heart ? I had need
wifh you much joy, for I fee but a little towards :
Where did you take him up by the hye-way, or did you
not fall in love with him hanging on a Gibbet ?

Prince. What is he for Heavens sake ? can no man
give him his true character ?

Mar. I can my Lord, he's of a noble House,
A *Bonvile*, and great Heire ; but being profuse,
And lavish in his nonage, spent the most
Of his knowne meanes, and hoping now at last
To raiſe his fortunes by the warres now ceaſt,
His hopes have fail'd him, yet we know him valiant
And fortunate in ſervice : One whose minde
No fortune can deject, no favour raiſe
Above his vertues pitch.

Prince. If he be ſuch,
We'e move the King in his behalfe, and helpe
To cheriſh his good parts.

Enter Chester.

Cheſt. My Lord the Prince,
The King calls for you ; for he dines to day
In the great Hall with great ſolemnity,
And his beſt ſtate : Lord Martiall, you this day

Must use your place, and waite, so all the Lords.

Prince. Come, wee'l goe see the King.

Mar. I shall attend your Grace. *Exit.*

Princesse. And in faith Lady can you be in love
with this ragge of honour?

Lady Ma. Madam, you know I am my Fathers
heire,

My possibilities may raiſe his hopes

To their first height: should I despise my hand
In a torne glove, or taste a poysinous draught
Because presented in a Cup of Gold?

Virtue will last when wealth flyes, and is gone:
Let me drinke *Nectar* though in earth or stome.

Princesse. But say your Father now, as many
Fathers are, proove a true worldling, and rather than
bestow thee on one dejected, dis-inherite thee? how
then?

Lady Ma. My Father is my Father, but my Hus-
band,

He is my selfe: my resolution is
To professe constancy, and keepe mine honour;
And rather than to Queene it where I hate,
Begge where I love: I wish no better fate.

Princesse. By my faith good counfell; if I live
long enough,
It may be I may have the grace to follow it. *Exit.*

Sound: enter two banquets brought forth, at one the King and the Prince in their State, at the other the Lords: the Martiall with his Staffe and Key, and other offices borne before him to waite on the King.

King. This Anniversary doe we yeerely keepe
In memory of our late victories.

In joy of which we make a publicke feast,
And banquet all our Peeres thus openly.

Sit Lords, those onely we appoint to waite,
Attend us for this day: and now to crowne

Our Festivall, we will begin this health.

Who's that so neare our elbow ? Martiall ? you ?
Stand off we wish you, further.

Mar. Me my Lord ?

King. Ey you my Lord.

Mar. Your Highnesse will's a law,
I shall obey.

King. You are too neare us yet : what are we
King,

Or have we countermanders ?

Cheft. Note you that ?

Clint. Now it begins.

Mar. I feare some Sycophants
Have dealt ignobly with us to the King :
No matter I am arm'd with innocence,
And that dares front all danger.

King. Lords this Health :

The King drinks, they all stand.

See it goe round, 'twas to our victory.

Mar. With pardon, can your Highnesse that re-
member,
And so forget me ?

King. Thou doest prompt me well,
You are our Martiall.

Mar. I have us'd that place.

King. Your Staffe ? support it, and resolve me
this :
Which of yon Lords there seated at the bord,
Hast thou beene most in opposition with ?
Or whom dost thou least favour ?

Mar. I love all :

But should you aske me who hath wrong'd me most,
Then should I point out *Chester*.

King. *Chester* then.

Beare him that Staffe, giv't up into his hand,
Say, I commend me to him by the name
Of our High Martiall ; take your place below,
And let him waite on us : what doe you pause ?
Or shall we twice command ?

Mar. I'le doo't my Lord :

Chester, the King commends his love to you,
And by my mouth he styles you by the name
Of his High Martiall, which this Staffe of Office
Makes good to you ; my place I thus resigne,
And giv't up freely as it first was mine.
You must attend the King, it is a place
Of honour *Chester*, and of great command,
Vfe it with no lesse modesty than he
That late injoy'd it, and resignes it thee.

Chest. I need not your instruction ; the Kings
bounty
Bestows it freely, and I take my place.

Mar. And I mine here, th' allegiance that I owe
him

Bids me accept it, were it yet more low.

King. Attend us *Chester*, wait upon our Cup,
It is an honour due to you this day.

Chest. I shall my Lord.

Clin. Oh my Lord you are welcome, wee have not
had your company amongst us long.

Mar. You ever had my heart, though the Kings
service
Commanded still my person : I am eas'd
Of a great burden so the King rest pleas'd.

Aud. I have not seene a man hath borne his
disgrace with more patience ; especially to be forc't
with his owne hand to deliver up his honours to his
enemy.

Bonv. It would have troubl'd me, I should not
brooke it.

King. Command yon fellow give his golden
Key
To the Lord *Clinton* ; henceforth we debarre him
Access unto our Chamber, see it done.

Chest. The King commands you to give up your
Key
Vnto that Lord that neares you : henceforth Sir,
You to his person are deny'd accessse,

But when the King commands.

Mar. Say to my Liege,
The proudest foe he hath, were he an Emperor,
Should not have forc't the least of these from me :
But I acknowledge these, and all I have,
To be sole his ; my life too, which as willingly
To please him I will send : I thanke his High-
nesse

That fees so into my debility,
That he hath care to ease me of these loads
That have opprest me long ; so Sir 'tis done :
Come Lords, now let's be merry, and drinke round,
After great tempests we a calme have found.

Aud. This Lord is of an unwonted constancy,
He entertaines his disgraces as merrily as a man dyes
that is tickled to death.

King. Cannot all this stirre his impatience up ?
I'le search his breast but I will finde his gaule :
Command him give his Staffe of Councell up.
We will bestow it elsewhere where we please.

Cheſt. The King would have you to forbear the
Council,
And to give up your Staffe.

Mar. I shall turne man,
Kings cannot force to beare more than we can.

Cheſt. Sir you are moov'd ?
Mar. Those that are wronged may speake :
My Lord, I let you know my innocence,
And that my true and unstain'd Loyalty
Deserves not this disgrace : none ever bore
Like eminence with me that hath discharg'd it
With better zeale and conscience ; for my service
Let my wounds witnesſe, I have fome to shew ;
That had I not my body interpos'd,
Had beene your skarres : all my deserved honours
You have bestow'd upon my enemies,
Ey such as have whole skinnes, —
And never bled but for their ease and health.
You might with as much Iustice take my life,

As feaze my honours : howsoe're my Lord
Give me free leave to speake but as I finde,
I ever have beene true, you now unkind.

King. Will you contest ?

What have you Sir that is not held from us ?
Or what can your owne vertue purchase you
Without our grace ? Are not your fortunes, favours,
And your revenewes ours ? where should they end
But where they first began ? have we not power
To give our owne ? or must we aske your counsell
To grace where you appoint ? neede we a Guar-
dian,

Or aime you at the place ?

Mar. Oh my dread King,
It sorrows me that you misprize my love,
And with more freedome I could part with life
Than with your Grace : my offices alas,
They were my troubles, but to want your favours,
That onely thus afflicts my loyall thoughts,
And makes me bold to tearme your Grace unkind.

King. Sir, we command you to abandon Court,
And take it as a favour that we now
Not question of your life ; without reply
Leave us.

Mar. I'le leave the Court as I would leave my
burden,
But from your Highnesse in this kind to part,
Is as my body should forfaze my heart. *Exit.*

King. Shall we not be our selfe, or shall we
brooke

Competitors in reigne ? act what we doe
By other mens appointment ? he being gone,
We are unrival'd ; wee'le be sole, or none.

Prince. The Martiall's gone in discontent my
Liege.

King. Pleas'd, or not pleas'd, if we be *Englands*
King,
And mightiest in the Spheare in which we moove,
Wee'le shine alone, this *Phaeton* cast downe,

Wee'le state us now midst of our best affected :
 Our new created Martiall first lead on,
 Whose Loyalty we now must build upon.

Exit.

Enter Captaine and Clowne.

Cap. Sir, now attend me, I'le to the Ordinary,
 And see if any of my ancient friends will take
 note of me.

Where's the good man ? within ?

Clown. There's none dwells here : you may speak
 with the Master of the house if you will.

Enter the Host.

Clown. Captaine, Captaine, I have descri'd an
 Host.

Cap. An Host ? where ? which way march they ?

Clown. Mine Host of the house, see where he
 marches.

Cap. Here take my cloake, what is't not Dinner-
 time ?

Are there no gallants come yet ?

Host. Why Sir, doe you meane to dine here to
 day ?

Cap. Here doe I meane to cranch, to munch, to
 eate,
 To feed, and be fat my fine *Cullapolis*.

Host. You must pardon me Sir, my house in-
 tertaines none but Gentlemen ; if you will stand at
 gate, when Dinner's done, I'le helpe you to some frag-
 ments.

Cap. Sirrah, if your house be free for Gentle-
 men, it is fit for me ; thou feest I keepe my man, I've
 Crownes to spend with him that's bravest here : I'le
 keepe my roome in spight of Silkes and Sattins.

Host. I would I were well rid of this ragge-
 muffin.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* How goes the day ?

2. *Gent.* It cannot yet be old, because I see no more gallants come.

1. *Gent.* Mine Host, what's here ?

Host. A Tatterdemalean, that stayes to sit at the Ordinary to day.

2. *Gent.* Doest know him ?

Host. I did when he was flush, and had the Crownes ; but since he grew poore, he is worne quite out of my remembrance. He is a decay'd Captaine, and his name is *Bonvile*.

1. *Gent.* I would he would leave this place, and ranke himselfe with his companions.

Enter two more.

2. *Gent.* Morrow Gentlemen.

3. *Gent.* The morning's past, 'tis mid-day at the least.

4. *Gent.* What is the roome so empty ?

Host. And please your Worships,
Here's more by one than it can well receive.

3. *Gent.* What Tatter's that that walkes there ?

4. *Gent.* If he will not leave the roome, kicke him downe staires.

Cap. There's ne're a filken outside in this company

That dares present a foot to doe that office :

I'le tosse that heele a yard above his head

That offers but a spurne.

1. *Gent.* Can we not be private ?

Cap. I am a man like you perhaps well bred,
Nor want I coyne, for harke, my pockets chinke :
I keepe my man to attend me more perhaps,
Than some can doe that goe in costlier Silke.
Are you so fearefull of a ragged suite ?
They were first paid for e're they were put on ;

A man may question whether yours were so.
 Who kicks first, ha, come ; have you minde to
 game ?
 I'le cast, or set at thus much ; will you card
 A rest for this ? no ? then let's to dinner :
 Come serve in meate.

1. *Gent.* Mine Host, prithee put this fellow out of
 the room,
 And let him not drop his shooe-clouts here.
2. *Gent.* Sfoot dost thou meane we shall goe louzie
 out of the house ?
3. *Gent.* If he will not goe out by faire meanes,
 Send for a Constable.
4. *Gent.* And send him to Bridewell Ordinary ;
 whipping cheere is best for him.

Host. Nay pray sir leave my house, you see the
 Gentlemen will not endure your company.

Cap. Mine Host, thou knewst me in my flourish-
 ing prime :
 I was the first brought custome to thine house,
 Most of my meanes I spent here to enrich thee ;
 And to set thee up, I've cast downe my ieselfe.

Host. I remember sir some such matter, but you
 see the times change. Nay, will you leave the Gen-
 tlemen ?

Cap. The Lease of this house hadst thou not from
 me ?
 Did I not give thee both the Fyne and the Rent ?

Host. I must needs say you were bountifull when
 you had it, but in troth sir, if you will not be gone,
 I shall be forc't to turne you out by the head and
 shoulders.

Cap. And is not all this worth the trusting for an
 Ordinary ?

Host. Nay if you prate, I shall use you somewhat
 extraordinary.

Gent. Downe with the Rogue.

Cap. Since you hate calmes, and will move stormy
 weather,

Now Host and guest shall all downe staires together.

Clown. Ah well done Master, tickle them noble Captaine.

Cap. Come *Cock*, I have tooke some of their stomachs away from them before Dinner.

Enter the Martiall with his two men, and his two Daughters.

Mar. We are at peace now, and in threatned death

We doe enjoy new life : my onely comforts,
The image of my late deceased wife,
Now have I time to furfeit on your sight,
Which Court-imployments have debarr'd me long.
Oh Fortune, thou didst threaten misery,
And thou hast paid me comfort ; neede we ought
That we should seeke the suffrage of the Court ?
Are we not rich ? are we not well revenew'd ?
Are not the Countrey-pleasures farre more sweete
Than the Court-cares ? Instead of balling suiter
Our eares receive the musicke of the Hound ;
For mounting pride and lofty ambition,
We in the Ayre behold the Falcons Tower,
And in that Morall mock those that aspire.
Oh my good King, instead of threat and wrong,
Thou hast brought me rest which I have wisht so
long.

Isabella. Sir, we have long beene Orphans in the Countrey,
Whilst you still followed your affaires at Court ;
We heard we had a Father by our Guardian,
But scarce till now could we enjoy your sight.

Katherine. Nor let it seeme offensive to your
love,
That we in your retirement should take pride,
The King in this pursues our greater happiness,
And quickens most where he would most destroy.

Mar. You are mine owne sweet girles, & in your vertues

I place my sole blisse ; you are all my honours,
My favours, state, and offices at Court :
What are you not ? Let the King take my lands,
And my possession, and but leave me you,
He leaves me rich ; more would I not desire,
And lesse he cannot grant.

Enter a servant.

Serv. One from the King
Attends your honour, and his urgency
Craves quicke dispatch.

Mar. Ladies withdraw a little,
I long to know what mischiefe's now afoot ;
Wee'le front it be it death, ey and march towards it.
A Chaire, admit the Herald, let him in ;
We are arm'd 'gainst what can come, our breast is
true,
And that's one *Maxim*, what is forc't, is wrong,
We can both keepe our heart and guide our tongue.

Enter the servant ushering in Chester.

Cheft. Sir, the King greets you, and commands you
effect
His will in this ; you know the Character.

Mar. My good Lord Martiall you are welcome
hither,
These Lines I kiste because they came from him.

Cheft. You'le like the letter better than the
style :
Ha, change your face ? is your blood moov'd to the
tyde,

Or ebbes it to your heart ?

Mar. Thou hast two Daughters,
Faire by report, her whom thou lov'st best
Send to the Court : it is thy Kings behest,

He reads.

Doe this on thy allegiance.

Cheſt. Sir your Anſwer ?

Mar. I pray Sir deale with men in misery
Like one that may himſelfe be miserable :
Insult not too much upon men diſtreſt,
Play not too much upon my wretchedneſſe ;
The noble minds ſtill will not when they can.

Cheſt. I cannot ſtay for anſwer, pray be briefe.

Mar. You are more welcome than your message
Sir,

And yet that's welcome comming from my King ;
Pray Sir forbeare me, 'tis the Kings command,
And you ſhall know mine anſwer iſtantly :
Receive him nobly.

Cheſt. I ſhall waite your pleasure.

Mar. Malice, revenge, diſpleaſure, envy, hate,
I had thought that you had onely dwelt at Court,
And that the Countrey had beene cleere and free :
But from Kings wraths no place I finde is ſafe.
My faireſt daughter ? had the King commanded
One of my hands, I had ſent it willingly ;
But her ! yet Kings muſt not be dallied with,
Somewhat I muſt reſolve to breed of force
Treaſon or to my blood, or to my King,
False Father, or false Subject I muſt proove,
Be true to him I ſerve, or her I love,
Somewhat I muſt : my Daughters, call them in :

Enter one uſhering the Ladies.

Leaue them and us.

Ladies I muſt be blunt, the King's diſpleas'd,
And hearing of two children whom I love,
My patiencie and my loyalty to try,
Commands that ſhe whom I love beſt muſt dye.

Ifab. Dye ? 'las that's nothing ; muſt not all
men fo ?

And doth not Heaven crowne martyr'd innocence ?

I was affraid my Lord the King had sent
 To have strumpetted the fairest of your blood :
 An innocent death my Lord is crowne of rest,
 Then let me dye as her whom you love best.

Kath. If but to dye, prove that you love me
 then ;

Death were most welcome to confirme your love.
 Alas my Sister, she hath not the heart
 To looke upon a rough Tormenters face :
 I am bold and constant, and my courage great ;
 As token of your love then point out me.

Mar. Alas my girles for greater ills prepare,
 Death would end yours, and somewhat ease my
 forrows :

What I must speake, containes Heavens greatest
 curse,

Search all the world, you can finde nought so ill.

Isab. Speak't at once.

Mar. Her whom I best affect,
 The King intends to strumpet.

Kath. Bleffe me Heaven !

Mar. Should he,

Kath. By all my joyes I'le sooner dye
 Then suffer it.

Isab. And so by Heaven will I.

Mar. Now you are mine indeed, who would fore-
 goe

One of these jemmes so fine, and valued so ?
 But passion give me leave, the King commands,
 I must obey. The fairest he sent for ;
 None of my daughters have beene seene at Court,
 Nor hath the ambitious *Chester* view'd them yet :
 My eldest then shall goe, come hither girle ;
 I fende thee, (Heaven knowes) whether to thy death
 Or to thine honour ; though he envie me,
 Yet in himselfe the King is honourable,
 And will not stretch his malice to my child.
 The worst I feare, and yet the best I hope,

I charge thee then even by a fathers name,
If the King daine to take thee to his bed
By name of Queene, if thou perceiv'st thy selfe
To be with child, conceale it even from him ;
Next, when thou find'st him affable and free,
Find out some talke about thy Sister here,
As thus ; thy Father sent thee but in jest,
Thy Sister's fairest, and I love her best.

Ifab. It may incense the King.

Mar. What I intend
Is to my selfe, inquire no further of it.

Ifab. I shal performe your will, and thus re-
olv'd
To be a Martyr e're a Concubine.

But if the King afford me further favour,
In my close bosome your last words I'le place.

Mar. Sister and Sister part, be you not feene
Eid her farewell, a Martyr or a Queene.
They cannot speake for teares, alas for woe,
That force should part Sister and Sister thus,
And that the Child and Father of one heart,
Commands, and powerfull threats should thus divide.
But *Chester* stayes, within there ?

Enter servant.

Serv. My Lord ?

Mar. Have you receiv'd Earle *Chester* honour-
ably ?

Serv. The noblest welcome that the house could
yeeld

He hath had my Lord, nothing was held too deere :
He much extolls your bounty.

Mar. Vsher him in, we are now ready for him.

Serv. I shall my Lord.

Enter Chester.

Chest. Sir, I have stay'd your leasure, now your
Answer ?

Mar. That I obey, the fairest of my girles
I send the King.

Cheft. I easily can beleeve
That this the fairest is, her like in Court
Lives not ; she is a Present for a King.

Mar. Say to the King I give her, but conditionally,
That if he like not this fairest of the two,
Vnstain'd he will his gift send backe againe.

Cheft. I shall, come Lady.

Mar. My Lord, I doe not load you with com-
mends
And duties which I could doe to the King :
I know your love, your memory may faile you,
And you them all may scatter by the way.
Doe thou a Fathers duty thus in teares,
And send me how thou speed'st to free these feares.

Excut.

Actus tertius.

Enter Clowne and the Lady Mary.

Mary. Came you from him ?

Clown. Yes if it please your Maidenship ; my Master sends you word he is the old man, and his suite is the old suite still, and his cloaths the old cloaths : He scornes to be a changeling, or a shifter ; he feares nothing but this, that hee shall fall into the Lord your fathers hands for want of reparations.

Mary. We know thy meaning, here beare him this gold,

And bid him suite him like the man he was,
Bid him to face the proudest hee in Court ;
He shall not want whilst we have.

Clowne. That was out of my Commission Lady,
Gold tempts, I have commandment not to touch

it ; 'tis another thing he aymes at : it is a thing, but I know not what manner of thing ; but someting it is, and he vowes not to shift a shirt till he be further resolv'd : hee onely sends you Commendations, and withall to know if you would stand to your word.

Mary. He wrongs me to cast doubts :
Tell him I am the same I ever was,
And ever will continue as I am.
But that he should disdaine this courtesie
Being in want, and comming too from me,
Doth somewhat trouble me.

Clowne. We want Madam ? you are deceiv'd, wee have store, of ragges ; plenty, of tatters ; abundance, of jagges ; huge rents, witnesse our breeches ; ground enough to command, for we can walke where we will, none will bid us to Dinner ; houses rent-free, and goodly 'ones to chuse where we will ; the Martialsie, the Counter, Newgate, Bridewell ; and would a man desire to dwell in stronger buildings ? and can you say that we are in want ? No Lady, my Captaine wants nothing but your love, and that he intreats you to fend by me the bearer.

Mary. I doe, with all the best affection
A Virgin can bestow upon her friend.

Clown. I dare sweare he is an honest man, but I dare not say he is a true man.

Mary. How, not a true man ?

Clowne. No ; for hee hath sworne to steale you away, and thus I prove it : if he steale you away, I am sure you wil not goe naked ; he cannot steale you, but hee must steale the cloaths you have on ; and he that steales apparrell, what is he but a Theefe ? and hee that is a Theefe cannot be a true man *Ergo*.

Mary. That is no theft when men but steale their owne,
And I am his, witnesse this Diamond,
Which beare him, and thus say, that no disaster
Shall ever part me from his company.

Clown. I shall beare this with as good will
as you would beare him, *Vt cunque volumus.*

Mary. What are we but our words ? when they
are past,
Faith should succeed, and that should ever last.
My Father ?

Enter Audley.

Aud. Wots thou who's returnd,
The unthrift *Bonvile*, ragged as a scarre-crow,
The Warres have gnaw'd his garments to the skinne :
I met him, and he told me of a Contract.

Mary. Sir, such a thing there was.

Aud. Vpon condition if he came rich.

Mary. I heard no such exception.

Aud. Thou doest not meane to marry with a beg-
ger ?

Mary. Vnlesse he be a Gentleman, and *Bonvile*
Is by his birth no lesse.

Aud. Such onely gentile are, that can maintaine
Gentility.

Mary. Why, should your state faile you,
Can it from you your honours take away ?
Whilst your Allegiance holds, what need you more,
You ever shall be noble although poore.

Aud. They are noble that have nobles ; gentle
they
That appeare such.

Mary. Indeed so worldlings say :
But vertuous men proove they are onely deare
That all their riches can about them beare.

*Sound : Enter the King, Clinton, Bonvile, Prince,
Princesse.*

King. Is not Earle *Chester*
Return'd yet with an answer from the Martiall ?

Princ. Not yet my Lord.

King. For such contention we now scorne revenge,

Wee'le try the utmost of his patience now :
He would exceed our love, if it appeare,
He will hold nothing for his King too deere.

Aud. Earle *Chester* is return'd.

Enter Chester and Isabella.

King. Hast brought her *Chester* ?

Chest. Her whom her father the most faire esteemes,

He hath sent by me, onely with this request,
That if his free gift doe not like your Highnesse,
You'le send her backe untoucht to his embrace.

King. I feare we shall not, she appeares too faire,
So strelghtly to part with : what is he would
Attempt such virgin-modesty to staine
By hopes of honour, flatteries, or constraint ?
How doe you like her ? your opinions Lords ?

Prince. A beauteous Lady, one that hath no
peere

In the whole Court.

King. Therefore I hold her precious.

Princess. A fairer face in Court who ever saw ?
Her beauty would become the name of Queene.

Clin. One of more state or shape where shall we
finde ?

Aud. Her modesty doth doe her beauty grace,
Both in her cheeke have chus'd a soveraigne feate.

King. You have past censure Lady, now you're
mine,

And by your Fathers free gift you are so,
To make, or marre ; to keepe, or to bestow.

Ifab. It glads me I am present to a King,
Whom I have alwayes heard my father tearme
Royall in all things ; vertuous, modest, chaste :
And to have one free attribute besides,
Which even the greatest Emperour need not scorne,

Honest ; to you if you be such my Liege,
 A Virgins love I prostrate, and a heart
 That wishes you all goodnesse with the duty
 Of a true subiect, and a noble father ;
 Then mighty Prince report your subiect noble,
 Since all those vertues you receive in me.

King. Thou hast o'recome us all ; that thou hast
 tearm'd us,
 Wee'l strive to be, and to make good those attri-
 butes

Thou hast bestow'd upon us, rise our Queene,
 Thy vertue hath tooke off the threatening edge
 Of our intended hate : though thou art ours
 Both by free gift and duty, which we challenge
 As from a subiect ; though our power could stretch
 To thy dishonour, we proclaim thee freed,
 And in this grace thy father we exceed.

Prince. The King in this shews honour : Princes
 still
 Should be the Lords of their owne appetites,
 And cherish vertue.

King. Have I your applause ?
Bon. Your Highnesse shews both Royalty and
 Judgment
 In your faire choice.

King. Are your opinions so ?
Aud. Farre be it mighty King we should distast
 Where you so well affect.

Princeffe. For grace and feature
England affords not a more compleate Virgin,
Clin. Were she not the Martials daughter,
 I'd tearme her worthy for my Soveraignes Bride.

Chest. Ey that's the grieve.
King. This kisse then be the Seale,
 Thou art our Queene, and now art onely mine.
Ifab. May I become your vassall and your Hand-
 maid,
 Titles but equall to my humble birth :
 But since your Grace a higher title daines,

Envy must needs obey where power compells.

King. Give expeditious order for the Rites
Of these our present Nuptials which shall be
Done with all State, and due solemnity ;
And Martiall in this businesse thou shalt finde
Thy selfe defective, and not us unkind.

Enter servant.

Serv. Health to your Highnesse.

King. Whence ?

Ser. From my fad Master,
Your Martiall once, now your dejected vassall,
And thus he bid me say : If the King daine
To grace my daughter with the stile of Queene,
To give you then this Casket which containes
A double dower ; halfe of this mighty summe
He out of his revenewes had afforded,
Had she bin match but to a Barons bed ;
But since your Highnesse daines her for your Bride,
And his Alliance scornes not to disdaine,
He saith a double dower is due to you.

King. He strives to exceed us still ; this emulation
Begets our hate, and questions him of life.
This Dower we take, his Daughter entertaine,
But him we never shall receive to grace.
Beare not from us so much as love or thankes :
We onely strive in all our actions
To be held peerelesse for our courtesie
And Royall bounty, which appeares the worse,
Since he a Subject would precede his Prince :
And did we not his Daughter dearely love,
Wee'd send her backe with scorne, and base neglect.
But her we love, though him in heart despise,
Pay him that thanks for all his courtesies.

Serv. In this imployment I will strive to doe
Th' office of a subject, and of servant too.

King. Since to that emulous Lord we have sent
our hate

Come to our Nuptials let's passe on in state.

Exit.

Enter Captaine and Clowne.

Cap. The humours of Court, Citty, Campe, and Country I have trac't, and in them can finde no man, but money ; all subscribe to this Motto, *Malo pecuniam viro.* Oh poverty, thou art esteem'd a finne worse than whoredome, gluttony, extortion, or usury :

And earthy gold, thou art preferr'd 'fore Heaven.
Let but a poore man in a thred-bare suite,
Or ragged as I am, appeare at Court,
The fine-nos'd Courtiers will not sent him ; no,
They shunne the way as if they met the Pest :
Or if he have a suite, it strikes them deafe,
They cannot heare of that fide.

Clown. Come to the Citty, the Habberdasher will sooner call us blockheads, than blocke us ; come to the Sempsters, unlesse we will give them money, we cannot enter into their bands : though we have the Law of our fides, yet wee may walke through Burchin-lane and be non-suited : come bare-foot to a Shooemaker, though he be a Constable, he will not put us into his Stocks ; though the Girdler be my brother, yet he will not let his leather imbrace me ; come to the Glover, his gloves are either so little that I cannot plucke them on, or so great that I cannot compasse. And for the Campe, there's honour cut out of the whole peece, but not a ragge of money.

Cap. The Countrey hath alliance with the rest : my purpose is now I have so thorowly made proofe of the humours of men, I will next assay the dispositions of women, not of the choicest, but of those whom wee call good wenches.

Clowne. Pray Master if you goe to a house of good fellowship, give me something to spend upon my Cockatrice ; if I have nothing about me, I shall never get in.

Cap. Ther's for you sirrah ; doth not the world wonder I should be so flush of money, and so bare in cloaths ? the reason of this I shall give account for hereafter : But to our purpose, here they say dwells my Lady Bawdy-face, here will we knock.

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. Who's there ? what would you have ? ha ?

Cap. Sweet Lady we would enter ; nay by your leave.

Bawd. Enter ? where ? here be no breaches for you to enter truely.

Cap. And yet we are souldiers, and have venter'd upon as hot service as this place affords any.

Bawd. Away you base companions, we have no breaches for such tatter'd breeches, we have no patches to suite with your ragges.

Cap. Nay, pray give way.

Bawd. Away you rogues, doe you come to shake your ragges here ? doe you thinke we can vent our ware without money you rascals ? get you from my doore you beggerly companions, or I'le wash you hence with hot scalding water.

Clown. Nay I warrant her, wenches can afford her that at all times.

Bawd. Doe I keepe house to entertaine Tatterde-maleans with a Poxe, you will be gone ?

Cap. We must forbear, the gallants are out of patience, stand aside.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* I would faine goe in, but I have spent all my mony.

2. *Gent.* No matter, they shall not know so much till we get in, and then let me alone, I'le not out till I be fir'd out.

1. *Gent.* Then let's set a good face of the matter,

By your leave Lady.

Bawd. You're welcome Gentlemen.

1. Gent. What fellows be yon ?

Bawd. Two poore souldiers that came for an almes and please you, that stay for some reverisons ; there's none such come into my house I warrant you.

2. Gent. Save you sweet Lady.

Bawd. Where be those kitchinstuffes here, shall we have no attendants ? shew these Gentlemen into a close roome, with a standing bed in't, and a truckle too ; you are welcome Gentlemen.

Cap. 'Tis generall thorow the world, each state esteemes

A man not what he is, but what he feemes :
The purest flesh rag'd can no entrance have,
But It'ch and all disease if it come brave,
Wide open stand the gates of lust and sin,
And those at which the wide world enters in.

Madam, to be short, I must have a wench, though I am ragged outward, I am rich inward ; here's a brace of Angels for you, let me have a pritty wench, I'll be as bountifull to her.

Bawd. Your Worship's very heartily welcome : wher's *Sis* ? Where's *Joyce* ? the best roome in the house for the Gentleman : call Mistris *Priscilla*, and bid her keepe the Gentleman company.

Cap. I'll make bold to enter.

Bawd. Your Worship's most lovingly welcome : let the Gentlemen have attendance, and cleane linnen if he need any ; whither would you, you rogue ?

Clown. Marry I would after my Master.

Bawd. Thy Master ? why is yon raggamuffin able to keep a man ?

Clown. Ey that is he able to keep a man, and himselfe too.

Bawd. Then that man must be able to pay for himselfe too, or else he may coole his heeles without if his appetite be hot.

Clown. Then shall I not goe in ?

Bawd. No by my Mayden-head shal you not, nor any such beggerly companion shall enter here but he shall come thorow me too.

Clown. No ? what remedy ? ha, ha ; hee that rings at a doore with such a Bell, and cannot enter ? *Shakes Well,* if there be no remedy, I'le even stay *a purse.* without.

Bawd. Oh me ! is it you Sir ? and are so strange, to stand at the doore ? Pray will you come neare ? your Master is new gone in afore : Lord, Lord, that you would not enter without trusting ! you were even as farre out of my remembrance as one that I had never feene afore.

Clown. I cannot blame you to forget me, for I thinke this be the first time of our meeting.

Bawd. What would you have Sir ?

Clown. Nothing as they say, but a congratulation for our first acquaintance. I have it here old bully bottom, I have it here.

Bawd. I have it here too : nay, pray sir come in, I am loath to kisse at doore, for feare my neighbours should see.

Clowne. Speake, shall you and I condogge together ? I'le pay you to a haire.

Bawd. Nay, I beseech you sir, come in : a Gentleman, and stand at doore ? I'le lead the way, and you shal come behind.

Clown. No, no ; I will not salute you after the Italian fashion : I'le enter before.

Bawd. Most lovingly, pray draw the latch sir.

Exit.

Enter the two Gentlemen with the two wenches.

1. *Gent.* Nay faith sweet rogue thou shalt trust me for once.

1. *Whore.* Trust you ? come up, can't thou pay the hackny for the hire of a horse, and think'st thou to breath me upon trust ?

1. *Gen.* Thou bid'st me come up, and shal I not ride?

1. *Whore.* Yes the gallows as soone.

2. *Whore.* A Gentleman, and have no money? marry you make a most knightly offer.

2. *Gent.* How? to offer thee no money?

2. *Whore.* How can they offer that have none?

2. *Gent.* I'le either give thee ware or money, that's as good.

2. *Whore.* Ey but fir, I'le deale with no such chapmen.

Enter Bawd, Captaine, and Clowne.

Bawd. What's the matter here? ha? can you not agree about the bargaine?

1. *Whore.* Here's Gallants would have us breath'd, and forsooth they have no money.

2. *Whore.* They thinke belike, dyet, lodging, ruffes, cloaths, and holland-smocks can all be had without money, and a diseafe, if wee should catch it, Heaven bleffe us, can be cur'd without money.

Bawd. That's fine yfaith: if my beds be shaken out of their joynts, or my cords broken, must not the Ioyner and the Rope-maker both have money? if my rugges be rub'd out with your toes, can they be repair'd without money? if my linnen be foul'd, can I pay my landrefle without money? besides, we must have someting to maintaine our broken windows I hope; the Glazier wil not mend them without mony.

1. *Gent.* Come, come, let's run a score for once.

Bawd. You shall not score of my tally, out of my doores.

Enter Captaine.

Cap. Why shall we not be bosom'd? have we paid, and must we not have wenches?

Bawd. You shal have the choicest of my house gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Who, thosse Rascalls?

Bawd. They be Rascalls that have no money; thosse be Gentlemen that have Crownes; these are they that pay the Ioyner, the rope-maker, the Vpholster, the Laundrer, the Glazier; will you get out of my doores, or shall wee scolde you hence?

Clown. That you shall never by thrusting them out of doores.

1. *Gent.* Who but a mad man would be so base as to be hir'd, much more to hire one of thosse bruitists, that make no difference betwixt a Gentleman and a begger, nay, I have seene enough to be foone in-treated.

2. *Gent.* You shall not need to feare me, I am gone:

Hee's past before, nor will I stay behinde;
I have seene enough to loath all your sisterhood.

Bawd. Marry farewell frost. Now Sir, will you make your choice, and your man after?

Cap. I'le have both, these are mine.

Clown. Goe you then with your paire of Whores, I'le goe with this old skuller that first ply'd me.

Bawd. I see thou lovest to goe by water; come, shall we dally together? sit upon my knee my sweet boy, what money hast thou in thy purse? wilt thou bestow this upon me my sweet chicke?

Clowne. I'le see what I shall have first for my money by your favour.

1. *Whore.* And shall I have this?

2. *Whore.* And I this?

Cap. Both these are mine, we are agreed then? But I am ashamed, being such a tatter'd rogue, to lye with two such fine gentlewomen; besides, to tell you truely, I am louzie.

1.. *Whore.* No matter, thou shalt have a cleane shirt, and but pay for the washing, and thy cloaths shall in the meane time be cast into an Oven.

Cap. But I have a worse fault, my skinne's not perfect:

What should I say I am ?

2. *Whore.* Itchy ? Oh thou shalt have Brimstone and Butter.

Cap. Worse than all these, my body is diseased, I shall infect yours.

1. *Whore.* If we come by any mischance, thou hast money to pay for the cure : come, shall's withdraw into the next chamber ?

Cap. You are not women, you are devils both, And that your Damme ; my body save in warres, Is yet unskarr'd, nor shall it be with you. Say the last leacher that imbrac't you here, And folded in his armes your rottennesse, Had beene all these, would you not all that filth Vomite on me ? or who would buy diseases, And make his body for a Spittle fit, That may walke found ? I came to schoole you Whoore,

Not to corrupt you ; for what need I that When you are all corruption ; be he lame, Have he no Nose, be all his body stung With the French Fly, with the *Sarpego* dry'd : Be he a *Lazar*, or a Leper, bring Coyne in his fist, he shall embrace your lust Before the purest flesh that sues of trust.

Bawd. What *Diogenes* have we here ? I warrant the Cinnick himselfe sayd not so much when he was feene to come out of a Bawdy house.

Cap. He sham'd not to come out, but held it finne

Not to be pardon'd, to be feene goe in. But I'le be modest : nay, nay, keepe your Gold To cure those hot diseases you have got, And being once cleere, betake you to one man, And study to be honest, that's my counsell : You have brought many like yon Gentlemen That jet in Silkes, to goe thus ragg'd like us, Which did they owne our thoughts, these rags would change

To shine as we shall, though you think it strange.
Come, come, this house is infected, shall we goe ?

Clowne. Why Sir, shall I have no sport for my
money, but even a snatch and away ?

Cap. Leave me, and leave me ever, and obserue
This rule from me, where there is lodg'd a Whore,
Thinke the Plagues crosse is set upon that doore.

Clowne. Then Lord have mercy upon us : where
have we beene ?

*The Clowne goes learing away, and shaking
his head.*

Bawd. Hist, hist ; heere's a rayling companion in-
deed.

I. Whore. I know not what you call a rayling
companion : but such another discourse would make
me goe neere to turn honest.

Bawd. Nay, if you be in that minde, I'le send
for your love : the plague in my house ? the Pox is
as foone : I am sure there was never man yet that
had *Lord have mercy upon us* in his minde, that
would ever enter here : Nay will you goe ?

*Sound, enter the King, Prince, Princeffe, all the Lords,
the Queene, &c.*

King. Before you all I here acknowledge Lords,
I never held me happy but in this
My vertuous choice, in having your applause,
Me-thinks I had the sweet consent of Heaven.

Prince. This noble Lady, now my royll Mother,
Hath by her love to you, regard to us,
And courteous affability to all,
Attain'd the generall suffrage of the Realme.

Princeffe. Her modest carriage shall be rules to
me,
Her words instructions, her behaviour precepts,
Which I shall ever study to observe.

Queen. I feele my body growing by the King,
And I am quicke although he know it not ;

Now comes my fathers last injunction
To my remembrance, which I must fulfil,
Although a Queene, I am his daughter still.

King. Lords, and the rest forbeare us till we
call,
A chaire first, and another for our Queene,
Some private conference we intend with her :
Now leave us. *Exeunt Lords.*

King. My fairest *Ifabella*, the choice jewell
That I weare next my heart ; I cannot hide
My love to thee, 'tis like the Sunne envelopt
In watery clouds, whose glory will breake thorow,
And spite opposur, scornes to be conceal'd ;
Saving one thing, aske what my kingdome yeelds,
And it is freely thine.

Queen. What's that my Lord ?
King. I cannot speake it without some distaste
To thee my Queene, yet if thy heart be ours
Name it not to me.

Queen. I am onely yours.
King. Begge not thy fathers free repeale to
Court,
And to those offices we have bestow'd,
Save this, my Kingdome, and what it containes,
Is thy wills subject.

Queen. You are my King, and Husband ;
The first includes allegiance, the next duty,
Both these have power above a Fathers name,
Though as a daughter I could wish it done,
Yet since it stands against your Royall pleasure,
I have no suite that way.

King. Thou now hast thrust thy hand into my
bosome,
And we are one : Thy beauty, oh thy beauty !
Never was King blest with so faire a wife.
I doe not blame thy Father to preferre
Thee 'fore thy sister both in love and face,
Since *Europe* yeelds not one of equall grace :
Why smiles my love ?

Queen. As knowing one so faire,
With whom my pale cheeke never durst compare :
Had you but seene my Sister, you would say,
To her the blushing Corrall should give way :
For her cheeke staines it ; Lillies to her brow
Must yeeld their Ivory whitenesse, and allow
Themselfes o'recome. If e're you saw the skie
When it was clear'ft, it never could come nigh
Her Azure veines in colour ; shee's much clearer,
Ey, and her love much to my Father dearer.

King. We by our noble Martiall made request
For the most faire, and her whom he best lov'd :
Durst he delude us ?

Queen. What I speake is true,
So will your selfe say when shee comes in place.

King. Our love to thee shall not o'recome that
hate
We owe thy Father, though thou bee'ft our Queene.

Queen. He keeps her as his Treasure, locks her
safe
Within his armes : he onely minded me
As one he lov'd not, but thought merely lost.

King. Thou art lost indeed, for thou hast lost my
heart,
Nor shalt thou keepe it longer : all my love
Is swallowed in the spleene I beare thy Father,
And in this deepe disgrace put on his King,
Which wee'le revenge.

*Enter Prince, Princeffe, Chester, Clinton, Bonvile,
and Audley.*

King. It shall be thus :
Chester beare hence this Lady to her Father
As one unworthy us, with her that dower
The double dower he by his servant sent :
Thy teares nor knee shall once prevaile with us.
As thou art loyall, without further language

Depart our presence, wee'le not heare thee speake.

Cheft. What shall I further say ?

King. Command him on his life to send to Court

His tother Daughter, and at our first summons,
Lest we proclaime him Traytor : this fee done
On thy Allegiance.

Cheft. Now the goale is ours.

King. None dare to censure or examine this,
That we shall hold our friend, or of our blood :
Subjects that dare against their Kings contend,
Hurle themselves downe whilst others hie ascend.

Exit.

Aetus quartus.

Enter the Martiall and his daughter Katherine.

Mar. I see the King is truely honourable :
All my disgraces and disparagements
He hath made good to me in this, to queene my
child,
And which more glads me, with such ardency
He seemes to affect her, and to hold her deare,
That nothing's valued, if compar'd with her.
Now Heaven whilst thou this seconfd happineſſe
And bliffe wilt lend me, I ſhall ſtill grow great
In my content, opinion, and my fate,
In ſpight of whisperers, and Court-flatterers.

Kath. Had you best lov'd my Sister, and leſſe
me,
I had beene Queene before her ; but ſhe venter'd
For her preferment, therefore 'tis her due ;
Out of our feares and loves her honours grew.

Mar. Whilſt I may keepe thy beauty in mine
eye,

And with her new rais'd fortunes fill mine eare,
I seconde none in blisfe ; she's my Court comfort,
Thou my home happineffe : in these two bleſt,
Heaven hath inrich't me with a crowne of reſt.

Kath. Nor doe I covet greater Royalties
Than to enjoy your preſence, and your love,
The best of these I prize above all fortunes,
Nor would I change them for my Sisters ſtate.

Mar. Her beauty and her vertues mixt, have
won
The King my Soveraigne to be tearm'd my ſon.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Earle *Cheſter*, with the Queene your princely
daughter
Are without traine alighted at the gate,
And by this entred.

Mar. Thou haſt troubled me,
And with a thouſand thoughts at once perplex't
My affrighted heart : admit them ; ſoft, not yet ;
What might this meane ? my daughter in the
charge
Of him that is my greateſt oppofite,
And without traine, ſuch as becomes a Queene ?
More tempeſt towards *Kate* ? from which ſweete
child,
If I may keepe thee, may it on my head
Powre all his wrath, even till it ſtrike me dead.

Kath. Rather, my Lord, your Royall life to free,
All his ſterne fury let him ſhowre on me.

Ser. My Lord ſhall I admit them ?

Mar. Prithee ſtay,
Fate threatens us, I would devise a meanes
To ſhun it if we might : thou ſhalt withdraw,

To his Daughter.

And not be feene ; ſomething we muſt devise
To guard our ſelves, and ſtand our oppofites :
Goe keepe your chamber, now let *Cheſter* in.

Serv. I shall my Lord.

Mar. My Loyalty for me, that keepe me still ;
A Tower of safety, and a shield 'gainst Fate.

Entering the servant ushering Chester and the Queene.

Cheft. The King thy daughter hath in scorne sent
backe.

Mar. Pause there, and as y'are noble answere me
E're you proceed, but to one question.

Cheft. Propound it.

Mar. Whence might this distaste arise ?
From any loose demeanor, wanton carriage,
Spouse-breach, or disobedience in my daughter ?
If so, I'le not receive her, shee's not mine.

Queen. That let mine enemy speake, for in this
kind

I would be tax't by such.

Cheft. Upon my soule
There is no guilt in her.

Mar. Bee't but his humour,
Th' art welcome, both my daughter and my Queene ;
In this my Palace thou shalt reigne alone,
I'le keepe thy state, and make these armes thy
Throne :
Whil'st thou art chait, thy stile with thee shall stay,
And reigne, though none but I and mine obey.
What can you further speake ?

Cheft. Her double Dower
The King returns thee.

Mar. We accept it, see
It shall maintaine her port even with her name,
Being my Kings wife, so will I love his Grace,
Shee shall not want, will double this maintaine her.

Cheft. Being thus discharg'd of her, I from the
King
Command thee send thy fairer Girle to Court,
Shee that's at home, with her to act his pleasure.

Mar. Sir, you were sent to challenge, not to kill ;
These are not threats, but blowes, they wound, they wound.

Cheſter. If Treafons imputation thou wilt ſhun,
And not incurre the forfeit of thy life,
Let the Kings will take place.

Mar. You have my offices,
Would you had now my grieve ; but that alone
I must endure : would thou hadſt both, or none.
Sentence of death when it is mildly ſpoke,
Halfe promises life ; but when your doome you mixe

With ſuch rough threats, what iſt but twice to kill ?
You tyrannize Earle *Cheſter*.

Cheſter. Will you ſend her ?

Mar. That you ſhall know anon. Tell me my Queene,

How grew this quarrell 'tweene the King and thee ?

Queen. By you was never Lady more belov'd,
Or wife more conſtant than I was to him :
Have you forgot your charge, when I perceiv'd
My ſelfe ſo growne, I could no longer hide
My greatneſſe, I began to ſpeake the beauties
Of my faire Sister, and how much ſhe excell'd,
And that you ſent me thither as a jest,
That ſhee was faireſt, and you lov'd her beſt ?

Mar. Enough ; th' art ſure with child, and neare thy time.

Queen. Nothing more ſure.

Mar. Then that from hence ſhall grow
A ſalve for all our late indignities :
Pray doe my humble duty to the King,
And thus excuse me, that my daughter's ſicke,
Crazed, and weake, and that her native beauty
Is much decay'd ; and ſhould ſhe travell now,
Before recovered, 'twould ingage her life
To too much danger : when ſhe hath ability
And strength to journey, I will ſend her ſafe

Vnto my King ; this as I am a subiect,
And loyall to his Highnesse.

Chest. Your excuse

Hath ground from love and reason : This your answer
I shall returne to the King.

Mar. With all my thanks :

That since my daughter doth distaste his bed,
He hath sent her backe, and home to me her
father,
His pleasure I withstand not, but returne
My zeale, and these doe not forget I pray.

Chest. I shall your words have perfect, and repeate
them

Vnto the King.

Mar. I should disgrace her beauty
To send it maim'd and wayning ; but when she
Attaines her perfectnesse, then shall appeare
The brightest Starre fix'd in your Courtly Spheare.

Chest. The King shall know as much.

Mar. It is my purpose,
All my attempts to this one head to draw,
Once more in courtesies to o'recome the King.
Come beauteous Queene, and thy faire Sister cheere,
Whom this sad newes will both amaze and feare.

Exeunt.

*Enter Bonvile in all his bravery, and his man in
a new livery.*

Cap. Sirrah, are all my lands out of morgage, and
my deeds redeem'd ?

Clowne. I cannot tell that Sir ; but wee have had
whole chest-fulls of writings brought home to our
house.

Cap. Why then 'tis done, I am possest againe
Of all my Fathers ancient revenues.

Clowne. But how came you by all this money to
buy these new fuits ? methinks we are not the men we
were.

Cap. Questionlesse that ; for now those that before despis'd us, and our company, at meeting give us the *bonjour*.

Oh Heaven, thou ever art Vertues sole Patron,
And wilt not let it sinke : all my knowne fortunes
I had ingag'd at home, or spent abroad :
But in the warres, when I was held quite bank-
rupt

Of all good happ, it was my chance to quarter
In such a house when we had sack't a Towne,
That yeelded me inestimable store
Of gold and jewells, those I kept till now
Vnknowne to any, pleading poverty,
Onely to try the humour of my friends ;
Which I have proov'd, and now know how to
 finde
Fixt upon wealth, to want unnaturall.

Enter Match and Touch-boxe.

Clown. See Sir, yonder are my old fellows, *Match* and *Touch-boxe* ; I doe not thinke but they come to offer their service to you.

Touch. Save thee noble Captaine, hearing of thy good fortunes, and advancement, I am come to offer my selfe to be partaker of the same, and to follow thee in the same colours that thou hast suited the rest of thy fervants.

Clown. God-a-mercy horse, you shall not stand to my livery.

Match. You see our old clothes sticke by us still, good Captaine fee us new moulded.

Cap. You are flies, away ; they that my Winter fled,
Shall not my Summer taste : they onely merit
A happy harbour, that through stormy Seas
Hazard their Barkes, not they that fayle with ease.
You taste none of my fortunes.

Clown. Corporall, you see this Livery ? if you had

stay'd by it, we had beeне both cut out of a peece : *Match*, if you had not left us, you had beeне one of this guard : Goe, away, betake you to the end of the the Towne ; let me finde you betweene *Woods close-stile* and *Iſlington*, with will it please your Worship to bestow the price of two Cannes upon a poore fouldier, that hath serv'd in the face of the *Souldan*, and so forth, *Apage*, away, I scorne to be fellow to any that wil leave their Masters in adverſity : if he entertaine you, he shall turne away me, that's certaine.

Match. Then good your Worship bestow ſomething upon a poore fouldier, I protest—

Clown. Loe, I have taught him his leſſon already ; I knew where I ſhould have you ?

Cap. There's firſt to make you beggers ; for to that all ſuch muſt come that leave their Masters poore. Begon, and never let me fee you more.

Touch. God be with you good Captaine : come *Match*, let us betake us to our randevous at ſome out end of the City.

Cap. Hee makes a begger firſt that firſt relieves him ;

Not Vſurers make more beggers where they live, Than charitable men that uſe to give.

Clown. Here comes a Lord.

Enter Clinton.

Clin. I am glad to ſee you Sir.

Cap. You know me now ? your Worſhip's wondrouſ wife ;

You could not know me in my laſt diſguife.

Clin. Lord God you were ſo chang'd.

Cap. So am I now

From what I was of late : you can allow
This habite well, but put my tother on,
No congie then, your Lordſhip muſt be gon.
You are my Summer-friend.

Enter Bonvile.

Bonv. Cousin, well met.

Cap. You should have said well found,
For I was lost but late, dead, under ground
Our Kinred was : when I redeem'd my Land,
They both reviv'd, and both before you stand.

Bon. Well, well, I know you now.

Cap. And why not then ?

I am the same without all difference ; when
You saw me last, I was as rich, as good,
Have no additions since of name, or blood ;
Onely because I wore a thread-bare suite,
I was not worthy of a poore salute.
A few good cloaths put on with small adoo,
Purchase your knowledge, and your kinred too.
You are my silken Unkle : oh my Lord,

Enter Audley and his Daughter.

You are not in haste now ?

Aud. I have time to stay,
To aske you how you doe, being glad to heare
Of your good fortune, your repurchast lands,
And state much amplified.

Cap. All this is true ;
Ey but my Lord, let me examine you :
Remember you a Contract that once past
Betwixt me and your daughter ? here shee stands.

Aud. Sir, since you did vnmorgage all your
meanes,
It came into my thoughts ; trust me, before
I could not call't to minde.

Cap. Oh mens weake strength,
That aime at worlds, when they but their meere
length
Must at their end enjoy : Thou then art mine,
Of all that I have proov'd in poverty,
The onely test of vertue : what are these ?

Though they be Lords, but worldlings, men all earth.

Thou art above them ; vertuous, that's divine ;
Onely thy heart is noble, therefore mine.

Mary. And to be yours, is to be what I wish ;
You were to me as welcome in your ragges,
As in these Silkes. I never did examine
The out-side of a man, but I begin
To censure first of that which growes within.

Cap. Onely for that I love thee : These are
Lords

That have bought Titles. Men may merchandize
Wares, ey, and trafficke all commodities
From Sea to Sea, ey and from shore to shore,
But in my thoughts, of all things that are sold,
'Tis pitty Honour should be bought for gold.
It cuts off all desert.

Enter the Host.

Clowne. Master, who's here ? mine Host of the
Ordinary ?

Cap. Your businesse sir ? what by petition ?

Host. Falne to a little decay by trusting, and
knowing your Worship ever a bountifull young Gentle-
man, I make bold to make my wants first knowne
to you.

Cap. Pray what's your suite ?

Host. Onely for a cast suite, or some small remu-
neration.

Cap. And thou shalt have the suite I last put off :
Fetch it me *Cock.*

Cock. I shall Sir.

Cap. Falne to decay ? I'le fit you in your kind.

Cock. I have a suite to you Sir, and this it is.

Cap. In this suit came I to thine Ordinary,
In this thou would'ft have thrust me out of doores,
Therefore with this that then proclaim'd me poore,
I'le salve thy wants, nor will I give thee more.

Base worldlings, that despise all such as need ;
Who to the needy begger are still dumbe,
Not knowing unto what themselves may come.

Host. I have a cold suite on't if I be forc't to wear
it in winter. I bid your worship farewell.

Clown. So should all that keepe Ordinaries, bid
their guests farewell, though their entertainment be
never so ill. Well sir, I take you but for an ordinary
fellow, and so I leave you. Master, who will not
say that you are a brave fellow, and a most noble
Captaine, that with a word or two can discomfit an
Host.

Cap. I know you, therefore know to rate your
worths
Both to their height and depth, their true dimen-
sions

I understand ; for I have try'd them all :
But thou art of another element,
A mirrour of thy sexe, that canst distinguish
Vertue from wealth, thee as my owne I elect,
And these according to themselves despise.
A Courtier henceforth I my selfe professe,
And thee my wife, thou hast deserv'd no lesse.

Enter the King, the Prince, and the Princesse,
and Chester.

King. No newes yet from our Martiall ? we three
moneths
Have stay'd his leasure, but receive not yet
That daughter we sent for.

Prince. Shee peradventure
Hath not her strength recovered, or her beauty
Lost by her sicknesse, to the full regain'd.

Cheſt. Vpon my life my Lord, when ſhe is
perfect,
And hath receiv'd her full ability,
Shee ſhall attend your pleasure.

Princesſe. But your Queene,

That vertuous Lady, when I thinke on her,
I can but grieve at her dejectednesse.

King. Heaven knowes I love her above all the world,

And but her Father, this contends with us.
When we in all our actions strive to exceed :
We could not brooke her absence halfe so long,
But we will try his patience to the full.

*Enter Bonvile, Audley, Captaine, Clinton, Mary,
the Clowne.*

Cap. My prostrate duty to the King my Master
I here present.

Prince. This is the Gentleman
Commended for his valour in your warres,
Whose ruin'd fortunes I made suite to raiſe ;
I would intreat your Highnesſe to respect him.

King. All his proceedings we partake at large,
Know both his fall and height ; we shall regard
him
Even with his worth : be neare us, of our chamber.
Sir, we shall ſue your wifedome, and preferre it
According to your worth. Be this your hope
We know you.

Cap. Onely in that I am happy.

Enter the Servant.

Serv. Health to your Majefty.

King. Whence ?

Serv. From my Master,
The pooreſt ſubject that your land containes,
Rich onely in his truth and loyalty.

King. Speake, hath he ſent his daughter ?

Serv. Yes my Liege,
He hath ſent his daughters, please you reſt ſatisfied,
And patiently perufe what he hath ſent.

King. We are full of expectations, pray admit

Those Presents that he meanes to greete us with.

Serv. You shall my Lord.

*Sound, enter with two Gentlemen-ushers before them,
the Queen crown'd, her sister to attend her as her
waiting-maid, with a traine.*

Serv. Your Queene and wife crown'd with a wreath
of gold

Of his owne charge, with that this double dower
Doubled againe, and guarded with this traine
Of Gentlewomen according to her state,
My Lord presents you : this his younger daughter,
He hath bestow'd a hand-maide to your Queene,
A place that may become her, were she child
Vnto your greatest Peere ; had he had more,
More had he sent ; these worthlesse as they be,
He humbly craves you would receive by me.

King. His bounty hath no limit, but my Queene !
Her bright aspect so much perswades with me,
It charmes me more than his humility.
Arise in grace, and sweet, forget your wrong.

Queen. My joyes unspeakable can find no tongue
To exprefle my true hearts meaning.

King. Beauteous Maide,
You are our Sister, and that royall Title
From all disgrace your freedome shall proclaime.

Kath. I finde your Grace the same my noble
Father

Hath still reported you ; royall in all,
By whom the vertuous rise, th' ignoble fall.

Prince. I have not seene a Lady more compleat ;
Her modesty and beauty, both are matchlesse.

King. Am I a King, and must be exceeded still ?
Or shall a subiect say that we can owe ?
His bounty we will equall, and exceed ;
We have power to better what in him's but well.
Your free opinions Lords, is not this Lady

The fairer of the twaine ? how durst our subject
Then dally with us in that high designe ?

Chest. With pardon of the Queene, shee's
paralell'd

By her faire Sister.

Clin. Were my censure free,
I durst say better'd.

Prince. Were it put to me,
I should avow she, not the Queene alone
Excels in grace : but all that I have seene——

King. Dost love her ?

Prince. As my honour, or my life.

King. Her whom thou so much praisest, take to
wife.

Prince. You blesse my youth.

Kate. And strive to eternize me.

Queen. Nor in this joy have I the meanest part,
Now doth your Grace your inward love expresse
To me, and mine.

King. I never meant thee lesse :
Thy Sister and thy daughter freely imbrace,
That next thee hath our Kingdomes second place.
How say you Lords, have we requited well
Our subiects bounty ? are we in his debt ?

Aud. Your Highnesse is in courtesie invincible.

Bonv. And bountifull beyond comparison.

Chest. This must not hold, prevention out of
hand,
For if the Martiall rife, we stand not long.

Clin. Our wits must then to worke.

Chest. They must of force.
This is not that to which our fortunes trust.

King. Let then our subiect know his King hath
power
To vanquish him in all degrees of honour,
And he must now confesse himselfe excell'd :
With what can Heaven or Earth his want supply
To equall this our latest courtesie ?
We have the day, we rise, and he must fall

As one subdu'd.

Serv. His Highnesse knows not all,
One speciall gift he bath reserv'd in store,
May happily make your Grace contend no more.

King. No sir ? thinke you your Master will yet
yeeld ?

And leave to us the honour of the day ?
I wish him here but this last fight to see,
To make him us acknowledge.

Serv. On my knee
One boone I have to begge.

King. Speake, let me know
Thy utmost suite.

Seru. My noble Master stayes
Not farre from Court, and durst he be so ambitious
As but to appeare before you, and present you
With a rich gift exceeding all have past,
The onely perfect token of his zeale,
He would himselfe perpetually hold vanquish't
In all degrees of love and courtesie.

King. For our Queenes love, and our faire daugh-
ters sake,
We doe not much care if we grant him that.
Admit him, and his presence urge with speed ;
Well may he imitate, but not exceed.

Cheſt. I feare our fall ; if once the Martiall rise,
Downe, downe must we.

Clin. Therefore devise some plot
His favour to prevent.

Cheſt. Leave it to me.

King. Lords, we are proud of this our unity,
Double Alliance, of our sonnes faire choice,
Since 'tis applauded by your generall voyce ;
The rather since so matchlesse is our Grace,
That force perforce our subiect must give place.

*Enter the Matiall, with a rich Cradle borne after him
by two Servants.*

Mar. Not to contend, but to exprefse a duty

Of zeale and homage I present your grace
With a rich jewell, which can onely value
These royall honours to my Daughters done.

King. Value our bounty ? shouldest thou sell thy
selfe

Even to thy skin, thou couldst not rate it truely.

Mar. My Liege, I cannot, but in liew and
part,

Though not in satisfaction, I make bold
To tender you this Present.

King. What's the project ?
Here's cost and art, and amply both exprest,
I have not view'd the like.

Prince. 'Tis wondrous rare,
I have not seene a Modell richlier fram'd.

Princess. Or for the quantity better contriv'd :
This Lord in all his actions is still noble,
Exceeding all requitall.

King. 'Tis a brave out-side.

Mar. This that you see my Lord is nothing yet ;
More than its worth it hath commended bin :
This is the case, the jewell lyes within,
Pleaseth your Grace t' unvaile it.

King. Yes, I will :
But e're I open it my Lord, I doubt
The wealth within not equals that without.
What have we here ?

Mar. A jewell I should rate,
Were it mine owne, above your Crowne and Scepter.

King. A child ?

Mar. A Prince, one of your royall blood :
Behold him King, my grand-child, and thy sonne,
Truely descended from thy Queene and thee,
The Image of thy selfe.

King. How can this be ?

Queen. My royall Liege and Husband, view him
well,
If your owne favour you can call to minde,
Behold it in this Infant, limn'd to'th life ;

Hee's yours and mine, no kinred can be nearer.

King. To this rich jewell I hold nothing equall,
I know thee vertuous, and thy father loyall ;
But should I doubt both, yet this royall Infant
Hath such affection in my heart imprest,
That it assures him mine : my noble subject,
Thou hast at length o'recome me, and I now
Shall ever, ever hold me vanquished.
Had'st thou sought Earth or Sea, and from them
both

Extracted that which was most precious held,
Thou nothing could'st have found to equall this,
This, the mixt Image of my Queene and me ;
Here then shall all my emulation end,
O'ercome by thee our subject, and our friend.

Mar. Your vassall, and your servant, that have
strove

Onely to love you, and your royall favours :
Not to requite, for that I never can ;
But to acknowledge, and in what I may
To exprefse my gratitude.

King. Thine is the conquest :

But shall I gee't o're thus ? 'tis in my head
How I this lost dayes honour shall regaine,
A gift as great as rich I have in store,
With which to gratifie our subjects love,
And of a value unrequitable :
Thou hast given me a Grand-child, and a sonne,
A royall Infant, and to me most deare,
Yet to surpassee thee in this emulous strife,
I give thee here a daughter and a wife.
Now must thou needs confesse the conquest wonne
By me thy King, thy Father, and thy sonne.

Mar. Your father, sonne, and subject quite surpast,
Yeelds himselfe vanquish't, and o'recome at length.

Princess. You have not my consent yet.

Mar. Madam, no ;
The King doth this, his bounty to exprefse.
Your love is to your selfe, and therefore free,

Bestow it where you please.

Princess. Why then on thee :
He that the Father doth so much respect,
Should not me-thinks the daughters love despise.
'Tis good for Maides take Husbands when they
may,
Heaven knowes how long we may be forc't to
stay.

King. Now Lords, these Nuptialls we will solem-
nize
In all high state, in which we will include
Yours noble *Bonvile*, and with masks and revells
Sport out the tedious nights, each hand his Bride
Doubly by us from either part ally'd.

Enter Clowne.

Cock. Why this is as it should be ; now doe I
smell Courtier already, I feele the Souldier steale out
of me by degrees, for Souldier and Courtier can
hardly dwell both together in one bosome. I have a
kind of fawning humour creeping upon me as soone
as I but look't into the Court-gate ; and now could I
take a bribe, if any would be so foolish to gee't me.
Now farewell Gun-powder, I must change thee into
Damask-powder ; for if I offer but to smell like a
souldier, the Courtiers will stop their noses when
they passe by me. My Caske I must change to a
Cap and a Feather, my Bandileero to a Skarfe to
hang my Sword in, and indeede, fashion my selfe
wholly to the humours of the time. My Peece I
must alter to a Poynado, and my Pike to a Picka-
devant : onely this is my comfort, that our provant
will be better here in the Court than in the Campe :
there we did use to lye hard, and seldome : here I
must practise to lye extreamely, and often : But whil'st
I am trifling here, I shall loose the fight of the solem-
nity : The Prince is married, and the Martiall's mar-
ried, and my Master's married, there will be simble

doings at night. Well, I must hence, for I beleeve,
the King, the Queene, and the rest of the Lords
will use this place for their revells. *Dixi.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Clinton and Chester.

Clin. And why so fad my Lord ?

Chest. I am all dulnesse,

There's no life in me, I have lost my spirit,
And fluence of my braine : observe you not
In what a height yon fellow now resides
That was so late dejected ; trebly grafted
Into the Royall blood ? what can succeed,
But that we all our honours must resigne,
And he of them be repossest againe ?

Clin. The Marriages indeed are celebrated.

Chest. And they have all our pointed stratagems
Turn'd backe upon our selves.

Clin. What, no prevention ?

Chest. His Basses are so fixt he cannot shrinke,
Being so many wayes ingraft and planted
In the Kings blood : but our supporters stand
As shak't with Earthquakes, or else built on sand.

Enter Audley and Bonvile.

Aud. My Lords attend the King, and cleare this
chamber,

For this nights revells 'tis the place prepar'd.

Bon. Your duties Lords, the King's upon his en-
trance.

*Enter the King, the Queene, the Prince, his wife, the
Martiall and the Princeffe.*

King. Ey, so 't must be, each man hand his owne :
For I am where I love ; we are even coupled,

Some Musicke then.

Princeffe. Here's one falls off from me.

King. How now my Lord, dejected in your looks ?
Or doth our sports distaste you ?

Mar. Pardon me,
I cannot dance my Liege.

King. You can looke on :
My Lord, you take his place, wee'l have a measure,
And I will lead it ; bid the Musicke strike.

*A measure : in the midst the Martiall goes
discontented away.*

So, well done Ladies : but we misse the Husband
To our faire Daughter, what's become of him ?

Chest. Gone discontented hence.

King. What might this meane ?
Doth he distaste his Bride, or envy us
That are degree'd above him ? where's our Queene ?

Queen. My Liege ?

King. You shall unto him instantly,
Attended with a beauteous traine of Ladies,
And to his Chamber beare his princely Bride.
Bonvile, take you her royall Dower along,
You shall receive it of our Treasurer.

Cap. I shall my Lord.

King. Vsher the Queene and Ladies, be their
guide,
That done, each one to bed with his faire Bride.

Enter Martiall.

Mar. I am so high, that when I looke but downe,
To see how farre the earth is under me,
It quakes my body, and quite chills my blood :
And in my feare although I stand secure,
I am like him that falls. I but a subiect,
And married to the Daughter of the King,
Though some may thinke me happy in this match,
To me 'tis fearefull : who would have a wife
Above him in command, to imbrace with awe,

Whom to displease, is to distaste the King ?
It is to have a Mistris, not a wife,
A Queene, and not a subjects bed-fellow.
State I could wish abroad to crowne my head,
But never yet lov'd Empire in my bed.

Enter servant.

Serv. The Queene your daughter with your
princely Bride,
And other Ladies, make way towards your chamber.
Mar. 'Tis open to receive them, pray them in.

Enter Bonvile, the Queene, the Princeffe, &c.

Queen. My Lord the King commends his love to
you
In your faire Bride, whom royally conducted
He hath sent to be the partner of your bed.

Mar. Whom we receive in the armes of gratitude,
Duty to him, and nuptiall love to her.

Prince. 'Tis well they brought me, trust me my
deare Lord,
I should have scarce had face to have come my selfe ;
But yet their boldnesse mixt with mine together,
Makes me to venter I yet scarce know whither.

Mar. 'Tis to our Nuptiall bed.

Princeffe. Ey so they fay,
But unto me it is a path unknowne ;
Yet that which cheeres me, I shall doe no more
Than those, and such as I, have done before.
Sure 'tis a thing that must, though without skill,
Even when you please, I am ready for your will.

Cap. With her the King hath sent this princely
dower,
In which his love and bountie hee commends.
Mar. You are noble Sir, and honour waites on
you
To crowne your future fortunes : for that Casket,

Her beauty and her birth are dower sufficient
For me a subject.

I cannot thinke so much good to my King
As I am owing for her singe selfe :
Then with all duty pray returne that summe.
Her dower is in her selfe, and that I'le keepe
Which in these loyall armes this night shall sleepe :
That is the Kings, with that this jewell too,
I thinke her cheape bought at that easie rate ;
My second duty in that gift commend,
Were I worth more, more I have will to send.

Cap. An Emperor cannot shew more Royalty
Than this brave Peere, hee's all magnificent :
I shall with the best eloquence I have,
Make knowne your thoughts.

Mar. To all at once good night :
Save this my beauteous Bride, no wealth I prize,
That hath my heart tooke captive in her eyes.
Lights for the Queene and Ladies, night growes old,
I count my Virtue treasure, not my Gold.

Exeunt divers wayes.

Enter Clinton to the Earle Chester in his study.

Clin. What not at rest my Lord ?

Chest. Why who can sleepe
That hath a labouring braine, and fees from farre
So many stormes and tempests threaten him ?
It is not in my element to doo't.

Clin. Finde you no project yet how to remove
him ?

Chest. None, none, and therefore can I finde no
rest.

Clin. It growes towards day.

Chest. That day is night to me,
Whil'st yon Sunne shines : I had this even some con-
ference

In private with the King, in which I urg'd
The Martialls discontent, withall inferr'd,

That by his looke the Princesse he despis'd :
The King chang'd face : and could we second this
By any new conjecture, there were hope
To draw him in displeasure.

Clin. Watch advantage,
And as you finde the humour of the King,
Worke it unto the Martiali's deepe disgrace :
But soft the Prince.

Enter the Prince and Katherine.

Kath. So early up, how did you like your rest ?
Prince. I found my most rest in my most unrest ;
A little sleepe serves a new married man :
The first night of his brydalls. I have made you
A Woman of a Maide.

Kath. You were up
Both late and early.

Prince. Why you were abroad
Before the Sunne was up, and the most wise
Doe say 'tis healthfull still betimes to rise.
Good day.

Cheſt. In one, ten thousand.
Prince. Lords, you have not ſeene
The King to day ? it was his custome ever
Still to be stirring early with the Sunne ;
But here's his Maſteſty.

Enter Captaine and the King, Audley, and Bonvile.

King. Not all your ſmooth and cunning Oratory
Can colour ſo his pride, but we eſteeine him
A flattering Traytor, one that ſcornes our love,
And in diſdaine ſent backe our Daughters Dower :
Your Judgement Lords ?

Cheſt. Hath he refus'd the Princesſe ?

King. No ; but her Dower ſent back, and info-
lently ;
Her whom we gave, he with a gift would buy,

A jewell : shall we merchandize our Daughter,
As one not able to bestow her nobly,
But that our poverty must force us sell her ?

Cap. Your Highnesse much mispriseth his intent,
For he had no such thought.

King. We know his pride,
Which his ambition can no longer shadow.

Cheſt. Your Highnesse might doe well to call in
question
His insolence, and to arraigne him for 't.

King. Be you his Judges *Bonvile, Audley,* you ;
Command him straight on his Allegiance,
To make appearance, and to answer us
Before our Lords of his contempt and scorne.

Bonv. Shall we command him hither ?

King. From his bed,
And if convicted, he shall surely pay for't.

Aud. We shall my Lord.

Cheſt. Arraigne him on the fuddaine, e're pro-
vided ;
Let him not dreame upon evasive shifts,
But take him unprepared.

Clin. Shall we command
A Barre, and call a Iury of his Peeres,
Whilſt *Cheſter,* that enjoyes the place of Martiall,
Objeſts ſuch allegations 'gainſt his life,
As he hath drawne out of his rude demeanor ?

King. It ſhall be ſo ; a Barre, and instantly
We will our ſelfe in person heare him ſpeakē,
And ſee what just excuse he can produce
For his contempt.

Prince. My gracious Lord and Father,
What he hath done to you, proceeds of honour,
Not of diſdaine, or ſcorne ; hee's truely noble :
And if a Regall bounty be a finne
In any ſubject, hee's onely guilty
Of that true vertue.

Cap. Saw your Maſteſty
With what an humble zeale, and proſtrate love

He did retender your faire Daughters Dower,
You would not his intent thus misreceive.

Chest. 'Tis humble pride, and meere hypocrisie
To blinde the King, 'tis but ambitious zeale,
And a dissembling cunning to aspire.

Kath. My Father call'd in question for his life ?
Oh let not me a sad spectator be
Of such a dismal object.

Prince. Nor will I,
But leave them to their hated cruelty.

King. This is no place for Ladies, we allow
Hcr absence ; of the rest let none depart,
Till we have search't the cunning of his heart.

*A Barre set out, the King and Chester, with Clinton,
and the Prince, and Captaine take their seates,
Audley and Bonvile bring him to the Barre as out
of his bed, then take their seates.*

Mar. A Barre, a judgement seate, and Iury set ?
Yet cannot all this daunt our innocence.

Chest. You have disloyally fought to exceed
The King your Soveraigne, and his royll deeds
To blemish, which your fellow Peeres thus conster.
That strengthen'd by th' alliance of the King,
And better armed by the peoples love,
You may prove dangerous.
In policy of state to quench the sparkes
Before they grow to flame, and top your heighth,
Before your spacious branches spread too farre,
What to this generall motion can you say,
Before we taxe you with particulars ?

Mar. With reverence to the State 'fore which I
stand,
That you my Lord of *Chestler* appeare shallow,
To thinke my actions can disgrace the Kings,
As if the luster of a petty Starre
Should with the Moone compare : Alas, my deeds
Conferr'd with his, are like a Candles light

To out-shine the mid-dayes glory. Can the King
 The glorious mirror of all gratitude,
 Condemne that vertue in anothers bosome,
 Which in his owne shines so transparantly ?
 Oh pardon me, meere vertue is my end,
 Whose pitch the King doth many times transcend.

Clin. To taxe you more succinctly, you have first
 Abus'd the King in sending to the Court
 Your daughter lesse faire, and the least belov'd.

Aud. And that includes contempt most barous,
 Which you in that unsubiect-like exprest :
 Your former emulations we omit,
 As things that may finde tolerable excuse,
 And are indeed not matters capitall :
 But to the best and greatest, when the King,
 Out of his bounty and magnificence
 Vouchsaft to stile thee with the name of sonne,
 Being but a subiect, with contorted browes
 And lookes of scorne you tooke his courtesie,
 And in contempt sent backe the Princeffe dower.

Chest. Most true ; a grounded proposition
 To question you of life.

Mar. My life my lords ?
 It pleases me, that the King in person daines
 To grace my cause with his Majesticke eare :
 You plead for me in this, and speake my excuse.
 I have but two in all,
 He sent for one, and he receiv'd them both,
 With them a sweete and lovely Prince to boote ;
 Who ever lost, I am sure the King hath wonne
 At once, a wife, a daughter, and a sonne.

Bonv. 'Tis true my Lord, we all can witnesse it.

Mar. He that my discontent objects to me,
 With the faire Princeffe, speakes uncertainly.
 The man judicious such for fooles allowes,
 As have their inward hearts drawne in their browes :
 Is there in all that bench a man so honest
 That can in this be discontent with me ?

I charge you all ; those favours I receive
From his high Majesty, I swallow not
With greedy appetite perhaps like you :
When I am grac't, it comes with awe and feare,
Lest I offend that Prince that holds me deare.
That for my brow.

Cheſt. But for your ſcornfull fending
Of the faire Princeſſe dower backe to th' King,
How can you anſwer that ?

Mar. Why *Cheſter* thus :
I am a man, though ſubject ; if the meanest
Lord or'e his wife ; why ſhould that priviledge
Be onely bard me ? ſhould I wive an Emprefſſe,
And take her dowerleſſe, ſhould we love, or hate,
In that my bounty equals her eſtate.
Witneſſe that Judge above you, I eſteeme
The Princeſſe dearely, and yet married her
But as my wife, for which I am infinitely
Bound to the King : why ſhould I grow ingag'd
Above my power, ſince this my Lords you know,
The leſſe we runne in debt, the leſſe we owe.
Give me my thoughts, and ſcore you on I pray,
I wiſh no more than I have meaneſes to pay.

Cheſt. Shall we my Lord his actions cenſure
freely ?

King. And ſentence them.

Aud. A *Persian History*

I read of late, how the great *Sophy* once
Flying a noble Falcon at the Herne,
In comes by chance an Eagle ſouſing by,
Which when the Hawke eſpyes, leaves her first
game,

And boldly venters on the King of Birds ;
Long tug'd they in the Ayre, till at the length
The Falcon better breath'd, feiz'd on the Eagle,
And ſtruck it dead : The Barons prais'd the Bird,
And for her courage ſhe was peereleſſe held.
The Emperor, after ſome deliberate thoughts,
Made him no leſſe : he cauſ'd a Crowne of gold

To be new fram'd, and fitted to her head
 In honour of her courage : Then the Bird
 With great applause was to the market-place
 In triumph borne, where, when her utmost worth
 Had beene proclaim'd, the common Executioner
 First by the Kings command tooke off her Crowne,
 And after with a sword strooke off her head,
 As one no better than a noble Traytor
 Vnto the King of Birds.

Chest. This use we make
 From this your ancient *Perfian* History,
 That you a noble and a courteous Peere,
 Prais'd for your hospitall vertues and high bountyn,
 Shall be first crown'd with Lawrell to your worth :
 But since you durst against your Soveraigne
 Oppose your selfe, you by your pride misled,
 Shall as a noble Traytor loose your head.

King. That Sentence we confirme, and it shall
 stand

Irrevocable by our freight command.

Mar. I am glad my Liege I have a life yet left,
 In which to shew my bountyn, even in that
 I will be liberall, and spend it for you ;
 Take it, 'tis the last jewell that I have,
 In lieu of which oh grant me but a grave.

King. A Laurell wreath, a scaffold, and a
 blocke,
 Our selfe will see the Execution done :
 Only thy life is ours, thy goods are free.

Mar. My Lord, you are the life of courtesie,
 And you are kinde unto me above measure,
 To give away what might enrich your selfe.
 Since they are mine, I will bestow them thus :
 The best of those that were so late but yours,
 My jewells, I, by will, restore you backe,
 You shall receive them separate from the rest :
 To you the Kings sonne, and by marriage mine,
 On you I will bestow my Armory,
 Stables of Horfe, and weapons for the warres,

I know you love a Souldier : to the Princeffe,
And my two Daughters I give equall portions
From my revenue ; but if my faire wife
Proove, and produce a Male-child, him I make
My universall Heire, but if a Female,
Her Dower is with the rest proportionable.
The next I give, it is my Soule to Heaven,
Where my Creator reignes : my words thus end,
Body to Earth, my Soule to Heaven ascend.

*Enter the Queene, Katherine, the Princeffe, and
the other Lady.*

Princeffe. Stay.

Queene. Hold.

Kath. Executioner forbear.

Queen. Heare me a Daughter for a Father
plead.

Princeffe. Oh Father, heare me for my Husbands
life,

Doubly ally'd, I am his Neece and Wife.

Kath. Oh Father heare me, for a Father crave.

Queene. Than sentence him oh let me perish
rather ;

I pleade for him that's both my sonne and Father.

Kath. Oh make your mercy to this prisoner
free.

Queene. Father to us.

Princeffe. And Husband unto me.

King. Hence with these womanish clamours.

Prince. Vnto these

Let me my Liege presume to adde another,
Behold him kneele that is your sonne and brother.

Kath. Your Sister and your Daughter great King
heare.

Princeffe. Your Mother and your Daughter.

Queene. Or like deare,

Your Queene and Sister.

Princesse. Speake, what hath he done ?

Prince. Whoever saw a father on a sonne
Give sentence ? or my Royall Lord, which rather
Addes to your guilt, a sonne condemne the father ?

Cheſt. My Liege, command them hence, they but
disturbe

The Traytor in his death.

King. A Traytor's he

That dares fo tearme him, *Cheſter*, we meane thee :
Our best of ſubjects, with our height of grace
We wedde thee to us, in this ſtrict imbrace
Thy vertues, bounties, envy'd courtesies ;
Thy courage, and thy conftancy in death,
Thy love and Loyalty to the end continued,
More than their clamorous importunitieſ
Prevaile with us : then as our best and greatest,
Not to exceed, but, equall thee in love,
To end betweene us this Heroick ſtrife,
Accept what we moſt preciouſ hold, thy Life.

Mar. Which as your gift I'le keepe, till Heaven
& Nature

Confine it hence, and alwayes it expoſe
Vnto your love and ſervice ; I never lov'd it,
But ſince 'twas yours, and by your gift now mine.

King. I obſerve in thee

The ſubſtance of all perfect Loyalty ;
In you fave flattery, envy, hate, and pride
Nothing, or ought to goodneſſe that's ally'd :
Reſigne thoſe places that belong to him,
Better than fo borne noble, be unborene.
Till you your hearts can fashion to your faces,
We here ſuspend you from your ſtiles and places.

Prince. A royll doome.

King. Once more from us receive
Thy beauteous Bride, as we will hand our Queene :
The Prince already is poſſeſt of his.
Nay *Bonvile*, as your Bridals were together,
So follow in your ranke, and by the ſtile

Of a Lord Baron, you are now no leſſe
If you dare take our word : Our Funerals thus
Wee'le turne to feaſting, and our blood to wines
Of moſt choice taste, preſt from the pureſt Grape.
Our noble Martiaſſ kinsman and our friend,
In our two vertues after times ſhall ſing,
A Loyall Subject, and a Royall King.



The Epilogue to the Reader.

*T*HAT this Play's old, 'tis true, but now if any
Should for that cause despise it, we have
many
Reasons, both just and pregnant, to maintaine
Antiquity, and those too, not al vaine.
We know (and not long since) there was a time,
Strong lines were not lookt after, but if rime,
O then 'twas excellent: who but beleeves,
But Doublets with stuft bellies and bigge sleeves
And those Trunke-hose, which now the age doth
scorn,
Were all in fashion, and with frequence worne;
And what's now out of date, who is't can tell,
But it may come in fashion, and sute well?
With rigour therefore judge not, but with reason,
Since what you read was fitted to that season.

F I N I S.

PLEASANT
DIALOGVES
AND
DRAMMA'S,
SELECTED OVT OF
LUCIAN, ERASMUS, TEXTOR,
OVID, &c.

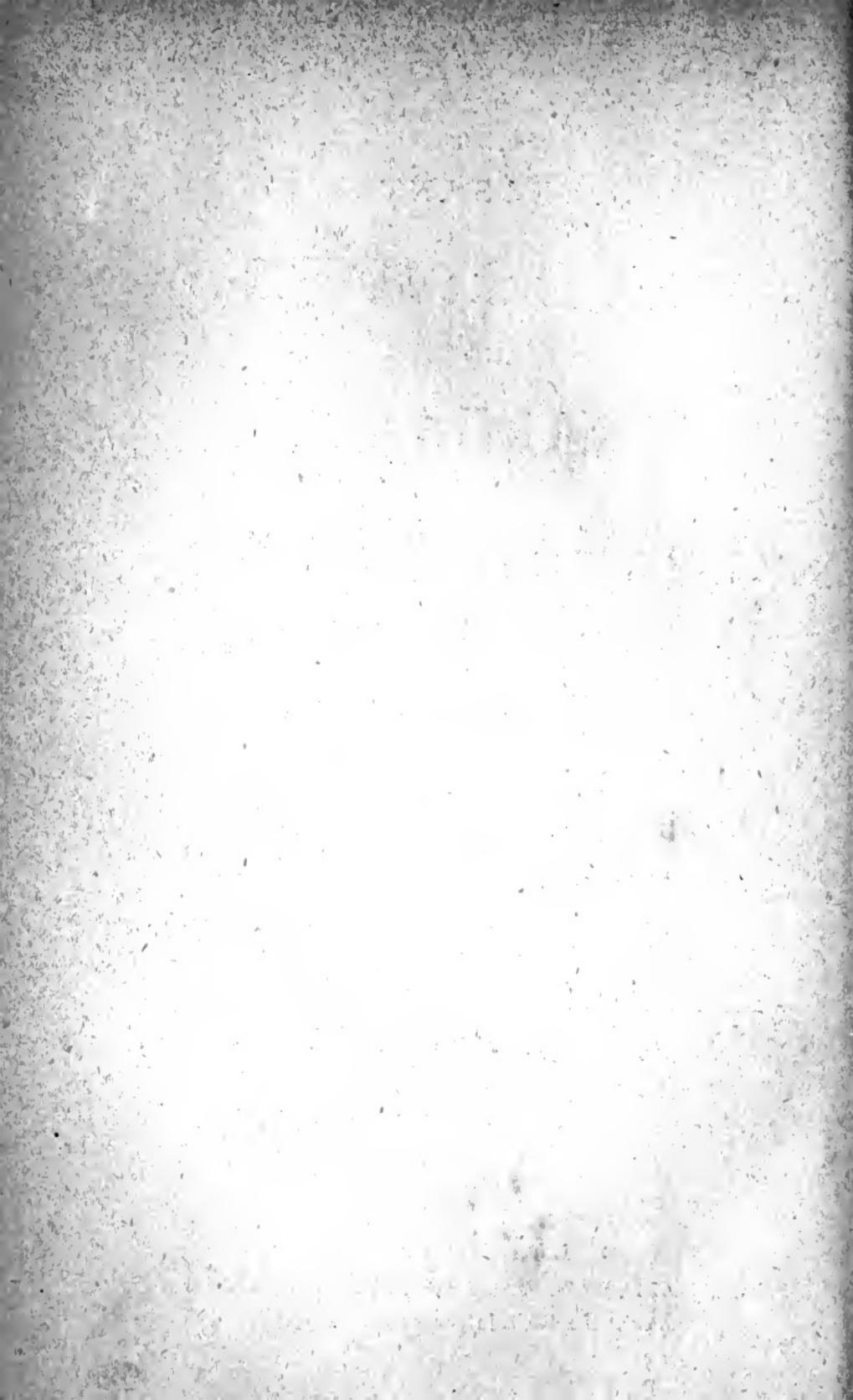
With Sundry *Emblems* extracted from
the most elegant Iacobus *Catius*.

By THO. HEYWOOD.

Aut prodeffe solent, aut delectare—

LONDON,

Printed by R. O. for R. H. and are to be sold by Thomas
Slater at the *Swan* in *Duck-lane*. 1637.





To the Right Honourable Sir
HENRY Lord CARY, Baron of
Hunsdon, Viscount Rochford,
Earle of DOVER, &c.

Right Honourable,

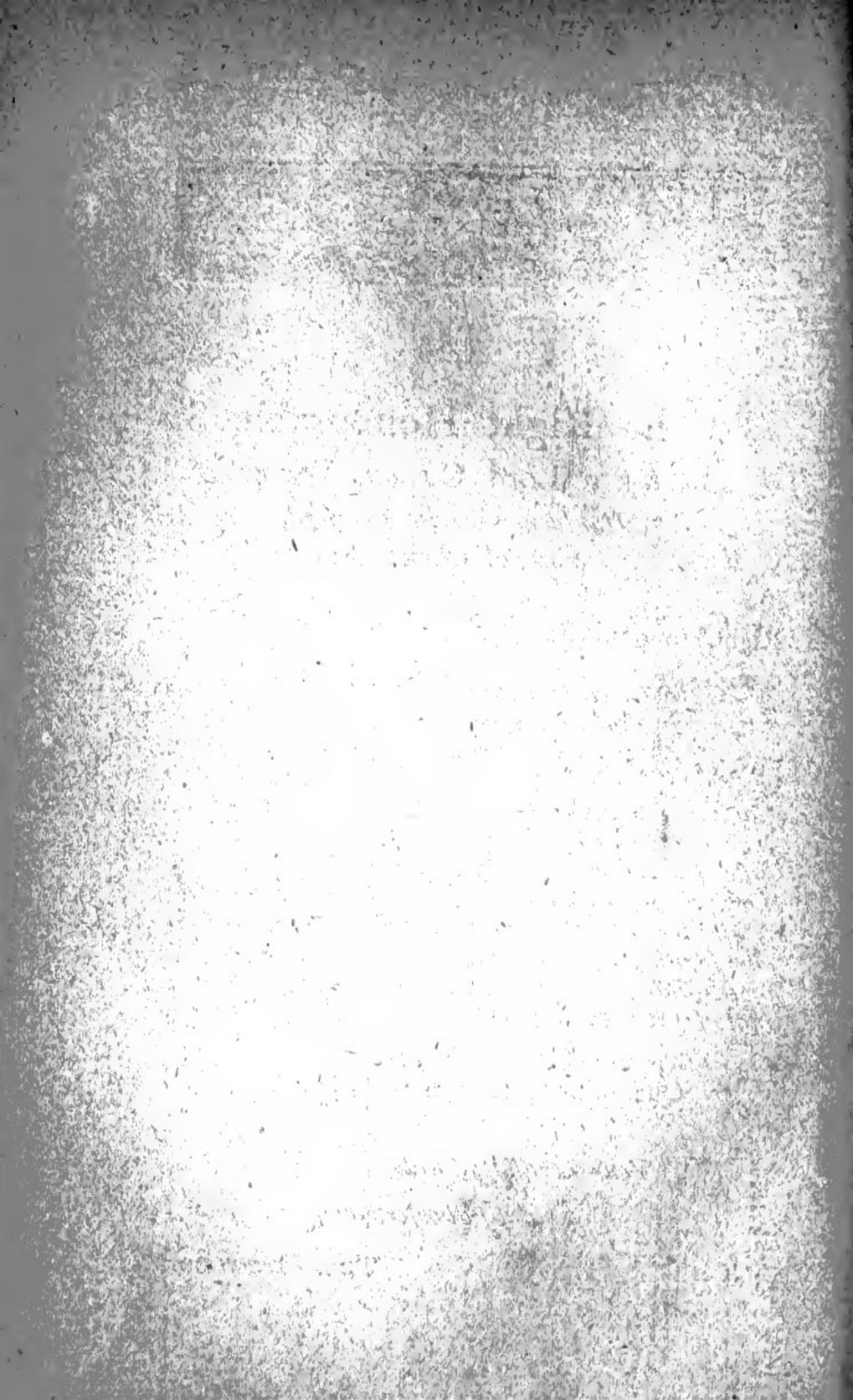


Laborate Poems have ever aym'd at learned Patrons, who valued Books as your best Lapidaries praise Jewels, not by their greatness, but their goodnessse. This is a small Cabinet of many and choyse, of which none better than your Noble selfe can judge, some of them borrowing their luster from your own vertues, vouchsafe therefore (great Lord) their perusall, being devoted to your sole patronage, whilst the presenter wishing unto you and all yours, a long fruition of terrestriall graces here, with the fulnesse of celestiall joyes hereafter, humbly takes his leave, with that of Catullus to M. Cicero :

Tanto pessimus omnium poeta,
Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

*Your Lordships in all
dutifull observance,*

THO. HEYWOOD.





To the Generous Reader.

Reader, of what capacity or condition soever, I present unto thy favourable perusal a Miscellanie of sundry straines in Poetry, which me thinks should not come altogether unwelcome to such as affect variety: here thou shalt finde choice and selected Dialogues borrowed from sundry Authors, both for the method and matter, pleasant and profitable. Which though I met with in Prose onely, yet upon better acquaintance, I have taught to goe upon even feet and number.

For such as delight in Stage-poetry, here are also divers *Dramma's*, never before published: Which though some may condemne

The Epistle to the Reader.

for their shortnesse, others againe will commend for their sweetnesse.

From famous *Jacobus Catsius*, I have extracted Emblems of rich conceit, and excellent expression in the originall ; Therefore I hope not to bee rejected in our native Tongue, howsoever by mee but rudely and courfely interpreted.

Here are moreover divers speeches, at sundry times, and upon severall occasions spoken, either to one or both of their sacred Majesties. And other of the same condition, before other Noble Personages.

Nor doubt I, but in the service of such change of dishes, there may be found amongst them, though not all to please every man, yet not any of them but may taste some one or others palat. For the better illustration of which, I have prefixed before every particular piece its proper Argument, with Annotations and observations of all such things as may appeare difficult

The Epistle to the Reader.

or forreigne to the ignorant Reader. Which
I intreat thee to accept as well in plaine
inke, as were they curioufly insculpt in Cop-
per. Complement I cannot : onely thus I
take my leave ; Reader farewell. Read
perfectly, examine stictly, but censure
charitably.

Thine,

THO. HEYWOOD.





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A fourth betwixt Iupiter and Cupid

A fifth betwixt Vulcan and Apollo

A sixth betwixt Apollo and Mercury

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- A Pastorall Drama called Amphrisa, or the Forlaken
Shepheardeffe*
- Forty sixe Emblems interpreted from the most excellent
Emblematist, Iacobus Catsius. The Argument,
A discourse betwixt Anna and Phillis*
- Divers Speeches spoken before their two sacred Maiesties,
and before fundry other Noble persons upon severall
occasions*
- A Maske presented at Hunfdon House
Prologues and Epilogues upon other occasions*

Tabulæ Finis.



The Argument of *Erasmus his Dialogue*
called N A I A G A I O N , or
Naufragium.

H ere you may reade an accurate Narration
Of dangers incident to Navigation :
With diuers foolish superstitions us'd
By Mariners, (some not to be excus'd)
Here is describ'd a Tempest to the height :
With casting out of Goods, to ease their freight ;
And severall humors (to the life exprest)
Of men in danger, and by sea distrest :
Some to the blessed Virgin call for aid :
By others, Vowes to feuerall Saints are made,
But this our Author will approue of none
To be invok't, but the Great God alone.

The Interlocutors or Speakers, *Antonius and Adolphos.*

The D I A L O G U E .

Anthon.



Houtel'st me wondrous things ;
Is that to faile,
Where humane helpe so little
can prevaile ?

Forbid it Heav'n, to come into my thought,
That euer Wit so dearely should be bought.

Adol. What hath as yet been spoke are trifles
meere,

If to what I shall speake thou lend an eare.

Anth. So much from thee I haue already had,
That I still tremble, and it makes me sad,
As I had then been present.

Adol. Dangers past
Are vnto me of much more pleasing taft :
That night there hapned what much tooke away
All comfort from the Pilot.

Anth. What, I pray ?

Adol. Dark was the night ; when by the top-mast
stands

(Got thither by the help of feet and hands)
One of the ship-men, and as from a (1) loover
He lookt from thence, if so he might discouer
Some part of land : when on the instant, neare
Vnto his fide was seen a fiery Spheare ;
To Sea-men a sad *Omen*, if it shine
Single : but twinnes, they better lucke divine :
And in the times of old they call'd such too
Castor and *Pollux*.

Anth. What had they to do
With Mariners ? since those we understand
Were Champions both, and vs'd to fight on land.

Adol. The Poets so would haue it. He at th'
sterne
Casting his eyes vp did the light discerne :
Who calling said, My *Mate* (It is a word
That Sailers interchangeably afford
To one another) speake, dost thou not see
The fire aboue that clings so close to thee ?
Who answ'red thus : I do, and I pray God
That vnto vs it no misfortune boad.
The flaming Globe straight by the tackles slid,
And came close to the Pilot.

(1.) It is commonly called the Bowland.

Anth. I ! But did
Not he sinke downe with feare ?

Adol. The fright he' endur'd,
They being to such prodigies inur'd.
There hauing staid a while, by the ship sides
It rowles it felse, but there not long abides,
But leaping from the hatches, vanisht so.
Towards mid-day the tempest 'gan to grow
More and more raging. Didst thou euer see
The Alps ?

Anth. I haue.

Adol. Those hills appeare to bee
But warts to such sea billowes, (if compar'd :)
Be judge then, how with us it that time far'd ;
How often were we lifted vp so high,
Till to the very Moone we came so nigh,
To touch it with our fingers. Then againe
So low cast, that the Channell rent in twaine
To let vs downe to Hell.

Anth. Mad men, no doubt,
Who leauie the land, to seeke fuch dangers out.

Adol. The Sailers striuing with the Storme some
space,
(But all in vaine) the Pilot with a face
Like ashes, came to vs.

Anth. And now I feare,
By his wan colour, some strange mischiefe neare.

Adol. I am no more your Pilot now (faith he)
My friends, the Windes command both ship and me :
Prepare for all extremes, there's now no hope
Saue in our God, no trust in Saile or Rope.

Anth. ('Twas an hard speech.)

Adol. First therefore let vs ease
Our ship (faith he) by casting in the feas
Her weighty lading ; for so now commands
Necessitie : It with more safety stands,
By losse of goods, death prefent to preuent,
Than with them perish here incontinent.
The truth persuades them ; Instantly they hoise

Into the Maine, rich Wares, and Vessels choise,
And those in plenty.

Anth. This a Wracke indeed
May well be call'd.

Adol. Silence till I proceed.
Amongst the rest, a rich Italian there,
Imployd in Embassy, who was to beare
Some Prefents into Scotland, and this Lord
Had coffers, caskets, and stuft trunks abord,
With plate, rings, Iewels, change of garments.

Anth. Say,
Was that man willing to cast all away ?

Adol. No : but being askt that question, made
reply,
He with his wealth would liue, or with it dy ;
And therefore storm'd.

Anth. What said the Pilot then ?
Adol. Better it were, of these despairing men,
That he alone should perish, than (to faue
His proper wealth) all suffer in the wawe :
And therefore told him plainly, But if hee
Vnto the generall safety would agree,
(Need so compeld) that without further plea,
Him and his wealth they'd tosse into the sea.

Anth. A very Sailers speech.
Adol. So, forc't at last,
With his owne hands his goods away he cast,
With many bitter curses ; much inrag'd
With gods and divels, that he had ingag'd
Himselfe to such a barbarous element.

Anth. A meere Italians pray'r.
Adol. Obserue th' euent :
(These our free-offrings notwithstanding) neither
The windes nor waues were fated, but together
Conspir'd : Our tackles were asunder blowne,
And our torne failes into the Ocean throwne.

Anth. Distresse indeed.

Adol. The Pilot comes againe.

Anth. To preach as at the first ?

Adol. In a sad straine
 He thus salutes vs : Friends, as the case stands,
 I wish you would commend you to heav'ns hands,
 And so prepare for death. Some who had been
 At sea before, and in that Art well seen,
 Askt him, How long he thought he could main-
 taine .

His ship to liue ? who briefely said againe,
 Not full three houres, (as being then at worst.)

Anth. Why was this harder doctrine than the
 first.

Adol. Which hauing said, the Sailers he straight
 bid
 To cut the cords asunder : which they did.
 And next, To saw the main-Mast by the root :
 Who instantly apply themselues vntoo't ;
 Which, with the saile, and saile-yard, they soone
 threw
 Into the sea.

Anth. Why so ?

Adol. Because they knew,
 Bee'ng torne, a burthen they might rather call
 Their failes, than helpe, (now of no vse at all)
 For all their hope was in the helme.

Anth. Meane space,
 What did the passengers ?
Adol. A wretched face
 Of things you now might see : Some then in place
 Began to sing, *Haile Mary full of Grace* ; }
 And the blest Virgin Mother to implore :
 She, who plaine *Mary* had been call'd before,
 They now stile, *The Seas Star*, *The Queen of*
heav'n,
The Lady of the world : Titles not giv'n
 To her in sacred Scriptures.

Anth. I indeed
 Neuer that she at sea was yet could reed.

Adol. But *Venus* (I haue heard) once tooke no
 scorne

To haue the charge of Sailers, (as sea-borne.)
 But thinking she had quite giv'n vp her care ;
 All their Devotions now directed are
 In stead of her, a mother, and no maid,
 Her that was Maid and Mother, to persuade.

Anth. Come now you jest.

Adol. Some of them prostrat lie
 Vpon the hatches, and for succor crie
 Vnto the *Storme*, and (as had they been mad)
 Pour'd out into the Maine what oile they had ;
 Flattering the raging billowes of the seas,
 As if some angry pow'r they would appease.

Anth. What did they say ?

Adol. O Sea most merciful,
 O generous Sea, ô Sea most beautifull,
 O you the most rich Channels of the Deepe
 Saue vs, haue mercy, vs preferue and keepe.

Anth. Ridiculous superstition. What the rest ?

Adol. Their stomacks some disgorg'd ; one in his
 breft

Was meditating Vowes. An English man
 (I well remember) said, O if I can
 But get to land safe, Pilgrimage I'l frame
 Vnto the blest Maid of *Walsingham* ;
 And promis'd golden mountaines. Others vow'd
 To such a Croffe : but that some disallow'd.
 And nam'd another in a remoat place
 Thence many countries distant. In like case
 They with the Virgin *Mary* dealt, who raignes
 In fundry Regions : and since need constraines,
 They pray to her, but thinke they are not heard,
 Vnlesse they name some Temple to her rear'd.

Anth. Vaine were such Orifons, since the Saints
 dwell

In heav'n aboue.

Adol. Some said, If they came well
 And safe to shore, Carthusians they would bee,
 One promis'd, If the sea he once could free,
 Bare-foot and bare head, naked saue his shirt,

And that of male close to his body girt,
Nay, begging all the way, vow'd, steps hee'd tell
To where Saint *James* yet liues in Compostell.

Anth. Did none thinke of Saint *Christopher*?

Adol. I heard

(Not without laughter) one to him indear'd :
He in the chiefe Church of (2) Lutetia stands,
(More like a mountaine than a man) his hands
Lift vp : who with a voice strep'rous and loud
(That all they in the ship might heare him) vow'd
To set before that Saint a waxen Light
Big as himselfe. To whom one that fore-right
Before him sate, (well knowne to him) reply'd,
(After he first had jogg'd him on the side)
Take heed friend what you promise ; should you sell
Your whole estate, which is to me knowne well,
You cannot make it good. He then in feare,
(Lest him perchance S. *Christopher* might heare)
Answer'd in a low voice, Peace foole, be still,
Think'st thou my words are futing to my will ;
If once I find safe landing may be had,
I'l of a farthing candle make him glad.

Anth. O stupid braine ! Some Hollander ?

Adol. None such :

He was of Zeeland sure.

Anth. I wonder much,

None that time of th' Apostle *Paul* did thinke ;
(For he was wrackt, and when the ship did sinke,
Got to the shore) who knowing shipwracke best,
Would foone haue helpt them in that kinde distrest.

Adol. Of him there was no mention.

Anth. Did they pray ?

Adol. Yes ; and at once some fung, and some did
say

Haile Virgin : others, their Beleefe : some mutter'd
Certainte peculiar pray'rs, as had they vtter'd
Soft Magicke spells 'gainst danger.

Anth. How distresse
Makes men deuout ? when they thinke nothing
lesse
Than of their God, if fortune seeme to smile,
Or of his Saints. But what didst thou the while ?
Vowd'st thou to none of them ?

Adol. No.

Anth. Why ?

Adol. Because

Cov'nants with Saints made, are still with some
clause

After the forme of Contract : *This I giue,*
If thou performe : If at this time I liue,
Then fuch a thing I'l do ; I'l at thy Shrine
Offer a Taper, if I scape the Brine ;
Or if thou keepest me, vnto Rome I'l go
On Pilgrimage.

Anth. But to none prayd'st thou ?

Adol. No.

Anth. Shew me the cause ?

Adol. I thought, Heav'n far extended :
To any one Saint should I haue commended
My safety, say Saint Peter, who bee'ng neare
Vnto the doore, most likely was to heare ;
Before he could haue left the gate, to finde
Where God was, or deliver'd him my minde,
I might haue perisht.

Anth. What then didst thou do ?

Adol. Tooke the next course, and did direct
vnto

The Father my Deuotions, and began,
Father which art in heav'n, &c. I perceiv'd than,
None of the Saints could sooner heare, nor any
Abler to faue or helpe, though they be many.

Anth. Did not thy conscience pricke thee the mean
time,

Remembraunce with how many an hainous crime
Thou hadst offended him ?

Adol. Shall I speake true ?

Part of my confident boldnesse it withdrew ;
But straight it thus in my conception runne :
No Father is so angry with his Sonne,
But if he spy him in a brooke or lake,
Ready to drowne, hee'l by the haire him take,
And plucke him from the danger. 'Mongst the rest, }
A woman who a childe had at her brest
Then sucking, in that feare seen'd troubled least. }

Anth. And what did she ?

Adol. Nor clamor loud, nor weepe ;
Nor promise what she neuer meant to keepe :
Only embrac'd her infant, softly pray'd
Vnto her selfe, none hearing what she sayd.
Meane time the Barke inclining neere the shore,
The Master fearing lest she would be tore
And split to pieces ; her with cables bound
From helme to the fore-decke.

Anth. Comfort vnfound.

Adol. Up then a sacrificing Priest arose,
Ag'd sixty yeares, through doublet and through hose
His torne shirt seene, (call'd *Adam*) who his shooes
(That had no soles) cast off, and 'gins to vnloose
His wretched habit ; bidding all prepare
Themselues to swim, who of their liues had care.
And standing on the decke, begins to preach
Alowd to vs, and out of *Gerson* teach
Five truths ; what profit from Confession growes,
Wishing we would make ready to dispose
Our selues to life or death. Then present there
Was a Dominican Frier of looke austere,
To whom some few confess themselues.

Anth. But what

Didst thou mean space ?

Adol. I well perciuing, that
All things were full of tumult, soone confess
My selfe to God, 'gainst whom I had transgrest
Blaming mine owne injustice, and commended
My selfe to him, whom I had most offended.

Anth. Hadst thou then perisht, whither hadst thou
gon ?

Adol. That I committed vnto God alone,
 As most vnwilling mine owne judge to be :
 And yet a faire hope did still comfort me.
 Whilst these things past, the Pilot came againe,
 With his eies full of teares, and faith, In vaine
 We striaue 'gaints heav'n : each man himselfe prepare ;
 The shakenn ship in which distrest we are
 Cannot the fourth part of an houre well last,
 At sundry leaks the water poures so fast.
 Soone after he brings newes he did descry
 A Chappell afar off : bids vs apply
 Our pray'rs, the small space that the ship still floated,
 Vnto that Saint to whom it was deuoted :
 When suddenly most part are groueling throwne,
 Deuoutly praying to the Saint vnknowne.

Anth. Had they but nam'd him, he would sure
 haue heard.

Adol. But that they knew not. Then the Pilot
 stearn'd

His torne ship that way, ready now to sinke,
 (Such quantitie of water forc't to drinke)
 And split she had in pieces in that weather,
 Had not the cables bound her fast together.

Anth. 'Twas an hard case.

Adol. It drawing now towards even,
 Vpon the sudden we so far were driven
 Towards the coast, that vs th' inhabitants spy'de,
 And seeing our extremes, call'd out and cry'de ;
 And with their hats vpon their staues end, stand
 Pointing to vs the safest place to land :
 Then with their armes stretcht out, seeme to de-
 plore
 Our wretched case, distrest so neare the shore.

Anth. I long to know what happen'd.

Adol. Our Barke now
 Had tooke in so much water, that I vow
 There hardly any diffrence could be knowne,
 Because the ship and sea appear'd all one.

Anth. To th' holy Anchor it was time to flye.

Adol. And yet small comfort, seeing death so nye.
The Sailers hoise the boat, and let it downe
Into the Sea : then there's a tumult growne,
Who should press ~~soonest~~ in. Some gan t' ex-
claime,
Crying, Why throng you thus ? Be rul'd for shame ;
The Boat's but small, and were you not thus rude,
Vn capable of such a multitude.
They bid them search, and what came neerest, get
To saue themselues. When now there was no let,
But ev'ry one, that which came next him snatches :
One lights vpon a piece of the torne hatches :
An empty barrell he : another takes
A planke : that man a pole : and none but makes
Some shifft or other : so themselues commit
Vnto the sea.

Anth. You haue not told me yet,
What of the woman and the childe became,
She only that was heard not to exclaine.

Adol. She got to shore first.

Anth. Tell me how that past ?

Adol. Her to a crooked planke we ty'de so fast,
That hardly she could slide thence : in whose hand
We put a boord (such as she might command)
In stead of a small oare : then hauing prayd
For her successe, as she was thereon layd,
Expos'd her to the waues, and with a speare,
Thrust her from off the ship, which was now neare
Hid in the sea, her infant she bestow'd
In her left arme, and with her right hand row'd.

Anth. A stout Virago.

Adol. When nought else remain'd,
One snatcheth an old Image, blur'd and slain'd,
Part of it eat with rats, which once presented
The mother Virgin : and with that contented,
Begins to swim.

Anth. But came the boat to shore ?

Adol. They were the first that perisht, none be-
fore ;

For thirty had therein together got,

Anth. By what ill chance was that ?

Adol. 'Twas their hard lot ;

For e're they from the ship themselues could free,
The weake boat fplit, and funke immedately.

Anth. A sad disaster : But what then ?

Adol. I cherisht

Others, and had my selfe like to haue perisht.

Anth. As how ?

Adol. I stay'd till nothing did appeare
Helpfull to swim.

Anth. Corke had been vsefull there.

Adol. I tell thee Friend, iust at that instant
space

I'de rather had a Corke tree to embrace,
Than a rich golden Candlesticke. About
Looking, to spy what best I could finde out,
I foone bethought me of the poore remaine
Of the split Mast, at which I tugg'd in vaine ;
And therefore call'd an helper. We combine
Our double strength, and both to it incline,
Trusting our felues to sea : and in that fright
He by the left part holds : I take the right.
Thus by the billowes tost, the Predicant, whom
I nam'd before, iust at our backs did come,
And threw himselfe vpon vs : like an hulke,
To us he seem'd, being of a mighty bulke,
Wherewith mnch troubled, both aloud 'gan call,
Who is that third who meanes to drowne vs all ?
He gently vs bespake, and bad vs bee
Of comfort, there was roome enough for three.

Anth. But wherefore did he leauie the ship so
late ?

Adol. He purpos'd in the boat to try his fate
With the Dominican Frier ; the rest to grace,
Their Orders, willing to afford them place.
But though they both were in the ship confest,
Belike forgetting some word 'mongst the rest,
They fell to it againe, and somewhat s'ed

Laying ones hand vpon the others head :
Meane time the boat funke, by the waues controld :
(For so much, after, to me *Adam* told.)

Anth. But what of the Dominican became ?

Adol. He, first invoking sundry Saints by name,
(So *Adam* said) did strip himselfe to th' skin ;
And hauing left his cloathes behinde, leapt in.

Anth. What Saints did he invoke ?

Adol. He named (thick,
As fast as he could speake) S. *Dominick*,
Saint Thomas, and *Saint Vincent*, and one *Peter*,
(I know not which) but one she-Saint, with sweeter
And fairer words hee 'ntreated ; and her name,
Katherine Senensis, she, it seem'd, the same
To whom he trusted most.

Anth. I, but Christ's aid
Implor'd he not at all ?

Adol. So the Priest said.

Anth. Me thinks he better might haue far'd that
day,
Had he not cast his holy hood away.
For being naked like another man,
How could the Saint know the Dominican ?
Touching thy selfe proceed.

Adol. Whilst we were tost
Neere to the barke, still fearing to be lost,
Part of the sterne then stoating, burst his thigh,
Who held the left part of the mast, whilst I
Made good the right : who soone his hold lets slip,
And so was drown'd. Into whose place doth skip,
Adam the Priest, repeating a short prayer
That his soule (then departing) well might fare ;
Exhorting me to be of courage bold,
Stretch out my legs, and with my hands keepe
hold :
Mean time we drunke much brine out of the Ocean,
'Twas not a salt bath only, but salt potion.
(So *Neptune* then would haue it) for which he
(*Adam* I meane) would shew a remedie.

Anth. And what was that ?

Adol. Still as he spy'de the wawe
To come vpon vs, he himselfe to faue,
Oppos'd it with the hinde part of his head,
Keeping his mouth fast shut.

Anth. I neuer read
Of a more stout old fellow.

Adol. Floating long,
And mouing somewhat onward, he bee'ng strong,
And wondrous tall, faith to me, Be of cheare,
For by my foot I finde the ground is neare.
But I that time more timerous and afraid,
(Hoping no such good fortune) to him said,
Most certaine we are farther from the shore,
Than to hope land. He now encourag'd more,
Saith to me, With my foot I touch the sand.
Perhaps, said I, some chest driv'n neere the land,
Wrought thither by the sea. He affirmes No,
And faith, the ground he toucheth with his to.
We still were tost, and he againe feeles shore :
Do what thou wilt (then said) for here no more
I'le trust my selfe, but towards land make hast ;
So farewell, for I'le leauue thee to thy mast.
Then watching when the wawe began to breake,
With speed pursues it, and no more would speake ;
But as the billow (shrinking backe) he fees,
With either hand embracing both his knees,
He waits for it, drencht ouer head and eares,
(As Ducks or sea-Birds) and againe appeares
When the wawe's past, and runnes. Finding his
fate
So well succeed, I thought to imitate
Him in his course : There stood vpon the sands
Some people with long javelinis in their hands,
Men strong and vs'd to stormes ; these reacht their
staues
To ev'ry faint hand that their succor craues.
Who catching hold, some by that means they drew
Safe to the shore.

Anth. How many of that Crew ?

Adol. Seven only, of which, two brought to the fire,

But feeling warmth, did instantly expire.

Anth. How many were i' th ship ?

Adol. Iust fifty eight.

Anth. O cruell sea, to ruine such a freight.

'T might with the tenths at most haue been suffis'd,

Priests aske no more when they are best advis'd.

But of so great a number did so few

Escape the Wracke ?

Adol. I speake it who best knew :
And there we found a remarkt approbation
Of a most generous and indulgent Nation ;
Who with alacritie and much cheare gaue
Harbor, meat, drinke, with all things we could
craue.

Anth. What country ?

Adol. Holland.

Anth. None I take to bee
More generous, fuller of humanitie,
Though girt with barbarous countries. But I feare
Thou'l not to sea in haste.

Adol. Troth not this yeare,
No nor the next : I'le be no more such pray,
Vnlesse (quite mad) Heav'n take my wits away.

Anth. For such discourses I so little loue them,
That I had rather heare them far, than proue them.



The Argument to *Erasmus* his Dia-
logue, entituled PROCVS
& PVELLA.

ERASMVS in this Colloquie
Exprefſeth what pure modeſtie
There ought to be 'twixt Man and Maid,
When there's a firme foundation laid
Of their affections. His intent
Was, how to leaue a president,
All wanton Toyes to intercept,
That chraft Vowes might be made and kept.
As well the Prince as Peasant hence
May take aduice of conſequence.
It ſhewes how true Loue ſhould be plac't,
Forbidding Marriage made in haſt:
And that the Choice is not confin'd
Vnto the Body, but the Minde.
His Project further doth imply
The honour of the Nuptiall Ty,
Which is not lawfull to proceed
Before the Parents first agreed.
Of the ſincere alternate life
Which ought to be 'twixt Man and Wife.
Next, how their Children ſhould be bred,
As both by good Example led,
And Precept taught. What ioy, what care
The Good and Bad to Parents are.
Wedlocke with Single life compar'd,
I, and preferr'd in ſome regard.

*That in the choice of any Bride
'Tis Reason ought to be the Guide,
And not Affection. Here's commixt
Sport, with Philosophie: betwixt.
Various discourse. The matter's ground
Worthy an Author so renown'd.*

The Speakers, PAMPHILVS and MARY.

T H E D I A L O G V E.

Pam. **H**AILE to thee, oh thou Cruel, who canst
vant
Of nothing else saue iron and Adamant.

Mar. Haile to thee too (at length) oh *Pamphilus*,
How, and as oft as thou shalt please: but thus
Wherfore You should salute me, know I not,
It seemes to me my name you haue forgot.

Maria I am call'd.

Pam. Hadst thou thy right,
Thou *Martia* hadst been nam'd.

Mar. I cannot fight,
Nor know I what *Mars* meanes: Pray wherefore
then

Ranke you me with that murtherer of men?

Pam. Because I hold thee more obdurat far
And thirsting bloud, than is the god of War.
He kills for sport, (but such as he doth hate)
But thou thy Louers, (Cruell and ingrate.)

Mar. Good words I pray; to make me better
skil'd.

Shew me the strage of those whom I haue kil'd?
Or where's the bloud?

Pam. One Corse liuelesse and cold
Thou look'st vpon when thou dost me behold.

Mar. What do I heare ? Did any euer know
A dead man (like thee) both to speake and go ?
Should no more terrible Ghosts to me appeare,
Trust me I never should be strooke with feare.

Pa. Thou jest'st with me, and mean time strik'st
me dead,
And by degrees I'm hourelly massacred,
Worse than if thou with steele shouldest pierce my
breast ;
For now with lingring death I am opprest.

Mar. How many childing women with wet eies
Were present to lament your obsequies ?

Pam. And yet my palenes argues (to my cost)
I am more bloudlesse than a walking Ghost.

Mar. And yet that paleneſſe hath a violets hew :
You ſo looke pale, as we in Summer view
The ripening Cherry, and your cheeke is dy'de
Like th' Autumne Grape that's purpled on one ſide.

Pam. In ſooth you do not well to jeere and flam
Me, knowing in what wretched cafe I am.

Mar. If thou beleev'st me not, there's a glaffe by,
Reach it, and that will ſpeake as much as I.

Pam. No glaffe I wish, no Mirror can allow,
Saue that in which I do behold me now.

Mar. What Mirror's that you ſpeake of ?

Pam. Your cleare eies.

Mar. You'ar the ſame Sophiſter, and ſtill ſo wiſe
As you were euer : but I pray make 't plaine,
How you are liueleſſe ? and by me how flaine ?
Or is 't the uſe of Shadowes to take meat ?

Pam. They do (like me) but taste not what they
eat.

Mar. What is their food ?

Pam. Leekes, Mallowes, Pulse.

Mar. Indeed ?

But ſometimes you on Cocke and Partridge feed.

Pam. But to my pallat are as muſh default
As ſhould I feed on fallads without falt.

Mar. O miserable man ! yet by this light

To me Y'appeare fat, fresh, and in good plight :
But can the Dead discouer ?

Pam. Yes, they may speake,
But with a voice (like me) low, faint, and weake.

Mar. And yet (but lately) when reuenge you
vow'd

Vpon your Riuall, you speake shrill and lowd.
But tell me further, as the Shadowes talke,
Are they (like you) apparel'd ? Can they walke ?
Or do they sleepe ?

Pam. They do, such is their fate :
Nay more than that, sometimes subagitate
After their kinde.

Mar. You trifle finely now :

Pam. But will you in your judgement yeeld and
bow,

If it by Achillean proofes be try'de,
That I am dead, and you the homicide ?

Mar. Far be that Omen from vs : But proceed
With that your Sophisme.

Pam. First then 'tis agreed,
Death's nothing but the absence of the Soule
From the fraile body : (none can this controule)
And that you'l grant.

Mar. Well.

Pam. That which you agree,
You'l not recall hereafter.

Mar. 'T shall not bee.

Pam. You'l not deny, That such as take a life
From any other, kill ?

Mar. 'Tis without strife.

Pam. You'l likewise yeeld to that approv'd long
since

By Authors, such as no man can convince,
Namely, That from the body the soule moues,
And is not where it lives, but where it loues.

Mar. Therein th' advantage you of me haue got ;
Pray make't more plaine, I vnderstand it not.

Pam. In that I'm most vnhappy, since I see

You are not alike sensible with mee.

Mar. Then make me so.

Pam. You might with like pretence
Bid me to teach the Adamant to haue fence.

Mar. I am a Maid, not stome.

Pam. And yet most fure,
Than th'hardest Adamant y'are more obdure.

Mar. Well, recollect your selfe.

Pam. (Though to be admir'd)
All that with divine Raptures are inspir'd,
'Tis faid, nor heare, nor smell, nor see, nor feele,
Although you wound them with transpiercing steele.

Mar. So I haue heard.

Pam. Know you the cause ?

Mar. Not I :

Explaine it you who reade Philosophy.

Pam. Because the Soule's in heav'n, when't doth
affect,
And absent from the flesh in that respect.

Mar. What then ?

Pam. What then ? thou Cruel ? why this makes it
plain,
Thou art the Murdrefle : I the man new slain.

Mar. Where's then thy soule ?

Pam. Why where it loues ?

Mar. But who

Hath tooke it from thee ? Wherfore figh'st thou so ?
Speake freely, and vncheckt ?

Pam. One cruell, yet
She whom in death I neuer shall forget.

Mar. Y'are witty : But (my rare Philosopher)
Why likewise take you not a soule from her,
Repaying like with like ?

Pam. Nor thinke it strange ;
Nothing could proue more happy than such change,
And make me more effentially blest,
Then myne in hers, if hers in myne would rest.

Mar. Shall I haue leauue (as thou but late with
me)

That I may play the Sophister with thee ?

Pam. The Sophistresse.

Mar. Can it with probabilitie be sed,
That the same body is alive and dead ?

Pam. But not at the same time.

Mar. The soule confine,
The bodie's dead, nor canst thou call it thine.

Pam. I grant.

Mar. Nor quickens but when 'tis in place.

Pam. Well, be it so.

Mar. Speake then, how stands the case ?
That being where it liues, in former state,
It keepes the body, whence it shifted late ;
Or where it elsewhere liues, if it giue breath,
How can it (whilst it liues) be taxt of death ?

Pam. In Sophistrie I see well skil'd you are,
Yet can I easily euade this snare.

The Soule which doth the liuing body sway,
Vnproperly (me thinks) title you may
A soule, when those that do the men controule,
Are truly some small reliques of the soule,
And nothing else. As when you take a Rose,
And smell to it, howeuer you dispose
Of the floure after : being gon againe,
The sent thereof will on your hand remaine.

Mar. I see they onely shall lost labor win,
Who seeke to catch an old Fox in a gin :
But there is one thing more that I demand,
And I from you would gladly vnderstand ;
Doth not he aet, that's staind with murthers gilt ?
And suffer not all such whose blouds are spilt ?

Pam. Most true.

Mar. How comes it then, when as the Wooer
In this case may be said to be the doer,
And she that's woo'd, the Patient (which is plaine,
And stiffly to oppose it were but vaine)
She that's belov'd, no such intent pursueng,
Should not be that ? he cause of his owne ruin.

Pam. Quite contrarie : he (we see daily prov'd)

Suffer, who loues : she acts that is belov'd.

Mar. The *Areopagitæ* (Grammar-skil'd)
In this cannot evince me.

Pam. Y' are selfe-will'd :
Yet shall th' *Amphitritones* by Logicke doo't.

Mar. There's one doubt, prethee answer me
untoo't ;

Whether is this your loue free, or constrain'd ?

Pam. Most willingly I loue, though thus disdain'd.

Mar. Since not to loue, men likewise haue free-
will,

Who euer loues, doth aime himselfe to kill :

And the inditement well against him laid,

'Twere great injustice to accuse the Maid.

Pam. She is not said the Louer to haue slaine,
Because belov'd, but not to loue againe.

For all such persons may be said to slay,

Who can preferue, and will not when they may.

Mar. Say a yong man vnlawfully should dote
Vpon a Vestall, from the world remote ;
Or cast his eye vpon another's wife :
Must these lie prostrat, to preserve his life ?

Pam. But where this yong man his affection
vowes,

The act both Law and Pietie allowes,

And yet is slaine. But if that murther bee

A finne that doth appeare so sleight to thee.

I can of Witchcraft challenge thee.

Mar. O fie !

Witchcraft ? Forbid it you blest Pow'rs on hye :

Wouldst thou make me a *Circes* ?

Pam. I divine,

Thou art worse far, because a Beare or Swine

I'de rather bee, than as thou feest me now,

Sencelesse and without life.

Mar. Pray tell me how,

Or by what kinde of Witchcraft do I kill ?

Pam. By fascination.

Mar. Is it then thy will

I turne my noxious eies from thee ?

Pam. Not so,

But rather let them still dwell here.

Mar. Fie no.

If in myne eies there be effascination,
How comes it there is no such alteration
In others I behold ? Now I diuine,
The witchcraft's not in mine eies, but in thine.

Pam. Is't not enough, thy vow'd friend to trans-
perse,

But thou wilt still insult upon his herse ?

Mar. O pleasant dead man, that can talke so
free :

But I pray speake, When shall thy funerall bee ?

Pam. Sooner than thou do'st deeme, (I am
afraid)

Vnlesse thou suddenly afford'st me aid.

Mar. Can I worke such a wonder ?

Pam. Thou mayst doo

A greater act, and with small labour too,
Restore the Dead to life.

Mar. Had I the weed

Call'd *Panaces*.

Pam. Of Simples there's no need ;

Onely repay my loue, that's void of lust,

(Than which, what thing more easie, or more iust)

There's nothing else can thee of murther cleere.

Mar. But at what bar shall I be call'd to appeare ?

Before the *Areopagitæ* ?

Pam. No,

But at the bar of *Venus*.

Mar. Thoſe that know

That goddesse, say ſhee's placable.

Pam. So ye' haue heard ;

But there is none to be more dread and feard.

Mar. Carrieth ſhe lightning ?

Pam. Not.

Mar. Or doth ſhe beare

A Trident ?

Pam. Neither.

Mar. Doth shee vse a speare ?

Pam. Not any : but shee's goddesse of the feas.

Mar. I do not vse to saile.

Pam. But more than these ;

She hath a Boy.

Mar. His age can none affright.

Pam. But hee's peruerse, reuengefull, and of
might.

Mar. What can he do to me ?

Pam. What can he ? All

The gods forbid, that you should prostrat fall

Beneath his fury : loth would I prefage

Ill vnto her, to whom my selfe I' engage.

Mar. I am not superstitious, speake thy minde.

Pam. I shall : If thou hereafter prov'st vnkinde,
Or shalt appeare so peevious or so fond
To one whose loue with thine may correspond :
Should such a sute to *Venus* be commenc'd
By her the Boy would be so much infenc'd,
To aime a shaft in Stiptick poison dipt,
By which thy hard brest on the sudden ript,
It shall besot thee on some fardid Swaine,
Which shall thy loue repay with cold disdaine.

Mar. An horrid punishment thou talkst of, I
A thousand times had rather wish to die,
Than perditly to affect one base and vile,
And he his heart towards me not reconcile.

Pam. Yet of a Virgin subject to like fate
There hath been knowne a fad example late.

Mar. What place ?

Pam. Aurelia.

Mar. Since how many yeares ?

Pam. How many moneths you would say. Still
appeares

The lamentable ruine, and the fame
Is loud and frequent.

Mar. Speake, what was her name ?
Why dost thou pause ?

Pam. I know her even as well
As I do thee.

Mar. Then why dost thou not tell
What her name is ?

Paw. 'Tis for the Omens sake.
Which doth not please me : I wish she could take
Some other name vpon her. You may gather
What hers is, by your owne.

Mar. Who was her father ?

Pam. A man of qualitie, and one that liues
Ainongst the Lawyers, vnto whom he giues
No common luster.

Mar. I am now ambitious
To know what his name is.

Pam. Hee's cal'd *Mauritius*.

Mar. But his fyrsname ?

Pam. *Aglaius*.

Mar. Liues her mother ?

Pam. No, but of late chang'd this life for an-
other.

Mar. But of what sicknesse dy'de she ?

Pam. Wouldst thou know ?
Of sorrow, that her childe was shipwrackt so.
Her father too, of valour prov'd and try'de,
Did little want but of conceit had dy'de.

Mar. How was her mother styl'd, pray tell me
true ?

Pam. I will : *Sophronia* : one that none but knew.
But what meane all these questions ? do you thinke
I speake a thing that's forg'd ?

Mar. It cannot sinke
Into my head : you rather may suspect
Our sex for that, since fables we affect.
But say, what hapned to her then ?

Pam. The Maid
Was borne in honest place, as I then faid,
Of happy dower, and amiable feature :
Why should I hold you long ? She was a creature
Fit for a Princes bed ; and sought by one

Then euery way her equall : there was none
More meriting.

Mar. How call'd ?

Pam. The Omen doth offend : yet thus
Receiue his name, he was calld *Pamphilus* :
Who though he prov'd all possible waies to win her,
Yet fave disdaine, when he found nothing in her,
Griefe wasted him away : when she foone after
Doated vpon a Groome compos'd for laughter ;
Whom you might rather call an Ape than Man.

Mar. What is't you say ?

Pam. So poorely, that I can
Scarce giue thereof expreſſion.

Mar. She to faire,
To dote on one deformed ?

Pam. Thin his haire,
Besides, disorderd and vnkembd, his crowne
Picked, made steeple-wife, and ouergrowue
With scurfe and dandruffe ; bald he was beside,
Extremely squint-eyd, and his noſthrils wide
And bending vpward, with a mouth moſt ſpacious,
His teeth both gagg'd and furr'd, his tongue vngra-
tious,
Stammering at every word ; a ſcabb'd chin,
And eaſily feene, because his beard was thin ;
Crookt-backt, gow-bellied, bending at the knee
His legs.

Mar. Therſites thou describ'st to me.

Pam. Nay more ; They ſay he hath but one eare
left.

Mar. Perhaps the tother was in war bereft.

Pam. Moſt ſure 'twas lost in peace.

Mar. Such an affront
What's he durſt giue him ?

Pam. Now I thinke vpon 't,
It was the hangman.

Mar. Notwithſtanding this,
Perhaps what in his feature is amiffe,
His ſubſtance may make good.

Pam. But hee's no better
Than a meere Bankrupt, one that is a debter
Of his owne soule, and he hath pawnd it oft.
And yet she that's so tender, smoothe, and soft,
Doth with this Monster bosome, drinke, and eat ;
Nay, at his churlish hands is oft times beat.

Mar. A wretched tale, if truly understood.

Pam. And yet so *Nemesis* (1) hath thought it good.
Most true it is, nor could the goddesse long
Defer due vengeance for the yong mans wrong.

Mar. Than such a monster of a man to brooke,
I rather wish here to be thunder-strooke.

Pam. Then let not *Nemesis* be justly mov'd,
Provoke her not, love where thou art belov'd.

Mar. Would that suffice, with all my soule I'de
doo't.

Pam. Speake not the word, vnlesse thou stand
vntoo't.

I wish moreouer, That your loue may be
Lasting, and only proper vnto me.

A wife, no mistresse, I haue now in chase.

Mar. I do not doubt it : yet in such a case,
When as our vowes continue with our fate,
Behooues vs long time to deliberate.

Pam. I haue long enough consider'd.

Mar. Lest you erre,
Take heed, for Love's but a bad Counsellor,
And as they say, hee's blinde.

Pam. Blinde love I scorne ;
But that love fees, which is of judgement borne.
Thou dost not therefore feeme to me so faire,
Because I loue thee ; but I therefore dare
To love thee, since thou art as thou appear'st.

Mar. And yet beware how you esteeme me
dearest :

When you pull on your shoo you best may tel
In what part it doth chiefly pinch you.

Pam. Well,
Dice must be cast for that, I and the rather,
Because by many Auguries I gather.
Things better may succeed.

Mar. An Augur too ?

Pam. I am.

Mar. But what can your sooth-saying doo ?
Saw you the night-Crowe flie ?

Pam. 'T had beene in vaine ;
Shee onely flieth to such as haue no braine.

Mar. Or did you see two Turtles take their flight
Either vpon the left hand or the right ?

Pam. Tush these are toyes : yet one thing I haue
feene,
And long time markt ; The goodnesse that hath
beene
Deriv'd vnto you, nor doth it foretell
Any bad Omen, to be borne so well ;
Nor forreigne vnto me were their conditions,
Or with how many wholsome admonitions
Thy education from the first hath bin,
With faire examples free from sight of sin.
" And better 'tis (the Dowrie, to adorne)
" To haue one well instructed, than well borne.
There is another Augurie beside :
My Ancestors (I speake it not in pride)
Are not of meanest ranke, and in times past
With thine made league, which to this day doth last.
And that, not vulgar, from our cradles wee
Haue knowne each other ; but to disagree
Were neuer knowne : there is a parity
In our two yeares ; in the nobility,
Riches, and honour of our parents. More,
(Which in this match I should haue plac'd before)
Your sweete indowments and behauior rare
Did in all points with my condition square :
But whether myne with yours haue futed well
In correspondence, that I cannot tell.
These are the Birds which I observ'd to flie,

Predicting only by their Augurie.
 And these preface a marriage to ensue,
 Happy and blest, nay alwaies seeming new.
 Vnlesse from your most delicate warbling throat
 Should now proceed some harsh vnpleasing noat
 To crostle my hopes.

Mar. Say, What song do you wish?

Pam. I will begin, now answer you to this,
 "Tis but two words, and they foone learnt ; *I am
thine* :

Now echo vnto me, and sing, *Thou myne*.

Mar. 'Tis a short song, and hath as short a
theme,

And yet it beares a long *Epiphoneme*.

Pam. What matters it how long, so it be sweet.

Mar. And yet I should be loth, as we now
meet,

That I to any motion should consent,
Of which perhaps in time you may repent.

Pam. O cease to boad vs ill.

Mar. I may grow strange,
When age or sicknesse shall my beauty change.

Pam. Craz'd or in health, thou shalt to me be
one,

Equall in both, so deare vnto me none.

I gaze not on this building, rare and neat ;
The guest within I loue.

Mer. What guest I entreat ?

Pa. Thy mind, whose splendor with thy yeres
doth grow.

Mar. He' had need of more than *Lynceus* eyes,
that so

Can through so many roofes at once espy.

Pam. Thy minde by myne I see perspicuously.
To adde to these, we in our children may,
As we wax old, grow yonger euery day.

Mar. I, but Virginitie meane time is lost.

Pam. Tell me, if you your selfe had layd great
cost

Vpon an Orchard, you would thinke it sin,
 Should nothing else but bare floures grow therein :
 Had you not rather (all the floures bee'ng cropt)
 To see the trees full branches vnderpropt,
 Laden with ripe fruit ?

Mar. O, you argue fine.

Pam. Or answere me : To see a drooping Vine
 Falne, and there putrifying where 'tis laid ?
 Or see one by her owne kinde clasplings staid ;
 And round about some faire growne Elme to run,
 Whilst her full clusters ripen 'gainst the Sun ?
 Which is the goodlier sight ?

Mar. Now answere me :

Which of the two sights had you rather see :
 A milke white Rose still shining in its thorne :
 Or cropt, and in some durty bosome worne,
 To lose her faire leaves ?

Pam. As I vnderstand,
 That Rose is happier, gatherd by the hand,
 And withers, after it doth both delight
 The nose with the sweet smell, the eye with fight.
 Rather than that which giues no more content,
 Than to the Brier forfeit both leaues and fent.
 It grew for use, first to be gathered, then
 To wither after. So the wine that men
 At merry meetings jovially downe poure,
 Is happier far, than what (vndrunke) growes soure.
 Nor is the Virgin floure maturely growne,
 Blasted as soone as cropt. Some I haue knowne,
 Before their marriage languish and looke sickly,
 Who after congresse haue recover'd quickly,
 As if they had but then begun to spring.

Mar. And yet Virginitie (you know's a thing)
 Gracious and plausible to all.

Pam. 'Tis true,
 Than a yong Virgin, nothing to the view
 More gratefull : but what object can there bee
 Worse, than an old and wrinkled maid to see ?
 Vnlesse thy mother had let fall her floure,

Thy blossome had not flourisht at this houre.
 And if our future marriage (as I hope)
 Do not proue barren, we shall then haue scope,
 Though that Virginitie be lost and gone,
 To yeeld the world a many for that one.

Mar. And yet pure chastitie's a thing (they say)
 To God most gratefull.

Pam. And I therefore pray,
 Hee'l send me a chaste Virgin to my wife ;
 With whom to leade a chaste vnquestion'd life ;
 And by that means shall grow the greater Tye,
 Of mindes, then bodies ; so shall you and I
 Get to the publique weale, to Christ beget,
 Then how far distant is this wedlocke set
 From true Virginitie : it may so fall,
 That we in time may proue as conjugall
 As *Ioseph* liv'd with *Mary*. Meane time wee
 Shall practise 'twixt our selues a chastitie,
 To whose sublimitie none can come neare,
 Vpon the sudden.

Mar. What is this I heare ?
 Must chastitie be violated, and
 Then after learntd ?

Pam. What else ? (Pray vnderstand)
 As when by drinking of a lesser draught,
 We, by degrees, abstemiousnesse are taught :
 In this affaire with vs so stands the state.
 Which of the two hold you more temperate ;
 He at a full and furnisht table plac't,
 And of no tempting delicate will tast ;
 Than he, remov'd from all that might accite,
 Or any way prouoke his appetite ?

Mar. I hold him of a temp'rance far more great,
 Who, when beset with dainties, will not eat.

Pam. In case of Chastitie which stand you for ?
 Him that hath made himselfe an Eunuch ; or
 One that is able bodied, strong, and sound,
 And yet in whom there's no intemperance found ?

Mar. Vpon the last I dare bestow the Bayes ;

On the first, madnesse, and no other praise.

Pam. All such as by the strictnesse of their Vow,
No matrimoniall Contract will allow,
What do they else but gueld themselues ?

Mar. You say't.

Pam. It is not vertue, not to copulate.

Mar. How is it not ?

Pam. Obserue me : If it were
A vertue in it selfe, not to cohere ;
It must be then a vice to haue congresse.
But that to be most lawfull we may guesse,
By mutuall confocietie. Againe,
Marriage is honorable.

Mar. Make it more plaine,
Why you infer this ?

Pam. Since so oft it falls :
As, to the louing wife the husband calls
For due benevolence ; it only beeing
For istues sake.

Mar. But say there's disagreeing,
When it proceeds from wantonnesse and lust ;
Then, to deny him, is't not right and iust ?

Pam. Rather admonish and intreate him faire ;
That you may do : howeuer, bound you are
To yeeld to him, beeing instant. In that straine
Scarce heare I husbands of their wives complaine.

Mar. But libertie is sweet.

Pam. Yet further heare ;
Virginitie's a weighty load to beare.
But I thy King, and thou my Queen shalt bee ;
Wee'l rule and reigne in our owne family :
Can that appeare to thee a servitude ?

Mar. But I haue oft heard marriage, by the
rude
And Vulgar, calld an Halter that fast ties.

Pam. All those that sacred mariage so despise,
Are of an halter worthy. This decide :
Is not thy Minde vnto thy Body ty'de ?

Mar. It feemes to be so.

Pam. Even iust as you see
A Bird incage'd ; whom aske to be set free,
She will deny't : and wherefore ? Can you tell ?
Because her bondage doth content her well.

Mar. Our means are but indifferent.

Pam. Therefore more
Safe. The best way then to encrease our store,
Is your good houswifery at home, whilst I
Abroad will vse my vtmost industry.

Mar. But many children still bring many cares.

Pam. And many pleasures too : I haue knowne
heires,
For all the tronbles and vnceffant feares,
The cost and charge that in their tender yeares
They haue put their parents to ; being growne men,
Haue payd them backe with double vse agen.

Mar. A miserable thing it were, I vow,
To haue had chiliden, then to lose them.

Pam. Now,
Are you not childelesse ? But at no good rate,
Of doubtfull things thus ill you omninate.
Which wish you rather to your lot might fall,
Be borne to die, or not be borne at all ?

Mar. Why of the two, borne (as I am) to die.

Pam. So much more wretched is that Orbitie
And deprivation, which yet never had,
Or euer shall haue issue ; (to make glad)
As they more happy are, borne to the earth,
Than they, nor borne, nor euer to haue birth.

Mar. But who are they that are not, nor
shall be ?

Pam. Nay heare me yet a little further : He
Who humane frailties shall refuse to beare,
(To which even all men while they sojourne here,
Are equally obnoxious ; keepe they State,
Or be they low degreed) must yeeld to Fate.
But as for thee, let come what can betide ;
For thou shalt beare but halfe, I will divide
The burthen with thee : nay, the greater share

I'le cast on myne owne shoulders, (in my care)
 But so, that in each joyfull accident
 Doubled shall be thy pleasure in th' event.
 If ought disastrous : my societie may
 Take (of the grieve) the greatest part away :
 And for your selfe (did but the Fates so please)
 I wish on me no greater joy might sease,
 Nor would I further happinesse desire,
 Than in thy sweet embraces to expire.

M. That which by Natures common course doth
 chance,
 You men digest with easiest countenance.
 But I see with some parents how it fares,
 In whom their childrens manners breed more cares,
 Than can their deaths.

Pam. But please you be content,
 It lies in vs that danger to prevent.

Mar. As how ?

Pam. I'le make it plaine ; because we see
 Neuer bad Fruit proceed from a good Tree,
 As touching the condition, Nor is't read,
 That ravenous Kynes of gentle Doves are bred,
 Let vs first study goodnesse ; then provide,
 That from the milke we may their youth so guide,
 By holy precepts and good admonitions,
 That we may rectifie their bad conditions :
 'Tis of great consequence, what is infus'd
 Into a Vessell when it first is vs'd.
 Adde to the rest, in our domestike state,
 Examples, such as they may imitate.

Mar. 'Tis hard you speake.

Pam. No wonder, because faire ;
 And that's some feafon why so hard you are.
 But the more difficult it seemes to be,
 'Twill aske from vs the greater industry.

Mar. Me of a pliant mettall you shall finde ;
 See then you cast and shape me to your minde.

Pam. Pronounce three words in th' interim.

Mar. 'Twere small paine ;

But words once past, fly neuer backe againe.
 I'le give you counsell, and consider of it,
 Which may no doubt redownd to both our profit.
 Solicite you our parents to this match,
 They once agreed, we would make quicke dispatch.

Pam. You would haue me, the bush to beat
 about,

When in three words you may resolute this doubt.

Mar. Whether I can, is yet to me vnkowne,
 Because I am my parents, not myne owne :
 Neither did Contracts in times past proceed,
 Vnlesse by th' Elders they were first agreed.
 But howsoever, I presume, 'twixt us
 This match will proue the more auspicious,
 Lesse casuall too, to both, and much more sweet,
 If by our parents free consents we meet.
 To move them in't, your office 'tis, you know,
 Because in me it comely would not shew :
 Virginitie loves to be forc't ; maids still,
 What they give freely, grant against their will.

Pam. Before I moue them, shall I thus indent ;
 May I presume I haue your free consent ?

Mar. Thou hast, my *Pamphilus*, then be of
 cheare.

Pam. Y'are now to me religioufly deare.

Mar. But your owne voice I'de wish you stil
 suspend,
 And e're begin, consider firſt the end.
 Do not *Affection* vnto Counsell call,
 But ſummon *Reason*, which ſhould governe all :
 For what *Affection* ſwayes is apt to vary,
 And is (indeed) no more than temporarie :
 But that which *Reason* diſctates, be thou ſure,
 Is permanent, and euer ſhall endure.

Pam. How ſweetly play you the Philosopher ?
 And I ſhall no way from your counſels err.

Mar. It ſhall not much repente you. But againe,
 There is one doubt that much diſtractes my braine.

Pam. Now let all ſcruples vaniſh.

Mar. Is't your will
I marry to a dead man ?

Pam. I live still,
Reviv'd by you.

Mar. The scruple is remov'd ;
And now at length, farewell my best Belov'd.

Pam. Be that your care.

Mar. I wish you a glad night.
Whence came that deep suspir'e ?

Pam. From no affright.
A glad night did you say ? Now as I live,
What you last wisht, would you had will to giue.

Mar. It is not fit that too much haft be made,
For yet you see your harvest's in the blade.

Pam. Shall I beare nothing from you ?

Mar. This sweet-Ball,
Take it to cheare your heart.

Pam. A kisse withall.

Mar. By no meanes, sincē to bring thee, I desire,
A chasitie vnblemisht and intire.

Pam. Can that detract from modeſtie ?

Mar. Desist :
Or would you I by others should be kist ?

Pam. Referue them then, as these you solely owe
To me and to my ſufe.

Mar. I'le keepe them fo :
Yet I could tell you of another caufe
Wherefore I dare not kiffe.

Pam. Speake 't without paufe.

Mar. You ſay, your whole foule, or the greater
part
Is fled into my body ; and your heart
Empty'd of vitall heate, (or little there
Remaining ſtill) it therefore is my feare,
Left by a kiffe, the little which is left,
I drawing, you be quite of life bereft.
But take this hand, ſymbole of that affection
Which mutually confirmeſ our free election.
So once againe farewell : be for my fake

Carefull (I intreat) in that you undertake.
Mean time I'le pray, what yet remaines vndone,
May in a faire and prosp'rous course be run.

The A N N O T A T I O N S upon
PROCUS and PUELLA.

IN this Dialogue (to whose Author I am not able to give a meriting character) I presume there is nothing conteined which doth deviate either from modesty or good manners. It is onely a meere expression, of what is, or ought to be, betwixt a young man and a maide, in the initiating of their affection, the prosecution of their love, and the perfecting of their contract. Here is neither childish discourse, loose language, or any impertinency, which is not agreeable, with wholsome instance, and commendable example. For in all marriages there is to bee observ'd, Parity in birth. For as *Dion* faith : *Disparity in Wedlock is a great enemie to love*: then conformity in education, and lastly equality in state. The first begetteth acquaintance, the second confirmeth it, and for the last we read *Euripides* thus : women without dowry cannot claime the priviledge to speake their owne thoughts : And *Menander* faith : That man is most unhappy who marrieth being poore, and raiseth his fortunes by a rich maide or widdow. But howsoever marriage in it selfe is honorable : in so much that *Homer* informeth us, That the Ladyes of *Greece*, used to count their yeares from the time of their Nuptials, not the day of their Nativity, as forgetting all the time of their virginity, and intimating, they were never to bee said truely to live, till they came to that state, legally to lend life unto others, which was by lawfull wedlock. Imagine then this our *Pamphilus* prov'd an happy husband, and *Maria* a fortunate wife : He a provident Father, and shee the fruitfull mother of a numerous and thriving issue. They blest in their children, and their children alternatly in them . For so it (for the most part) hapneth in all such con-

tracts. Where vertue over-ruleth vanity, and reason swayeth passion and affection. Of him I may say with *Boethius, lib. 2. Metr. 8.*

*Hic & conjugij sacrum
Castis necit amoribus.*

With the sacred Nuptiall tye,
His chaste love did well comply.

And to doe her the best right I can, I make bold to borrow thus much from the Poet *Statius, lib. Silvar. 5.*

*Si Babylonis opes, Lydae si pondera gaza
Indorumque dares, &c.*

If thou the Babylonian wealth shouldst proffer,
Or rifle (for her) the rich Lydians coffer ;
The potent wealth couldst thou before her lay,
From *India* brought ; or that from *Affrica* ?
Yet rather then transgresse her nuptiall vow,
She would choose death not caring where, nor how.

Et quo non possum corpore, mente feror.



The Argument of the Dialogue betwixt EARTH and AGE.

IN EARTH and AGE is to the life exprest,
How bad all Men are, when they are at best :
How fraile, how fading, and in their great'ſt glory
Vnſettled, wretched, vaine, and tranſitory.
It ſhowes all Learning, Beauty, Youth, and Strength,
All Pompe, all Wealth to nothing comes at length :
No Statue, Structure, Trophee, ſo ſublime,
Which is not quite loſt and defac't by Time.
O who can then our common Parent (1) blame,
Since all things ſhe produceth that haue name,
As they haue birth from her ſtill-teeming wombe,
So the ſame place is likewife made their tombe.
No wonder then her griefe ſo far exceeds,
Since ſhe is forc't to bury all ſhe breeds.

The DIALOGUE.

Earth. **W**HAT'S he ſo many tongues can me
allow,
As he had eies who watcht the (*a*) *Pharian Cow*?
So many mouthes to me who's he can give,
As Fame reports the (*b*) *Sybelſ yeares did live*?

(1) *Earth.*

Had I as many words my thoughts to expresse,
 As (by th' (c) *Aſcrean Poet*) we may gueſſe,
 The antient gods liv'd dayes ? Had I beside,
 As many brasen throats open and wide,
 As *Xerxes* shot darts, (after fight begun)
 Whose number from the earth shadow'd the Sun ?
 So many rivulets of teares what's hee
 Can to myne eyes infuse, as was by thee
Cyrus (if we may truſt antiquity)
 Let into Ganges drops, thereby to breed
 Dry waste vnto that (d) Channell drown'd his ſteed ?
 Who can my clamorous words ſupply with forrow ?
 So many deepe ſufpries where ſhall I borrow ;
 As Valiant Roman Spirits (ſcorning to yeeld)
 Fell in one fatall day at (e) *Canna's* field ?
 O my great griefe, which in the height appeares,
 Not to be calm'd with words, nor washt with teares.

When (f) *Phaeton* fell from the *Sunnes* bright
 throne,
 How did his mournfull fifters him bemoane ?
 Who from their rough rindes where they be in-
 clos'd,
 Weepe pretious Amber ſtill, *Phæbus*, oppoſ'd
 'Gainſt (g) *Niobe*, (her children hauing flaine)
 O how the ſtill in marble doth complaine ?
 What forrow, muſicall *Orpheus*, diſt thou feele,
 When thy *Euridice*, ſtung in the heele,
 And dying, borne vnto th' infernall shade,
 Thou with thy harp through hell free paſſage made ?
 What more than madneſſe did corrode thy breſt,
Andromache ? when (*Hector* layd to reſt)
 Thou ſawſt thy (i) fonne, the hope of Troy and
 thee,
 Dropt from a tower : what forrow might this bee ?
 Ev'n ſuch was thine, (k) *Aegæus*, to behold
 Thy fonnes blacke failes returning : which ſo cold
 Strook to thy heart, thou thinking *Theseus* flaine,
 Leapt from a rocke, and gavſt the ſea thy name.
 The torment of a mighty paſſion thou

(l) *Iocasta* felt, to see thy two sonnes vow
 Their muall ruines by revengefull Armes ?
 Sad (m) *Dædalus*, what pittifull alarmes
 Were in thy brest giv'n, to behold from hye,
 Thy sonne with his feint wings drop from the skie ?
 There to be food for fishes, and to adde
 A name vnto that sea, it neuer had ?
 Or should I speake how much (n) *Progne* lamented
 Her husbands spowle-breach ? or how discontented
 (o) *Anthonoë* was after *Aclæon* torne ?
 Or of (p) *Antigone*, sad and forlorne,
 Leading blind *Oedipus* o're rocks along ?
 Within the compasse of my passionate song
 Bring all the torments of the former age,
 Gyves, Manacles, and Fetteres, all that Rage
 Or Fury can inflict ; want, hunger, thirst,
 Whip, post, or prison, labor, or what's worst,
 The melancholy dungeon, gallows, racke,
 The forke or stake, what on the homicides backe
 Law can impose, the Traitor or the Theefe ;
 All these are toyes, if rated at my grieve.
 By stings of Serpents, or their teeth, to die ;
 Rough winter gusts, where *Boreas* blowes most hye :
 A thousand wounds were nothing to endure,
 Or mounted on a gybbet, there chain'd sure,
 And liue to gorge the Ravens, or to bleed
 Beneath the Lyons jawes ; after to feed
 Her whelps, were nothing.

Age. Of the gods high straine.

What, or whence are you, that so loud exclame ?

Earth. EARTH, Parent of all things.

Age. Why weepe you ?

Earth. Why ?

Haue I not just cause ? (who so great as I ?
 Being a Mother) in this wretched state,
 To see my Sons hourely snatcht hence by Fate.

Age. You haue just cause to doo't.

Earth. I pray what lesse

Perceiue you in the vntam'd Lionesse,

When she but one whelp misseth from her den ?

Age. She mournes.

Earth. What of the ravenous Tygre then,
To lose her yong she tender'd with such care ?

Age. She grieves and raves.

Earth. How doth the poore Hen fare,
Clocking amidst her brood, when in her fight
One Chicken is snatched from her by the Kite ?

Age. She sorrowes.

Earth. What doth the fleece-bearing Dam,
When 'fore her face the Wolfe deuours her Lamb ?

Age. Laments.

Earth. Doth not the Cow with bellowing teare
The aire, to finde her Calfe spoyld by the Beare :

Age. Alas she lowes.

Earth. What doth the Sow, to spy
Out any of her Pigs stolne from her stie ?

Age. She calls loud after.

Earth. O then what should I ?
If whatsoeuer I produce or cherish,
Procreate or beare, I see before me perish ?
Is it not wondrous, Forests should at length
Bide putrifaction, rot, and lose their strength ?
The shadowie tree Time of her beauty'reaves.
Despoiling her both of her fruit and leaves.

Age. 'Tis wondrous I confesse, but so 't must bee.

Earth. What is it then, that I behold and see
The brazen statues of the gods decay,
The monuments of Princes turne to clay ;
Mighty (*q*) *Coloffi*, Temples deckt with Vaines,
Supported with rich Columnnes (by the braines
Of the best Architects) made wide and large,
With spacious arches, sacred, in the charge
Of many a golden Relique : these to fall,
And in a few short seasons perish all.

Age. So it hath pleas'd the gods.

Earth. The gods are then
Too cruell and austere to vs and men ;
Since whatsoeuer the Earths fertile wombe

Brings forth to aire, and in the world to haue
roome :

Whatever in her bosome she hath ta'ne
To feed and foster : what doth now remaine,
Or shall hereafter be ? That all thefe must
Needs be involv'd in rottennesse and dust.

Age. "Tis fit.

Earth. O anguish never to abate,
Or have ceffation !

Age. So the gods will ha't.

Earth. Then, as I said before, th' are too severe,
And mercilefly in this kinde austere,
Is't not enough strong walls are beaten downe,
And lofty turrets level'd with the ground ;
Cities are fackt, to ruine made a pray,
The famous statuеs of the gods decay ;
That rust the iron doth consume and waste,
And pleasant Orchards of corruption taste ;
But Man must perish too, and cannot shun
Times fearefull havocke, but to ruine run ?

Age. The Fates so will.

Earth. What pitty can there be
Ascrib'd to any pow'rfull deity ?
But what art thou ? What goddesse ? or how styl'd ?

Age. AGE I am call'd.

Earth. Hence false Virago, vyld
Infernall Fury ; for 'tis thou alone
Bringst all my Ifſue to confuſion :
Swift feather-footed TIME and ravenous AGE
Devour all things in their remorſelesſe rage.

Age. What's ſublunarie, Fate will haue to fall.

Earth. Say Tyrannesse, thou AGE, consuming all,
Where be thoſe high Pyramides ſo fam'd,
By which the barbarous (*r*) Memphis firſt was nam'd,
Rear'd by ſo many workmens ſweat and toile ?

Age. As all things elſe, even theſe have ſuffer'd
ſpoile.

Earth. Where's Pharos Iſle ? the Sepulchre re-
nownd

Of King (*f*) *Mausolus* ? where's the Image crownd
Of chaste (*t*) *Diana* ? Strumpet tell me.

Age. Gone.

Earth. Where's the (*u*) *Tarpeian Masse*, sta ructure
none

More famous ? where's the hundred gated Towne
Calld *Thebes* ? or strong immur'd *Babylon* ?
Where's populous *Ninive* ? what's *Romes* sublime
Vast Theatre by *Cæsar* built ? by TIME
Confounded all ; where's the Colosse of *Rhods* ?

Age. Their ruins all were foreseen by the gods.

Earth. What's *Troy* ? old *Sparta* ? or *Corinthus*
hye ?

What's *Solomons* Temple, Harlot ?

Age. All these lye

In darke oblivion buried ; and in vaine
You fret, chide, wrangle, and perplex your braine,
Deare Mother EARTH ; weepe riuers from thine
eies,

With clamors cleave thy jawes, make thy lungs rise
Consume thy marrow, breake thy backe, and teare
Thy intrals out ; the Fates are so severe,
Thou canst not breake their order, their strict
lawes

Inviolate are, and will admit no clause :

For them the mightiest Kings cannot oppose,
The Souldiers shield hath no defence 'gainst those ;
The rich mans purse, the learning of the Wise,
No nor the Poets Verse (let that suffice.)

Earth. If then with such ferocitie they bee
So deeply incenst ; and that the gods agree
In such inclemencie : advise me how
I shall demeane me ?

Age. You of force must bow
To their eternall doome, though you complaine,
Grieve, sorrow, and lament, all is but vaine.

Earth. I will not therefore.

Age. Your best is to advise
Man to leave th'earth, and looke vp to the skies :

To put no confidence in Mundane *Glory*,
 Which (like himselfe) is meerly transitory.
 Not to grow proud of Beauty, Wisdome, Wealth,
 Nor of his Strength, since Age by silent stealth
 Will rifle him of all. To him relate,
 Of far fam'd men the most vnhappy state.

Earth. Your consolable words have given re-liefe

To my suspence, and now exil'd all griefe.

Age. That's all.

Earth. I will obey. Man, answer me.

Man. Who's that?

Earth. Thy Mother.

Man. Mine? It cannot be.

Earth. Thy mother *Earth*.

Man. Deare mother then All haile;
 What seeke you?

Earth. I lament. Can teares prevaile?

Man. Deare Parent cease to grieve: lies it in mee
 To give least ease to your calamity?

Earth. No, Sonne.

Man. Why mourne you?

Earth. Have not all things birth
 From me thy wretched and sad mother *Earth*?

Man. I know it well.

Earth. Dost thou not see how I
 Give to the woods production as they lie?
 Sap to the Trees, Increase vnto the Graine;
 Hug in my fertile bosome stones? Againe,
 Afford the Vine Grapes, and the tough Oke Mast;
 Food to the Fish, and to the Birds repast:
 Tis I that to th' embroider'd medowes yeeld
 Hay, to the Gardens Floures, Grasse to the Field:
 And last, as to the best of all my brood,
 Birth unto Man; and after bearing food.

Man. I do confesse it, Mother.

Earth. I much lament,
 Deare Childe, and from hence growes my dis-content,

That hauing such a fertile wombe, so free,
 And ever-teeming ; only that by mee
 So many shaples and bodies hourelly grow,
 So firme in substance, and so faire in shew,
 That nothing can her ravenous throat asswage,
 But all must die and be consum'd by Age :
 She ruines Forrests, the hard marble weares,
 Frets iron, wafts Palaces, strong bulwarks teares,
 Spoiles Camps, doth Citadels demolish quite ;
 Even the gods sacred statuē takes from sight.
 She not high consecrated Temples spares,
 But that which teares and tormentes to my cares
 Still addes, That Man she ruthlesly deoures,
 And makes him perish at vncertayne houres :
 Therefore beware, my sweetest Childe, take heed,
 Lest tympanous pride within thy bosome breed,
 Of this beware, my sonne.

Man. Mother I shall.

Earth. Then first, lest warlike glory thee affaile,
 And make thee to forget thou art but Dust ;
 Heare vnto what the god-like Heroes trust,
 Whom Age hath worne out of all memorie.

Hector. Lest any in his potencie rely,
 Or in his militarie armes take pride,
 Or powerfull skill in (w) Geticke weapons tryde,
 Let him consider me, puissant indeed,
Hector, the strongest of all *Priams* Seed,
 Potent in battell, and whilst I did stand,
 Ilium was safe, secur'd by sea and land :
 (In borrow'd armes) 'twas I *Patroclus* flew ;
 Before me, Legions of the Grecians flew ;
 When I came arm'd in fury : Troy opprest
 With ten yeares siege, I garded with this brest,
 I whom alone *Achilles* quak't to see,
 Have yeelded vnto Fate, and vnto thee
Andromache (a widow) left my sonne.

Thus AGE ends all things on the earth begun,

Achilles. The Trojans terror, Great *Achilles*, I

In finewie strength excelling, and thereby
 Famous of old, the only hope and stay
 Of the Greeke Heroes, who alone made way
 Through all the Dardan host. 'Twas I alone
 Was dreaded in the field, and but me none.
 Alone of far-fam'd *Hector* was I fear'd,
 And *Priam* quak't when he my name but heard :
 Able my nerves, and matchlesse might my grace,
 In body mighty, terrible my face,
 Big shoulder'd and broad brested, sterne my brow ;
 Yet to (x) *Minerva's* Altar as I bow.
Paris behinde me steales, and with his dart
 Wounds me i'th heele, which rankles to my heart,
 And thus the Valiant perish, and thus AGE
 All things consumes in her devouring rage.

Alexander. What's life but frailtie, bubble, or a blast,
 A cloud, a smoke, no sooner seene than past ?
 Yeares, like a ball, are voluble, and run ;
 Houres, like false Vowes, no sooner spoke than done :
 Time quickly wasteth by vnwary dayes,
 Nothing can bribe the Sisters to delayes.
 The horrid sword of Death whoſo would fly,
 Let him but looke into myne age, how I
 Am gon and spent ; I that was calld and knowne
 By name of *Alexander Macedon* :
 Whose fame hath from the Suns vprise been heard
 Beyond the place *Ioves* Sonne his pillars reard.
 Through Hespery and all the Easterne lands
 Have I been fam'd, whom none (oppos'd) withstands,
 The populous city Thebes my arme o'rethrew,
 I many thousand Persian ſouldiers flew ;
 Phœnicians, Ciclicks, Paphlagonians, all
 My ſword subdu'd : thrice did *Darius* fall
 Beneath my potencie : great Babylon,
 Mighty in walls, I sieg'd, and feised on.
 And after, golden-wav'd Hidaspes paſt ;

Porus (four cubits high) I queld at last,
 Whom, conquer'd, I set free. This done, I then
 From India saild, to Babylon agen.
 Returning, I fell sicke, soone after dyde ;
 Thus Time and ravenous AGE shall all things hide.

Sampson. Let Fame, th' admirer of all Ancestrie,
 And such as are renown'd for Chivalrie,
 Here shew her selfe, and in her shape divine ;
 Surveygh all places where the Sun doth shine,
 In which large progresse let her see the head
 Of flowing Nile : or say that she be fled
 Vnto the Sun-burnt (*y*) *Garamanti*, there
 To enquire newes, or what she else can heare
 From the Numidians or remoat estates
 Of (the oft-shifting place) the (*z*) *Sanzonats*.
 Search Thetis Empire through, or further go
 To what the fabricke of the world can shew,
 She shall not finde that mortall wight that dare
 With me in nerves or strength of armes compare.
 I am the mighty *Sampson*, famous yet,
 To whom for strength *Alcides* would submit :
 To strangle Lions was no more than play,
 Or to out-run swift Tygres on the way.
 What though I with the jaw-bone of an asse
 A thousand flew, and through their army passe ?
 What though the city gates I rend and teare,
 And (after) them vpon my shoulders beare ?
 Yet notwithstanding my great power and strenght,
 I yeeld to death, Age swallowes all at length.

Earth. Know now my Son, that such most happy
 are,
 Whom others harmes can teach how to beware.
 See, whatsoeuer I produce or bring,
 Nurse or giue fostring to, even every thing
 Devouring Age consumes. Dost thou not see
 Renowned *Hector* yeeld to Destinie ?
 How great *Achilles*, after wars rough stormes,
 Despoil'd of life, to be the food for wormes ?
Sampson and *Alexander* in their prime,

Though strong, yet they both perisht : This can Time.
 Now leſt faire Feature ſhould in thee breed pride,
 Natures indowments, or ought elſe beside ;
 See women next, in face and forme excelling,
 Swallow'd in dust ; all Beauty Age expelling.

Hellen. O you blind men, with feminine ſhape o're-taken,
 Whose amorous hearts are with their culture shaken,
 Now do I finde too late, and grieve to thinke,
 All mortall beauty muſt in *Lethe* ſinke.
 We kembe theſe haireſ, and trim them vp in gold,
 (Our curled trefſes with rich gems inrol'd)
 Our fronts we burniſh, and there cannot paſſe
 One blemiſh, but corrected by the glaſſe.
 By art we adorne our heads, and by art wee
 Diſpoſe the face and haire ; by art we ſee.
 And yet theſe haireſ, this head, theſe eies, this face,
 Vaniſh like moving waves which flote apace.
 Behold ! I that was faire, am wormes meat made,
 My fleſh corrupt, and buried in the ſhade.
 Behold (I ſay) that Grecian *Hellen*, ſhee
Rap't, Menelaus, in her prime from thee :
 Me (*a*) *Theseus* ravisht firſt, and leſt me ſo,
 That ſaving kifſes I did nothing know.
 False *Paris* laſt (by Fate or Fury led)
 Hoſting with me, made ſtealthe into my bed :
 Foole that he was, he little then did know,
 This ſnare for me was Troys ſad overthrew.
 This putrifide Coarſe by him ſo bought,
 Was after by a thouſand ſhips re-fouȝt.
 O Greece, what preparation diſt thou make,
 To fetch that fleſh which now the wormes forſake ?
 What broiles ? what ſtrage ? what slaughter to deſtroy,
 Did this loath'd carkaſle breed 'twixt Greece and
 Troy ?
 Became it thee, friend Paris, to forſake
 Thy houſhold gods, and ſuch a journey take,
 To hazard feas, only to fetch away

From Greece this rottennesse, this putrid Clay ?
 And you the (*b*) *Atrides*, would you faile so far,
 And for this dust maintaine a ten yeares war ?
 That this vile earth, this stench you might returne,
 To close these ashes in my fathers urne ?

Lais. If any fables haue bin fung in praise
 Of Prostitutes, what fame their shapes could raise ;
 I the Corinthian *Lais*, choice and best,
 Haue been the crowne and grace to all the rest.
 My chin the Ivorie stain'd, Lillies my brow,
 To match myne eies the world then knew not how :
 My necke was long and straight, and my veins blew,
 Soft lips, in my cleare cheekes fresh roses grew ;
 My nose was neither crooked, long, nor flat,
 My visage it became, it graced that :
 My wanton paps like two round hillocks grow,
 From which moist springs two milky rivers flow,
 My belly comely sweld, for it became
 Like a plumpe Peacockes, soft as the yong lambe :
 My stomacke like the temperat Turtles feeding ;
 Modest my dyet, and no surfets breeding ;
 My armes much whiter than the Lillies showing,
 Or floures, (*d*) *Alcinous*, in thy garden growing.
 Who that my leg did looke on, but did thinke
 He burnt in flames, or in the feas did sinke ?
 Or who my backe parts did behold, but sed,
 O that I were a flea in *Lais* bed.
 Or who my foot, but wisht himselfe a stone,
 With vpward eies for me to tread vpon.
 And yet this face, these cheeks, these lips, these eies,
 This necke, these haires, these temples, legs and
 thighes,
 This stomacke, belly, backe, armes, hands, and feet
 Are wormes meat now, and with corruption meet.
 Learne yong man then, that which we trust in
 most
 Is dust and filth ; in Age are all things lost.
Thisbe. The Babylonian *Thisbe* is my name,
 Noble my birth, my beauty great in fame ;

No lovely Maid that had in th' Orient place,
 But with much envy gaz'd me in the face.
 Inraged *Love* I with a smile could please,
 Or pull his threatning thunder backe with ease.
Juno her selfe of me hath jealous bin,
 And fear'd lest *Love* in Babylon would sin.
 The white (*d*) *Caistrian* Bird to me did yeeld,
 And to my blush the Rofes of the field.
 Yet not this feature, not this front or face,
 Nor these myne eyes, to which the stars gave place,
 Could ransome me from the wormes fearefull rage,
 Or the rude phangs of all-devouring *Age*.

Lucretia. Who the divining Sybels shall commend,
 Or thee, (*e*) *Penelope*, and not offend ?
 Of (*f*) *Dido's* feature who shall smoothly write ?
 Or the (*g*) *Leucadian* sisters beauty cite ?
 Behold me *Lucrece*, softer than the downe,
 Or the swans brest, and whiter : who was knowne
 More tractable than wax ; fresh as the aire,
 Softer my skin than the ripe Melons are.
 With this faire body I the wormes haue fed,
 And a small urne containes me being dead.
 These paps, that (*h*) *Cato* the Severe would turne,
 Or chaste (*i*) *Hippolitus* in ardor burne,
 This pretious flesh, this shape is chang'd to dust
 And putrifaction, to which all may trust.
 Nothing the earth brings forth, but *Age* can wast,
 One and the same fate meets with all at last.

Earth. Consider then, my Sonne, these shapes you haue,
 Splendor nor feature, ransoms from the Grave :
 That all things suffer change, necke, brest, and throat,
 Lips, cheeks, brow, stomacke, all on which we doat,
 Convert to ashes. Yet lest thou be won,
 Thinking to scape by other gifts ; my son
 Attend with prepar'd eares, heare what the Learnd,

The Rich and others have 'tosome discernd ;
 These and the rest haue the same accent sung :
 Now whilst they speake, thou still supprese thy
 tongue.

Virgil. If Learning from himselfe shall man
 divide,

And make him like the Peacocke strut with pride,
 He offends in madnesse, fencelesly is vaine.
 Behold, I *Virgil*, of the learned straine,
 Of Poets Prince, their glory and their grace,
 To whom *Apollo* did afford prime place ;
 Me the most sacred Muses favor'd still,
 For me the (*k*) *Driades* their laps would fill
 With various floures, and the *Naphee* bring
 Chaplets of Bayes to crowne me when I sing.
 To th' Palaces of Emperors accited,
 And to the banquets of great Kings invited :
 And yet I dyde. What profit did it breed,
 That I first taught the wanton Goats to feed,
 To till, to sow and reape ; or be fam'd far
 For the rude slaughterers of a ten yeares war ?
 Yet was I food for wormes. What's Poefie then ?
 Instable *Age* ends what she will, and when.

Xerxes. Lest opulencie should elate man high,
 And make him set his face against the skie,
 Trust to his youth, or what his riches brings,
 Behold me *Xerxes*, mightiest of all Kings,
 And most magnipotent, I that haue bin
 Possest of such an infinite Magozin
 Of gold and treasure, so immense a store,
 As neuer Persian King enjoyd before ;
 That when my pride toward Grecia 'gan to aspire,
 Gave to so many fouldiers food and hire ;
 So many legions from the Orient brought,
 That in the first great battell which we fought,
 Such store of shafts and darts my campe did yeeld,
 As kept the Suns bright lustre from the field :
 So many ships of mine the Ocean swayd,
 As made astonisht *Neptune* fly, afraid,

And hide him in his Deeps. What's plenty then ?
 Or what doth Pompe or Greatnesse profit men ?
 We vanish all like shadowes : and even thus
Dy'de (l) Cræsus; (m) Crassus, (n) Midas, (o) Priamus,
(p) Pigmalion, whom both Age and Death constraines
 To walke with *Xerxes* in th' Elysian plaines.

Nero. If any aire to Tyrants breathing gives ;
 If any (*q*) *Catiline* or (*r*) *Marius* lives ;
 Or if there any sterne (*s*) *Mezentius* be,
 Contemner of the gods : these looke on me,
 I the base sinke of sin, the ship of shame,
 Quaffer of humane blood, *Nero*, the same
 Whose murthers have been bruted over all,
 From the Suns uprise, to his Westerne fall :
 Whose gluttonies and lusts *Nilus* knew plaine,
 And (*t*) *Calpes*, to the farthest parts of Spaine.
 To rip my mothers wombe was my desire :
 Who knowes not too, I set great Rome on fire ?
 Who knowes not, that my fury did betray
 The lives of *Lucian* and wife *Seneca* ?
 Who knowes not, that Saint *Paul* and *Peter* tryde
 My sword, by which most of the Senat dy'de ?
 But what was then my miserable fate ?
 Prest by my feares, and by the peoples hate,
 Scorn'd by each sex, abhor'd in myne owne land,
 Contemn'd of all, I fell by myne owne hand :
 Thus *Nero* dy'de, thus none can AGE withstand. } }

Sardanapal. Lest soft effeminacie, lust, and abuse
 Of Natures gifts might pleade the least excuse ;
 I am that Sensuallist *Sardanapal*,
 Who to my selfe thinking to ingrosse all
 Voluptuousnesse, deckt in their womanish futes,
 I spent my time 'mongst common Prostitutes ;
 False periwigs vpon my head I wore,
 And being man, the shape of woman bore.
 Yet this ranke body a small urne containes ;
 To this we must, to this, AGE all constraines.

Earth. Son dost thou see how all things *Age* out-
 weares ?

How the Strong perish, with the prime in yeares ?
 How the Faire falls, and how the Learn'd decay ?
 And how the Rich consume and fade away ?
 How Tyrants dye ? How death the Wanton tafts ?
 And, to conclude, how swift *Time* all things wafts ?

Man. What (Mother) shall I do ? If I liue chaste,
 I am not therefore safe : or if I wast
 My houres in *Venus* sports, I am not free :
 If ever weepe, what shall become of me ?
 If ever sport, what profit can it bring ?
 And though I ever mourne, or ever sing,
 All's one, for die I must. Since Death ends all,
 Let my corrupted body die and fall
 To dust, to earth or wormes, pleasure's my store,
 Let me enjoy that, I desire no more.

Earth. Thus I conclude ; Though mans life be vn-
 stayd,
 And as we see, by Custome hourely fade,
 Even as the parched leaues by Autumne change
 And fall to nothing ; yet (which is most strange)
 Of his owne fruit he is vnmindfull still,
 And followes what proves to himselfe most ill.

Annotations upon the Dialogue of EARTH and AGE.

(a) **M**eaning *Io* transformed into a *Cow* by *Iupiter* (who had before stuprated her) to conceale her from the jealousie of his wife *Iuno* : the whole story you may read in the Dialogue intituled *Iupiter and Io* : shee lived in the yeare of the world 2200, according to *Hel.*

(b) The Sibils were in number ten. *Perseica, Libyca, Delphica, Erihraea, Samia, Helleponiaca, Tiburtina, Albinea, Cumaea,*

Cumana: of these you may read *Varro*, *Gellius*, *Augustin*, *Suidas*, and *Lactantius*. And of the long life of *Cumana*, *Virgil* in his *Aeneids*.

(c) *Ascrean*, so titled from *Ascrea* a Towne in *Boetia*, neare unto the mount *Helicon*, where the famous Poet *Hesiod* was borne, from which place hee had the surname *Ascreus*.

(d) King *Cyrus*, because he had a Steed whom he much loved, drowned in the river *Ganges*: to be revenged therof, caused so many currents to bee cut, that hee dried the Channell.

(e) It hath reference to the great battaile fought by *Hannibal* against the Romanes neare unto the Village *Cannas*, where he slew 80. thousand in that one conflict: from thence the people of *Italy* are call'd *Cannenses*.

(f) Concerning the History of *Phaeton*, and his sisters, I referre you to the reading of *Ovid*, where it is with great elegancy described. *Metamorph*.

(g) You may read the like of *Niobe* the daughter of *Tantalus*, and wife to *Pelops*: who had sixe Sonnes, and sixe Daughters, all which *Latona* the mother to *Apollo* and *Diana*, (in whom are figured the Sunne and the Moone) caused to be slaine, for the pride of *Niobe*, who presumed to compare with her: for grieve whereof shee lost her speech, and remained stupid and without motion, which gave the Poets occasion to feigne that shee was changed into a marble statue. *Calvis*. reporteth that shee lived in the yeare of the world, 2240.

(h) *Euridice* was the wife of *Orpheus*, who flying from *Aristheus* who would have ravished her, was stung with a Serpent, of which shee dyed. *Orpheus* tooke his harpe, And went to Hell for her, and by his excellent Musick so far wrought with *Pluto* and *Proserpine*, that they suffered him to beare her thence, but upon condition, that he should not looke backe upon her till hee had past the infernall shades, and came to the upper light, which through his over love hee breaking, so lost her. The fable is thus moraliz'd, *Euridice* signifieth the soule of man, and *Orpheus* the body to which the soule is married. *Aristheus* is true happinesse which would gladly ravish the soule, but shee flying through grassy fields and medowes, is at length stung to death by a Serpent, that is, by the blandishments of immoderate pleasure: she then descends into Hell, which implices dull and deepe melan-

choly, with the trouble of a perplext conscience, where shee is rescued by comfortable musick. But so, that unlesse shee submit her selfe to the rule of reason, shee shall quickly fall againe into the same agony: shee lived in the yeare 1700. according to *Natal. Comes*.

(i) *Arianax* was the Sonne of *Hector* and *Andromache*, who after the taking of *Troy*, was by the Grecians precipitated from an high tower and so flaine.

(k) *Ægeus* was the Sonne of *Neptune*, and King of *Athens*, in whose raigne King *Minos* of *Crete* to revenge the death of his Sonne *Androgeus*, made most cruell warre on the Athenians, forcing them yearly to send seven Noblemens Sonnes into *Crete*, to bee devoured by the monster *Minotaurus*. Three yeares this continued, and in the fourth the lot (amongst others) fell upon *Theseus*, the elect Sonne of the King, who being of a noble and heroick courage, put them in great hope that he was able to kill the monster: At his departure his father injoynd him, that if the ship hee went in returned prosperously he should set up a white flagge in token of victory, and plucke downe the black one which they then bore in signe of mourning. But after when *Theseus* by the counsell of *Ariadne* daughter to King *Minos* had overcome the monster, and with a clew of thread escaped the labyrinth, sayling homewards againe with joy towards his Country, he forgot his fathers commandement concerning the white flagge. The old King much longing to see the safe returne of his sonne, used every day to ascend an high promontory, which overlooked the Sea, to take view of all such ships as past that way, at length knowing his sons shipp, and feeing the same fable flagge in the top, with which they first launched from that shoare, supposed hee had beene dead, and therefore furcharged with grieve, cast himselfe headlong from the rocke into the Sea, which was after cald by his name *Ægeum mare*. He lived in the 48. yeere after Athens was first made a Kingdome: and in the yeare of the world 2680. about the time that *Gedeon* judged Israel.

(l) *Iocaste* was the mother of *Oedipus*, who after her first husbands death marryed with him, being her owne naturall sonne, (but not knowing so much) by him shee had *Eteocles* and *Poly-nices*, who in a single combat flew one another, and they also dyed miserably.

(m) *Dedalus* was the sonne of *Micion* borne in *Athens*, the

most excellent Artificer of these times. He made the Labyrinth into which *Minos* put him, and his sonne *Icarus*, at length having got feathers and wax, he made thereof artificiall wings for himselfe and his sonne, and so flew from Crete into Sardinia, and thence to Cuma, where he built a temple to Apollo, but *Icarus* in the way soared so high, that the beames of the Sunne, melted the wax, and his wings failing him, by that disaster he fell into the Sea, from it hath still retained the name of *Mare Icarium*, the Icarian Sea, according to that of *Ovid*.

Icarus Icarijs nomina fecit aquis.

(n) *Progne* was the daughter to King *Pandion*, who because her husband *Tereus* King of Thrace, had ravished her sister *Philomela*, and after cut out her tongue, she having notice thereof, in a barbarous revenge, at a feast dedicated to *Bacchus*: flew her son *Itis*, and after drest his limbs, and served them up to her husbands table, &c. She lived about the yeare of the world 2510. according to *Helv.*

(o) *Autonoë*, was the daughter of *Cadmus* and *Hermione*, who much lamented the death of *Acteon*.

(p) *Antigone*, was daughter to *Oedipus* King of Thebes, who when her blind father was banished, tooke upon her to leade him, and afterwards being at the buriall of her two brothers *Eteocles* and *Polynices* with *Argia*, was flaine by the command of King *Creon*, whose murder *Theseus* soone after revenged.

(q) *Coloffe vel Colossis*, was a towne of Phrygia, neare unto Laodicea, which was demolisht by an earth-quake in the time of *Nero*.

(r) Memphis was built by King *Ogdous*, and tooke name of his daughter (so called) it is a great and spacious City in Egypt, famous for the Pyramides and stately sepulchers of Kings there set up: it is at this day called *Alcayrum*, or Grand-Cayre.

(s) *Mausolus*, was King of Caria, to whose memory his wife *Artemisia* reared a most sumptuous Tombe which was reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world, this Monument was reared in the year of the world 3590.

(t) It hath reference to the stately Temple of *Diana* in the City of Ephesus: which was afterwards maliciously burnt downe by *Hrostratus*.

(v) *Tarpeian* alludeth to *Tarpeia*, a Vestall virgin in Rome, who covenanting with the Sabines their enemies, to betray the

Capitoll, for the bracelets they wore on their left armes, when they entred the City, and she stood ready to receive that which she had contracted for, in stead of their bracelets, they cast their Targets upon her, by which she was smothered and press'd to death: this happened in the yeare of the world 3205. The Tarpeian Mount was so called because she was there buried, and *Jupiter* was surnamed *Tarpeius*, because there worshipped.

(w) By Getick weapons are meant these which the Getæ used, a people of Scythia in Europe, *Aelius Spartan*. From them derives the Nation of the Goths, who after conquered Italy and Rome.

(x) By *Minerva's Altar*, is intended that which stood in the Temple of *Pallas* within the City of Troy, where *Achilles* at his marriage to *Polyxena* daughter to King *Priam* and *Hecuba* was slain by *Paris*.

(y) They were called *Garamentes* or *Garamus*, a King of Libya, who built a City there, which he called after his owne name: their Country lyeth along by the banke of Numidia, in a tract of ground from the Atlantike Ocean, by the river Nilus. They were held in old time to be the farthest people Southward.

(z) The Sauromat's are a Septentrionall Nation which some Authors, as *Ortelius* and *Scaliger* held to be the inhabitants of Russia and Tartaria.

(a) *Helena* was in her Nonage first rap't by *Theseus* before her mariage to *Menelaus* King of Sparta, and after by *Paris* ravish't, and carried to Troy.

(b) *Atrides*, were the two brothers, *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, so called from their father *Atreus*.

(c) *Alcinous* was King of the Phœacians, and lived in Corcyra, who much delighted in Orchards and Gardens.

(d) The Swans are cal'd Caiftrian birds, from the river Caister, where they are said to breed in great number.

(e) *Penelope*, the wife of *Vlysses*, famous for her beauty and constancy.

(f) *Dido* was otherwise called *Elisa*, the daughter of *Belus* King of Tyre, and espoused to *Sychæus*, one of *Hercules* Priests, whom her brother *Pigmalion* flue for his wealth, she after built

the famous Citty Carthage, and in the end (as *Virgil* relates) kild herfelse for the love of *Aeneas*.

(g) *Leucades* two beautifull sisters, rapt by the two famous brothers *Castor* and *Pollux*, the sonnes of *Læda* the mother of *Helen*, who was comprest by *Jupiter*.

(h) *Cato*, for his austerity cald *Censorius*.

(i) *Hippolitus*, the sonne of *Theseus* and *Hyppolita* the Amazon, who when his father was abroad, his step-mother *Phædra* sollicited him to incestuous love, which he refusing, she accused him to his father that he would have forced her, but when hee perceived him to give credit to her false information, he tooke his Chariot and horses to flie his fury, but by the way his steeds being frighted with Sea-calves, ran with him to the mountaines, and dashed the Coach in pieces, and him also, he lived in the yeare of the world, 2743.

(k) The *Driades* were Nymphæ, or *Sylvarum Deæ*, that is Wood-fayries or *Druides*.

(l) *Craesus*, a rich King of Lydia.

(m) *Craffus* furname *Marcus*, the richest man amongst the Romanes, who held no man worthy to cald rich, who could not within his yearlye revenue maintaine an Army : hee was extremely covetous, and managed warre against the Parthians, by whom, both hee and thirty thousand Romanes were slaine, and because the barbarous enemy conjectured that hee made an assault upon them for their gold : therefore they melted a great quantity, and powred it into his dead body, to fate him with that, with which in his life time, hee could never be satisfied. He lived in the yeare of Romes foundation 693, and before the Incarnation 57.

(n) *Midas*, a rich King of Phrygia who asked of *Bacchus* whom he feasted, that whatsoever he touched might be turned into gold, &c. He lived in the yeare of the world 2648, about the time that *Debora* judged Israel.

(o) *Priam* King of Troy potent in wealth and strength, but after slaine, and his Citty utterly subverted by the Grecians.

(p) *Pigmalion*, an avaritious King (before spoken of) brother to Queene *Dido*.

(q) *Catiline*, a seditious Conspirator of Rome whose plots

were brought to light by *Marc. Cicero* then Consull of Rome with *Antonius*.

(r) *Marius*, one that was seven times Consull of Rome, and after much pestered the City, by the division betwixt him and *Sylla* : He lived the yeare before the Incarnation, 65.

(f) *Mezentius*, was King of the Tyrenians, remembred by *Virgil* in his *Aeneids*, to be a great contemner of the gods.

(t) *Calpe*, is one of the hills in Spaine, called *Hercules Pillars*.



The Argument of the Dialogue intituled **MISANTHROPOS**, or
the *Man-Hater*.

THIS Dialogue of Riches doth entreat;
Of their true use: how they with lucre great
Are long acquir'd, and how soone lost. The cause
Of this Discourse is grounded from th' applause
Timon first had in Athens, where he sway'd,
For his wealths sake, being honor'd and obey'd.
Who after a most riotous expence,
Having consum'd his state, and growne to fense
Of Povertie; such as he rais'd he tries,
But findes them now his person to despise.
He seeing how base avarice did blinde
The world that time, in hate of all Mankinde,
So devious from Vertue, did propose
A new name to himselfe, **MISANTHROPOS**;
Which gives this Tractat name. Th' Authors intent
Being to shew, how proud and insolent
Riches make men: and have it understood,
How they pursue the Bad, but fly the Good.
Reade and observe, this Dialogue affords
Much excellent matter, coucht up in few words.

The DIALOGUE.

Timon. O *Jupiter*, loving and sociable,
 That art domesticall and hospitable,
 The lightning-blafter, Oath and Iury-shaker,
 Cloud-gathering god, and the great Thunder-maker :
 Or if thou any other syr-name hast,
 Such as by th' antient Poets in times past
 Hath to thy deitie been madly given,
 To patch their halting Verse, and make 't run even,
 (For thee a thousand nick-names are pursuing,
 To helpe their Lines, and keep their Rymes from
 ruin)
 Where's now thy all-fear'd lightning, breeding won-
 der ?
 Where's thyne high streperous and loud voic'd
 thunder ?
 Thy radiant and bright burning bolts (once dreaded)
 What, are thy late keen pointed darts unheaded ?
 All these, since thou with-heldst thy terrible stroke,
 Appeare vaine trifles, and Poeticke smoke,
 And of thy great power nothing else proclaines,
 Save meere verbositie, and noise of Names.
 For these thy Poetised tooles for war,
 Which being drawne, both reacht and wounded far ;
 I know not by what means, but now at length,
 Blunt is their chastning edge, and lost their strength ;
 So cold and frozen they about thee lie,
 That of thy wrath no sparke we can espie
 Kindled against the Nocent. These perjurors
 (Iesting at sufferance) make themselves assurers
 Of their owne safety : being no more afraid
 Of thy unquenchable lightning, than dismaid
 At common fire extinguisht : it shewes like
 To them, as if thou shouldst some *Tition* strike,
 And they looke on ; dreading no more thine ire,

Than his whose strugling breathes forth Ætna's fire :
 Presuming no more wound belongs vnto 't,
 Than only to be smudg'd and grim'd with foot.
 From hence it comes, that (a) *Salmoneus* dare
 With thee in thy loud thunders to compare :
 Nor strange ; he a man that bold and daring is,
 And thou a god so sufferant and remisse :
 What could he lesse do than such revels keepe ;
 Since thou haft drunke (b) *Mandragora*, to sleepe
 And snort away thy time ? even still forbearing
 Such as blasphemē and neuer cease forswearing.
 Besides, like one that such misdoers tenders,
 Not plaguing them, thou plumpst up great offendors.
 Some hold thee blinde, and cannot see what's done :
 Some, easie to be foold : like rumors runne,
 That thou art deafe on both sides : others hold,
 Thou art decrepit, and of late growne old.

When thou wast in thy former youth and prime,
 Thou didſt not sloathfully mis-spend thy time ;
 Then thou hadſt spleen, and vnto wrath wast prone,
 Vengeance and iuft infliction grac'd thy throne,
 And wast indeed ſuch an all-dreaded god,
 No malefactor could escape thy rod :
 Thou heldſt with ſuch no covenant, but thy darts
 Were ſtill in action to amafe their hearts ;
 Thy invulnerabla arme advancing hye,
 Whilſt through the earth thyла flashing lightnings flye,
 Drawne from thy quiver, where they late did ſlicke,
 Shot as from warring Archers, twift and thicke.

Besides theſe, fearefull earthquakes, which were
 many,

Such as her reverend breft tare vp and cranny
 Mountaines of ſnow by drifts made, haile in ſuch
 Abundance, that of late we ſee none ſuch :
 Impetuous ſhoweres of raine made torrents riſe,
 And riuers o're their banks to tyrannife.
 It hath been ſaid, In good (c) *Deucalions* age
 Such ſudden inundations 'gan to rage,
 That all mankindē being drownd in one account,

Scarfe was one skyffe fav'd on (*d*) Licoris Mount ;
 In that, Humanities small seeds reserving :
 From whence a generation lesse deserving,
 And much more impious grew : they imitating
 What's bad, and worse and worse stil propagating.

Nor is there cause thou shouldest with them be
 wroth,
 Receiving but the guerdon of thy floath.
 Who now vnto thy Altars offerings bring ?
 Or to thy dreadfull name loud Poems sing ?
 Thou now haft neither sacrifice nor praiife,
 Nor is thy ruinous Temple hung with Bayes ;
 Vnleffe by chance some by Olympus passe,
 And call to minde that such a god once was,
 (And rather too for fashion fake, than feare)
 Perhaps some thrifty Offering may leauue there :
 Like *Saturne* they would deale with thee (I tell thee)
 And (as thou him) so from thy throne expell thee.

I here omit, whilst thou haft elsewhere trifled,
 How often thy great Temple hath been rifled,
 Ransackt and spoild, whilst thou the loud tongu'd
 Crier

(O'regrowne with floath, as if thou didſt desire
 Thine owne vndoing) not once wake nor call
 The dogs there kenel'd, make them barke and ball,
 Nor raise the drowsie neighbours, sleeping fast,
 To preſent rescue, till the theeuſe were paſt ;
 But thou the generous Gyant tamer, who
 Dost boast in the great Gyants overthrow,
 Didſt like a ſot ſit neither grac't nor fear'd,
 Whilſt from thy chin they ſhav'd away thy beard :
 Yet thou even at that instant wert ſo strong,
 To hold a dart that was ten cubits long.
 O thou ſo famous, what wilt thou endure
 In th' end, if ſtill thou wilt be thus ſecure ?
 Or at what time wilt thou extirp the ſeeds
 (By thy just vengeance) of thoſe groſſe miſdeeds ?
 How many bold aspiring *Phaetons*, or
Deucalions canſt thou finde ? Hie expiat for

This inexhausted wickednesse still flowing
From corrupt mankinde, and thou all this knowing.

Impertinent things I will submit to Fate,
And passe in silence : only now relate
Myne owne particular wrongs. How many great
And mighty of th' Athenians, to thefeat
Of knowne sublimitie hath *Timon* rais'd,
Creating them from beggars ? whilst they prais'd
And magnify'd my bountie. Vnto all
I spred my open hand and liberall ;
In which most men (before me) I exceeded,
As generally supplying such as needed,
My riches 'mongst my friends parted and given,
Till I my selfe to penurie was driven.
Then suddenly a stranger I was growne,
And to my most familiar friends not known :
Those (when I past them) that would crutch and
bend,
In adoration : those that did depend
Vpon my grace, my prefence cannot brooke,
Nor on my wants so much as daigne a looke.
If (as sometimes) I chance to crosse the street,
And any one of these my Creatures meet.
" As of some statue, by long time decaid,
" They shun my shadow, of my fall afraid.
And others likewise that from far espy me,
Into some by-lane skrew themselves, so fly me,
Make me an ominous spectacle of Fate,
As if malevolent and vnfortunate :
Who in my better daies was their Director,
Styl'd by themselves, their Father and Protector,
These mischieves growing, to be made so vile,
My owne deep counsels I 'gan reconcile,
Snatcht vp this mattocke, chus'd a field out, where
The Earths faire brest I am forc'd to wound and
teare ?
And thus my time in labor weare away,
Being hyr'd for some foure halfe pence by the day.
Thus with my spade in solitude here I

Reade to my selfe myne owne Philosophy.
 The profit reapt hence is, to be remoat,
 And live out of the sight of such as doat
 On smoky vanities, those that inherit
 Plenty of all things, and yet nothing merit ;
 And that doth most torment me. Now at length,
Saturn (1) and *Rheas* off-spring shew thy strength ;
 Thy profound sleepe shake off, for thou indeed
 In floath doft (*e*) *Epimenides* exceed.
 Hand once againe thy Trisulk, and retire
 To Oeta, and there kindle 't with new fire :
 Being full of flames, when they most hotly glow,
 Part of that vengefull indignation shew
 Which to thyne high Tribunal did belong,
 When thou wert *Jupiter* the yong and strong :
 Else still to those reproches subiect be,
 The Cretans cast vpon thy Tombe and thee.

Jupiter. What is he, so vociferously exclamis,
 O *Mercury*, and Vs so often names ?
 His tedious clamors in myne eares found shrill
 (Neere vnto Athens) from Himettus hill,
 Iust at the mountaines foot, deject and sad,
 Pale, meager, lame, and in a goats skin clad ?
 It feemes to me that delving is his trade,
 His eies cast downe, he leanes vpon his spade :
 'Tis a bold speaking fellow, confident too
 In what he faith. After this sort to doo
 Philosophers were wont, and they alone,
 And 'tis a wonder but this fellow's one,
 That dares against our deitie devise
 Such impious and vnheard of blasphemies.

Mercury. Do you not know him (Father) thus for-
 lorne,
 Son to *Echicratides*, in Collite borne ;
Timon his name, with whom we both haue guested,
 And in our annuall Sacreds often feasted :
 He on the sudden with such plenty fill'd,

(1) *Jupiter.*

Who at the altars of the gods hath kild
Whole Hecatombs, and in his height of wealth
Hath quaf vnto vs many a gratefull health.

Iupiter. Whence comes this sudden change ? But
is this he

The honest rich man thát was knowne so free,
Whom Athens with her loud encomiums grac'd,
And such a multitude of friends embrac'd ?
How happens it he is so poorely arrayd,
So miserably dejected and dismaid ?
I guesse him by the spade on which he leanes,
Some painfull labourer that works for meanes.

Merc. You see how his humanitie hath chang'd
him,

And freenesse, from his dearest friends estrang'd him :
His mercy vnto others, being so kinde,
And then amongst so many not to finde
One gratefull, hath distraction in him bred,
Still to be living, but to them thought dead.
Considering next how he is scorn'd, derided,
And his revenue and estate divided,
Not amongst Crowes and Wolves, but worser far,
Ravenous and tearing vultures, who still are
Gnawing vpon his liver ; those whom he
His friends and best familiars thought to be.
For they who now in his abundance swim,
Were more delighted in his feasts than him :
Nay, those who at his table did applaud him ;
When even unto the bare bones they had gnawd
him,

They suckt his very marrow, and then fled ;
So to the world gaue him both lost and dead :
Being so far, from miserie to free him,
They would not seeme to know him when they see
him.

These brought him to this base despised trade,
And hurld him from the Scepter to the Spade ;
Turn'd him out of his purple, here to sweat
And hardly earne his meat before he eat :

For which hee's so possest with mortall spleen
 Against mankinde that so ingrate hath been ;
 Since whom his bounty rais'd and brought to fame,
 Scarfe now remember *Timon* had a name.

Iupiter. Yet one (beleeve me) not to be rejected,
 But for his former pietie respected.
 Nor blame I him his anger to be fuch,
 By men ingratfull to endure so much.
 This zealous and good man not to redeeme,
 To favor his afflictions we might seeme :
 But we much pitty him, who to maintaine
 Our adoration, hath before us flaine
 So many Goats and Bulls, and those the best
 That his flocks yeelded ; so that I protest,
 I did approve them for my service meet,
 Whose favor in my nostrils still smells sweet.

As for the boldnesse of that infinite Crew
 Of base perjurers, who forsware what's true ;
 As likewise those in selfe-conceit so strong,
 They make no conscience of what's right or wrong ;
 Such as insult by rapine and rude force,
 Oppressing without mercie or remorse,
 The Sacrilegious too, such as forbeare
 Their publique robberies, not through love but feare ;
 So many th'are in number, (though I strive)
 At their misdeeds I no way can connive.
 I cast myne eye of late on Athens, where
 So many strange Duels and fencings were,
 Such *Pro's* and *Contra's*, quarrels in the schooles,
 Like mad men railing, some ; others like fooles
 Gybing : in vprore all, shrill acclamations
 Of scolding Disputants ; such vociferations,
 And those so loudly thundred in myne eare,
 The suppliants plaints I could by no means heare.
 Therefore with stopt eares I must silent sit,
 Or with their confus'd noise be tortur'd yet.

There's a new toy imagin'd by these Nodies,
 Of things effentiall, and yet wanting bodies ;
 Meere fantasies, which they with might and maine

(Though nothing) to have being would maintaine :
 Which is the cause I have been so vnkinde,
 As this well meaning man not once to minde.
 It now remaines his goodnesse to requite :
 Hye therefore *Mercury*, *Plutus* accite,
 With all speed possible command him hither,
 And bring with you a magozin togither
 Of new coin'd gold, more than the man can tell.
 He with his treasure shall with *Timon* dwell.
 Nor shall they easily be remov'd from thence,
 Though by his bounty and too large expence,
 He would expell them from him. For those Chat-
 terers,

Parrots and Pyes, with other oily flatterers
 And Parasits that have ingratefull bin,
 I now will study to chastise their sin,
 So foone as I my vengefull darts have viewd,
 And my three-forked thunder stone renew'd :
 Some of the raies are broke, others rebated,
 Which with all speed I must have instaurated :
 The points are dull'd, since I infenced was
 Against the Sophist *Anaxagoras*,
 Who to his Schollers openly profest,
 The gods or were not, or were naught at least :
 But I through error mist, *Pericles* bestrid him,
 And with his body from my vengeance hid him.
 The bolt averted light upon the phane
 Where the two brothers deify'de remaine,
 (*Castor* and *Pollux*) burnt it to the ground.
 And not one stone was left about it found.
 But what a punishment will this appeare
 Vnto those envious wretches, when they heare,
Timon, in whose oppression they agreed,
 Shall them in wealth and potencie exceed.

Mercury. O but much more availes it for a man
 To stretch his throat with all the power he can,
 To be obstreperous and heard from far ;
 I do not meane the balling at the Bar,
 Loud railing for fat fees and gaine of gold ;

But those like *Timon*, clamorous and bold,
 Who in his Orisons hath been so shrill,
 To make great *Love* attentive 'gainst his will :
 Who had he (smothering grieve) fate still and mute,
 Might have long labor'd in a thred-bare sute.

Plutus. To him, oh *Jupiter*, I will not go.

Jupiter. Tell me, oh excellent *Plutus*, wherefore
 so ?

Especially when thou by us art sent.

Plutus. Because I have a fearefull president :
 Me he with many injuries afflicted,
 When I was wholly to his love adicted,
 He shooke me off, as one that did deride me,
 And into mamocks and fmall bits divide me,
 Even cut me into pieces : would not sell me,
 But being his domesticke friend expell me
 With forks and prongs, as one infenc'd with ire,
 Or casting from his hand hot coles of fire.
 And shall I once again enter his dores,
 To be consum'd on Sycophants and whores,
 Flatterers and such ? Send me, oh *Love*, I entreat,
 To some that vnderstand a gift so great,
 Him that to incorporat and hug me strives,
 Or such as prize me dearer than their lives.
 This stupid fellow hath a covenant made
 With *Povertie*, preferring a poore trade :
 A mattocke and a skin-coat from her tooke,
 Before my golden and all-tempting looke :
 Who now with foure small halfe-pence can make shift,
 And yet hath given ten talents at a gift.

Jupiter. But *Timon* no such thing hereafter dares
 Against thy person : rather he prepares
 To honour thee, as one whom Toile and paine
 Hath reconcil'd, to welcome thee againe ;
 His intrals with long fast and hunger clung,
 Hath with his minde now likewise chang'd his tongue.

But thou art too complaintive, who accuses
 First *Timon* to me for his late abufes,
 Because he with his gates set open wide,

Gave thee free-leue, there or elsewhere t' abide ;
Not keeping thee in obscure pris'on fast,
(As being jealous of thee) where thou hast
Thy liberty. Againe, thou art inrag'd
Against those Cormorants that haue incag'd
And shut thee up ; complaining, Beneath locks,
Keyes, bolts, and seales th'art kept as in the stocks.
From whence thou canst not move, from light ex-
cluded,

Living in dungeons and darke holes contruded :
Of such thou hast complain'd to me, and wept,
To be so long, so close in darknesse kept ;
Looking withall so meager, pale, and wan,
Opprest with care as hadst thou been a man,
Starv'd and shrunke vp, thy finues drawne together,
Thy fingers clutcht and lam'd ; I know not whether
Hoording vp gold this Apoplex compelling,
Or numnesle, made by thy assiduat telling ;
Willing to stay with them by no persuation,
But apt to leave them on the least occasion.

And what above thought makes thee ill bested,
Is, in an iron or a brasen bed
(As thou hast heard of *Danae*) to be laid,
As there for ever to be kept a maid,
By impious overseers schoold and taught,
Who fave in gaine and usurie know nought.

Their grosse absurdities I haue heard thee note,
Who on thy person aboue reason dote ;
And being in their power, dare not employ them,
Or lying prostrat to their lust, enjoy them :
They all the while strict vigilancie keeping,
With gard vpon the place where thou art sleeping,
Eying the bolts and bars, and winking never,
As in great hope thou wilt supply them ever,
And haue much profit from thee. Not that they
Mean to make blest vse of thee though they may,
But only keep thee in such strict tuitiōn,
Because none else of thee should have fruition.
Lust like a dog that in the manger lies,

Who though himselfe the provender despise,
As to his pallat a distastefull meat,
Yet will not fuffer the poore horse to eate.

I likewise have observ'd thee laugh at those,
Who though they have thee at their free dispose,
Most grapple are in sparing. In a word,
Thou holdst it most ridiculous and absurd,
That such, (mean time) should starue themselves, not
knowing

To whom (their floure being wither'd) thou art
growing :

To what Executor, Servant, or Page,
Steward or Pedagogue, who their spent age
Haue not bestow'd on thee, but on thy coine,
To seife by force, or else by stealth purloine ;
And then for his safe hoording and close hiding,
The wretched Master (new deceast) deriding,
Who did so charily in his life time locke it,
And with a snuffe halfe burnt within the sockit,
Or dry rush light, keepe wakefull his faint eies
Vpon his (now) all-forfeit vfuries.

Is it not therefore, *Plutus*, ill in thee,
That hast of these so oft complain'd to me ;
Thy fickle thoughts so suddenly to vary,
And blame in *Timon* the clean contrary ?

Plutus. Yet if my caufe to censure be refer'd,
Love shall confesse that I haue no way err'd :
Nor is there reason why I should dispense
With *Timons* lightneffe, rather negligence,
In stead of study, care, and that good-will,
Respet, and love, that should attend me still.

Nor of the adverse part do I approve,
Those that embrace me with an over-love,
Imprifoning and obtruding me so close,
To make me every day more huge and grosse ;
Franking me up, to fat me, with intent
I may appeare to them more corpulent ;
Yet they themselves, nor vse me in my neatneffe,
Nor shew me vnto others in my greatnessse.

All such I contumelious hold and mad,
 Who notwithstanding all good from me had,
 Put me in shackles, where I starving ly,
 Opprest with hunger, and with thirst still dry :
 Not understanding they must shortly leave me
 To such as stand wide gaping to receive me.

Nor do I of those Prodigals allow,
 Apt to part with me, and not caring how :
 Such only I approve amongst the rest,
 Who hold a mediocritie the best ;
 That neither vow to keep an absolute fast,
 Or hauing plenty, are inclin'd to wast.

Consider this, oh *Jove*, Say that a man
 Finde for his choice the fairest Maid he can,
 To make his Bride ; and when the Nuptiall night
 Invites them both to rest, he sets her light,
 Neither observes her, nor is tender o're her,
 But sets his dores and gates broad wide before her,
 To gad and wander at her pleasure, trusts
 Her night and day to prostrate where she lusts :
 The man that gives such libertie to vice,
 What doth he (not preventing) but intice
 To lewdnesse ? as inviting folke to prove her :
 Can such an one be said truly to love her ?

Againe, If any shall a Faire one wife,
 And bring her to his house ; when he should strive
 To play the husband, and to procreate
 Children as hopefull as legitimate :
 Even then of all due Mariage-sweets should grutch
 her,
 Nor in her flourishing prime of beauty touch her ;
 Vnwilling from a loathsome Gaole to free her,
 Where nor himselfe nor any else may see her.
 But thus secluded, barren, and depriv'd,
 Shall keepe her still a virgin, though long liv'd :
 And then, That all this was for love pretend,
 Preferring her thus old and neere her end,
 With an exhausted body, colour pale,
 Deep wrinkled cheeks, and funk-in eies that faile ;

Would you not thinke that man quite from his fences,

Who when by lawfull and most just pretences
He might have hopefull Issue, and posseſſe
A goodly sweet yong woman, and no leſſe
Amorous, yet ſuffers her in care and anguifh,
Sadly like one of *Ceres* Priests to languiſh ?
Thus us'd and I abuſ'd, am ſometimes torne,
Rifled and pluckt in pieces, and in ſcorne
Baffled and kickt : by others kept alive,
Imprifon'd like ſome branded fugitive.

Jupiter. Why fretſt thou againſt thoſe made to endure

Strange puniſhments for finnes blacke and impure ?
Or wherefore art thou at ſuch flaves astoniſht,
Who in themſelves ſeeft their owne vices puniſht :
The one like (*h*) *Tantalus*, in fight of meat,
And alwaies gaping, but forbiſt to eat :
With ſuch dry chaps they gape vpon their gold,
Not with that fated which they ſtill behold.
The other, though they have it in their pawes,
Ready to glut themſelves : from their starv'd jawes
The Harpies ſnatch it, as from (*g*) *Phineus*, ſpoiling
Thoſe dainties for which he fo long was toiling.
Go thou from Vs to *Timon* without feare,
To whom (no doubt) thou wilt be henceforth dear.

Plutus. But thinke you that at length he will forbear

To poure me into leaking veffels, where
Though with great labor you maintaine it ſtill,
The liquor runs out faster than you fill ;
Sooner exhausting me, to draw me dry,
Than I my ſelfe can with my ſelfe ſupply :
He fearing when I ſhall with plenty crowne him,
I haue but meerly laid a plot to drowne him.
I ſhall be as in (*i*) *Danaus* daughters tunnes,
No ſooner ought pour'd in, but out it runnes ;
So many holes being in the bottom drild,
That it draines faster than it can be fild.

Iupiter. But though the liquor through the vessel
breaks,

And that he hath no will to stop these leaks,
But by perpetuall dropping and effusion,
All must of force be wasted in conclusion :
Yet 'mongst the lees and dregs no doubt hee'l finde
His leatherne belt and spade still left behinde.
Go you mean time and see the man possest
Of treasure in abundance, and the best.
That done, oh *Hermes*, call at *Aetna*, where
The (*k*) *Cyclops* are at worke, and (dost thou heare ?)
Bid them repaire to me at my first fending,
For tell them that my three tynd bolt wants mending,
Both edge and point is dull'd, and in my spleene
I now must have it sharpen'd and made keene.

Merc. *Plutus* let's walke. But stay (thou of such
fame)

Tell me how on the sudden cam'st thou lame ?
What, and blinde too ?

Plutus. These imperfections lye
Not alwaies, *Hermes*, in my foot or eye ;
Only at some set times. For being fent
By *Love*, I am thus lame incontinent,
I know not by what means compeld vntoo't,
But instantly I halt on either foot,
And ere the place before me reach I can,
I am growne a lame decrepit weake old man.
But if I be to part from such, I fly
Swifter than birds make way beneath the sky ;
No bars can stop me, furlongs are no more
To me, than narrow strides, I strip before
The windes swift wings, and can deceiue the eye
With my unparaleld velocitie :
Nay even the publique Criers have agreed
To crowne me Victor for my pace and speed.

Merc. I now perceive thou *Plutus* idly pratest,
Since all things are not true that thou relatest :
How many have I knowne but yesterday
Ready to hang themselues, that could not pay

One single halspenny downe vpon the naile,
 To buy an halter with : yet now they faile
 In gold and purple ; some in Chariots ride,
 That had not late a poore Asse to bestride,
 Wealth flowing on them in so swift a streame,
 That they themselves haue thought it but a dreame.

Plutus. A thing quite contrarie it is, I vow,
 Of which, oh *Mercurie*, thou twitst me now :
 For know, I walke not on myne owne legs when
 I am sent by *Love* to honest and good men.
 But if god (*l.*) *Dis* shall once command, I run,
 For his behest is in an instant don.

He of the great gift-Giuer beares the name,
 His Magozin's in hell, whence gold first came :
 And therefore when I shift from man to man,
 With all the industry and care they can,
 They take me, wrapt and swath'd in Bonds and Bills,
 Where one conveyance a whole sheep-skin fills :
 So, sign'd and seald, me in some box they smother,
 And tosse me 'twixt one party and another.
 The owner dead, left in some obscure place,
 Where Dogs and Cats may pisse upon his face.

Those that have hope to enjoy me are soone found
 I'th Courts, and those hot fent as the hound.
 Yawning like to the Swallowes infant brood,
 When the dam fluttering to their nest brings food.
 Now when the seale's discover'd on the Will,
 And the string cut that bound the rowle vp, still
 They gape to see the parchment op't and read,
 To know th' Executor to the late Dead.
 Then instantly a new heire is proclaim'd,
 And either, there, some greasie kinsman nam'd,
 Some Sycophant or fawning Parasite,
 Or else perhaps a debosht Catamite.
 He with a new shav'd chin, being of this treasure
 Possest, then studies noveltie and pleasure,
 With all varieties at the height rated,
 Which the dead hoorder in his life time hated.
 He must be then a gentleman at least,

And with his wealth his Title (needs) encreast,
With change of name : for he that was before
Knowne by the name of (*m*) *Pyrrhias*, *Drono*, or
Tibias ; although the man be still the same,
Must either *Megabyzus* have to name,
Megacles or *Protarchus* : his minde swelling
With vaine ostent to gaine a stile excelling.

Even those that did not yawne with deepe infpection
(Though at the first in like state and election)
Into these hidden Mines ; now all dis-jointed,
When they behold each other disappointed,
Although they truly mourne, seen but to fret,
To see the small fish Tuny scape the net ;
Who as he living did but little eat,
So being dead could not afford much meat.

Now he that groveling falls vpon this Masse,
(Some fat fed Budget, or dull witted Asse,
Who of no good parts or clean life hath bin)
Enters upon it with an unwasht skin :
None treads so softly by him, but he feares,
And like a curre then starts up with prickt eares,
His fellow footmen he despifeth now,
To th' Temple and the Horse-mill doth allow
An adoration equall. Who to dispence
Is able now with his great insolence ?
Insufferable he growes, the Good despising,
And o're his Like and equals tyrannising ;
Vaunting in mighty things, till Lust, incited
With some faire whore, or otherwise delighted
In keeping Dogs and Horses, or by hearing
His trencher-Flies about his table jearing,
And whispering to him, He is growne more faire
Than the Greeke (*n*) *Nereus*, *Homer* made so rare :
The mischiefe's, he beleeves it ; their verpositie
Persuading him, That in true generositie
(*o*) *Cecrops* and *Codrus* come behinde him. One
Tells him, *Vlisses* unto him alone
Submits in wisdome, and persuades the Beast
To be more rich than *Cræsus* was, at least

By sixteen fold : exhausting by this meane,
 And in one breath of time consuming clean
 What was by piecemeale gather'd, and did rise
 From base extortions, thefts, and perjuries.

Merc. These are no question true : but when thou
 go'ſt
 On thine owne feete (being blinde) ſay how thou
 know'ſt
 The way thou art to take ? how canſt thou finde
 Such men as are of good and honest minde ?
 To whom (as now) my father oft times ſends thee,
 And in his care and providence commands thee.

Plutus. Thinkſt thou I finde those I am ſent unto ?

Merc. By *Iove* not I : if ſo, how diſt thou do,
 When lately being to *Ariſtides* ſent,
 Thou to *Hipponicus* and *Callius* went,
 And other base Athenians, ſcarce worth thought,
 Or a poore ſingle halfpenny, to be bought ?
 What is the course thou tak'ſt upon the way ?

Plutus. Now high, now low, in each blinde path I
 stray,
 Till unawares upon ſome one I fall,
 And be he what he will, that man gets all :
 He that is next me, and can first catch hold,
 To fasten on me, having feis'd my gold,
 Secludes me to ſome obſcure place, poſſeffing
 What he long wiſht, then openly confeſſing,
 In prayers and vowes, he is to *Hermes* bound,
 By whose aſſiſtance this great fortune 's found.

Merc. Is *Iove* deceiv'd, preſuming that thou go'ſt
 To inrich ſuch as he affeſteth moſt,
 And thinks them worthy of his largeſſe ?

Plutus. Right,
 O *Mercurie*, and juſtly too, my fight
 Being defective, and at ſuch times blinde ;
 And ſending me to ſeeke that, which to finde
 So difficult is, and ſcarcely hath a Being,
 Is that a taske with my dim fight agreeing ?
 In which had quick eyd *Argus* in my ſted

Been his inquisitor, he scarce had sped :
 The path so narrow and obscure, beside,
 It being so rare to see a good man guide
 A Cities weale ; for those corrupt still fway,
 And those in numbers flocking in my way :
 I groping, can I possibly eschew
 To avoid the many, and select the few ?
 The wicked alwaies yawning after gaines,
 (The others not) how can I scape their traines ?

Merc. I but how comes it, when th' art to forsake
 These wretches, thou such voluble speed dost make ?
 And without rub or the least stumbling, when
 Thou canst not see the path before thee ?

Plutus. Then
 Both eies and feet affist, and then alone,
 When Time invites and calls me to be gone.

Merc. Another thing resolute me : Tell me how
 It comes to passe (oh god of Wealth) that thou
 First being blinde, next, of a pale complexion,
 Last, crippled in thy feet, canst gaine th' affection
 Of so many great friends and lovers, such
 As thinke they cannot gaze on thee too much ?
 Nor can imagin they are truly blest
 Before of thee undoubtedly possest ?
 Againe, If he that after thee enquires,
 Chance to be frustrat in his hot desires ;
 For such I haue knowne many, and some noted,
 That so debashtly on thy person doted,
 That at their courting, if thou seem'dst but coy,
 Have ready been their owne lives to destroy :
 Who when they saw they *Plutus* could not please,
 Themselves from hye rocks cast into the seas.
 And yet I know, and thou must needs confessie,
 (View but thy selfe as I do) thou wilt guesse,
 If not conclude, it is not love, but madnesse
 Makes them despaire in doating on thy badnesse.

Plutus. But thinkst thou, *Mercurie*, I to them ap-
 peare
 In the same forme as thou beholdest me here,

Or lame or blinde, with such defects about me ?

Merc. O by no means, for I should then misdoubt
me

That they were blind as thou art.

Plutus. But not quite,
O *Mercury*, like me depriv'd of sight :
And yet there falls on them, as by some chance,
A kinde of error or blinde ignorance,
Which occupies them all, over their eies
Casting a shadowie filme, which doth disguise
My deform'd parts ; so I appeare to them
In golden habit, stucke with many a gem :
In pictur'd vesture I seem, passing by,
And thousand colours, to deceive the eye.
These fooles imagining, what I present,
To be my sole and native ornament :
And therefore being enamor'd on my forme,
If not enjoy me, then they rage and storne.
But should I be before them naked laid,
And my mis-shapen ouglinesse displaid,
No doubt they would condemne themselves, pur-
fuing
A seeming good, which leades them to their ruin :
Th' are only apt themselves to reconcile
To things in their owne nature base and vile.

Merc. But when it comes vnto such passe that
they
Are filld with wealth, and supply'd every way ;
When they have hedg'd, nay walld their riches in,
Some notwithstanding looke so bare and thin,
Withall so grapple, you may sooner teare
Head from the body, than impart what's there ?
Besides, it is not probable, but such
As haue with greedy eies perus'd thee much,
Must needly know, (how'e're they proudly boast,
Thy outside tin-foild, or but guilt at most ?

Plut. These my defaults (with others) to supply,
I have many ready helps, oh *Mercury*.

Merc. Name them I prethee.

Plut. They no sooner fasten
 With greedinesse vpon me, but they hasten
 To ope their gates wide, then with me by stealth
 Enter (for alwaies they attend on wealth)
 Hawtinesse, Boasting, with the mindes destruction,
 Effœminacie, and to make vp the faction,
 Oppression and Deceit, with th' interest
 Of thousand more ; with which the heart possest,
 Is suddenly subjeeted and brought under,
 To admire toyes which are not worth the wonder,
 And covet that which they ought most to fly.
 Now with this band of Pensioners garded, I
 When thus attended they my state behold,
 They never dreame of other god than Gold :
 For with such adoration they respect me,
 To endure all torments, rather than reject me.

Merc. How smooth and slick thou art, no where
 abiding,
 But when men thinke thee safest, swiftly gliding
 Thorow their fingers, neither can I spy
 A handle or an haft to stay thee by,
 As we hold pots and glasses ; they slip through
 The hand as snakes and serpents use to doo.

When *Poverty*, to thee quite contrary,
 Where e're she takes her Inne is apt to tarry :
 It gummy cleaves like Bird-lime, uncompeld,
 Apt to be seis'd, and easie to be held ;
 Having a thousand catching hooks, and so
 About her plac'd, that hardly she lets go.
 But whist we trifle here, there's one maine thing
 We had forgot.

Plut. What ?

Merc. That we did not bring
 Treasure along, it being *Loves* intent,
 And the chiefe busynesse about which we are sent.

Plut. For that take thou no care : I do not enter
 Vpon the earth, (being calld, and leave my Center,
 But I have still a care upon my store,
 At my departure to shut fast my dore,

Which only opens to me when I call.

Merc. Let's thither then, and *Plutus* left thou fall,
Hold by my cloake, and follow till we come
Vnto the place assign'd.

Plut. *Hermes* well done,
To leade me thus ; for if thou shouldst forfake
Me as I am, I might perchance mistake
My way, and wandring, through my want of sight,
On *Hyperbolus* or on *Cleon* light.
But stay, What noise is that ? I heare some one
Is with his pick-axe striking against stone.

Merc. 'Tis *Timon*, who laboriously doth wound
A piece of mountainous and stony ground.
O wondrous ! *Poverty* by him fast stands,
And the rough fellow *Labor*, with galld hands.
Here's *Wisedome*, *Health*, and with them *Fortitude*,
And besides these, a populous multitude
Of such like Groomes, *Need* them to worke compel-
ling,
And yet a troupe (me-thinks) thy Gard excelling.

Plut. Therefore let's post hence with what speed
we can.
For, *Hermes*, how shall we invade a man
Girt with so great an army ?

Merc. Be not afraid,
'Tis *Ioves* command, whose will must be obeyd.

Pov. O whether lead'ft thou *Plutus* ?

Merc. To inlarge
Timon from hence ; for so *Iove* gave in charge.

Poverty. Comes he againe to *Timon*, whom (be-
reav'd
Of health by many surfets) I receiv'd,
To *Wisedome* and to *Industry* commended,
And in his cure so far my skill extended,
I foone restor'd him (as he still doth finde)
Sound in his body, and vpright in minde.
Have I deserv'd such scorne, or do I merit
A wrong, what is myne owne not to inherit ?
That you are come, with colorable pretence,

Him (now my sole possession) to take hence ?
 Whose ruin'd vertues with exactest care
 I have much toyld and labor'd to repaire.
 Being againe in that blinde gods protection,
 Hee'l bring them vassald to their late subjection,
 Fill him with arrogance, disdaine, and pride,
 And every ill that Goodnesse can mis-guide ;
 And when all hope of faire amendment's past,
 Returne him backe as I receiv'd him last,
 Effoeminate, floathfull, franticke, or what not,
 A thing of nothing, a meere brainlesse Sot.

Merc. Thou hear'st *Loves* will.

Poverty. And I to it agree.

Knowledge and *Labor* doe you follow me,
 With all my traine : hee'l shortly to his cost
 Finde what a mother he (in me) hath lost ;
 What a good helper, what a true instruicter.
 In all good arts a tutresse and conductor :
 He, whilst with me he had commerce, was still
 Able and healthfull, having strength at will,
 Leading a manly life, turning his eies
 Vpon his brest, and of proud vanities
 And gawdy frailties had at all no care,
 But held them trifles, as indeed they are.

Merc. They now are gone, let us approach more
 neare.

Timon. What slaves be these that to myne eies ap-
 peare ?

Why are you you come ? what would you ? what
 require ?

Of a poore laboring man that works for hire ?
 You shall not part hence laughing, for know, I
 Have stoe of stones that round about me ly.

Merc. Assault us not, oh *Timon*, for in vaine
 Thou shalt do so, we are not of the straine
 Of mortall race, but gods : I, *Mercury* :
 This, *Plutus*, sent from the great Deity,
 Who doth at length commiferat thy state,
 With purpose now to make thee fortunate :

All shall be well, we come to ease thy paine,
Leave off thy worke, henceforth be rich againe.

Tim. Though to your selves the name of gods you borrow,

Keepe off, or I shall give you cause of sorrow :
Come not too neere me, I at random strike,
For gods and men I now hate both alike :
As for that blinde slave, him I'le first invade,
I vow to rap him soundly with my spade.

Plut. Let vs be gone, oh *Mercurie*, hee's mad,
Lest some sad mischefe from his hand be had.

Merc. This barbarous spleen good *Timon* strive to hide,
And thy ferocitie cast quite aside.
With gratitude receive what *Iove* hath sent,
I strike thee lucke, be rich incontinent :
Prince of th' Athenians thou shalt henceforth bee,
And to contemne them that disdained thee,
Punish their base ingratitude, bee't their grieve
To see thee rais'd, live happy, and their Chiefe.

Plut. I have no need of you, pray give me leave
To use my labor, and at night receive
My competent wages, 'tis a gainfull trade,
I have wealth enough in using this my spade :
I should be happy; if you would forbear me,
But then most blest if no man would come neere me.

Merc. Thou speakest too inhumanely ; *Timon* I
This thy harsh language and absurd reply
Will tell my father : Say that from mans brest
Th' hast had more wrongs than thou canst well
disgest,
Yet 'tis not good the gods thou shouldst despise,
Who as thou seest all for thy good devise.

Tim. To thee, oh *Mercury*, *Iove*, and the rest
Of the Cœlestiall gods, I here protest,
I hold my selfe much bound, and thanke them for
Their care of me, but *Plutus* I abhor,
And him I'le not receive.

Merc. Why ?

Tim. Because I guesse
Him the sole author of my great distresse
And mischieves manifold, as first betraying me
To oily smooth-tongu'd flatterers, and then laying me
Open to those insidiated my state.
Envy and hate he first did propagate,
Corrupted me with vices, then disclos'd me
To all reproch, and after that expos'd me
To spleen and canker'd malice which exceeded,
And last of all left me when most I needed.

Excellent *Povertie* contrariwise
Inur'd me unto paines and exercise
Becoming Man ; truly and freely wee
Together liv'd in confocietie,
Supplying me with all things, garments, meat,
Which tasted best, being season'd by my sweat.
All vulgar things she taught me to despise,
And looke on frailties with unpartiall eies ;
Persuading me, that Hope hath stedfast root,
Where mans owne industrie's assistant too't :
Shewing what Riches should be our delight,
Such namely as no soothng Parasite,
No fawning Sycophant, no mad and rude,
Nay stupid and feditious multitude ;
No Orator that gathers from lewd tongues
Bad tales, and heraulds them to others wrongs :
No Tyrant that lies craftily in wait :
When none of these can undermine our state,
Then we are truly rich. Labor hath made
Me able-bodied, whilst I daily trade
In this small field, from whence I cannot see
A thousand ills that in the City bee.
The tooles I worke with plenteously supplying
With needfull things, vprising and down lying.
And therefore *Mercury* returne I entreat,
Beare with thee *Plutus* backe to *Loves* high seat ;
With fond delirements let him others charme,
Me for my part he never more shall harme.

Merc. Not so, good man, let me advise the best,

Study thyne owne peace, and let others rest.
 This peevish (rather childish) spleen forbear,
 And from myne hand receive god *Plutus* here.
 In man 'tis prophanation to despise
 Such blessings as *Jove* sends the Iust and Wife.

Plut. Wilt thou, oh *Timon*, heare me to the end,
 Whilst I against thee myne owne cause defend,
 And suffer me with patience ?

Timon. Speake, but briefly,
 Avoiding Proëms and preambles, chiefly
 Vs'd by damn'd Orators : see thou be't short,
 I'le listen to thee, but thanke *Hermes* for 't.

Plut. More liberty by right I ought to claime,
 Whom thou of wrongs injuriously dost blame ;
 Thy inve&ctive is with bitternesse extended,
 Yet innocent I in nothing have offended,
 Who thee of all delicious things prouided,
 At thy free will to be dispos'd and guided :
 I was the author and chiefe instrument
 Of thy authoritie and gouernment ;
 I gave thee crownes, and furnisht thee with treasure,
 Made thee conspicuous, to abound in pleasure.
 In all rareties I thee instated :
 By me thou wert observ'd, and celebrated.
 If since, ought ill have unto thee betided,
 ('Caute thou perhaps my goodnesse hast misguided)
 By seeming friends or servants, canst thou blame
Plutus for this ? I rather should exclaime
 On thee, for many contumelies past,
 Powring me out 'mongst fordid knaves so fast :
 Who only sweld thee with vain-glorious pride,
 Devising strange prestigious tricks beside,
 Only to draw me from thee. I' th last place
 Where thou hast utter'd to my soule disgrace,
 I left thee in thy want to starve and pine,
 Be witnesse *Hermes* if the fault were myne :
 Who after injuries not to be borne,
 Didst cast me from thee in contempt and scorne.
 Hence comes it, for thy cloake of purple die,

Thy late beloved Mistresse *Poverty*
 Hath wrapt thee in this skin coat. I attest
 Thee, *Mercury*, how much I was opprest :
 And but that *Love* commands, by no facilitie
 Could woon I be to attone this our hostilitie.

Merc. But *Plutus* thou now find'st how he is
 chang'd,
 And from his former humor quite estrang'd.
 Therefore have free commerce, dig *Timon* still,
 And in the mean time *Plutus* vse thy skill,
 That as by *Loves* behest thou art assign'd,
 In delving deep he may this treasure finde.

Timon. Well *Hermes*, I obey, and am prepar'd
 To be againe made rich : For man 'tis hard
 'To wrestle with the gods. Observe, I 'ntreat,
 Into what miseries and mischiefs great
 Thou hast headlong cast me, who (I vow) vntill
 This houre liv'd happy, as I might do still.
 What ill have I deserv'd, now to be vexed,
 And once againe with infinite cares perplext,
 By fastning on this treasure ?

Merc. And yet take
 All, I intreat, in good part for my sake ;
 Beare it, however weighty and indeed
 Almost intolerable, bee't but to breed
 Envy in those base Claw-backs : I mean time
 Having past *Ætna*, must Olympus clime.

Plut. Hee's mounted, hauing left us, making way,
 With his swift wings : but thou, oh *Timon*, stay
 Till I depart, and to thy power commit
 A masse of wealth, solely to manage it.
 But strike hard, harder yet ; and now to thee
 I speake, oh Treasure, most observant bee
 Vnto this *Timon*, with what speed thou hast,
 Offer thy selfe by him to be embrac't ;
 Dig *Timon* lustily, thy stroke fetch higher,
 And worke apace, 'tis time that I retyre.

Timon. Too't, my good spade, use both thy edge
 and strength,

And be not too foone dull'd, till I at length
 Have from the Earths deep intrals brought aloft
 Thy hidden lustre, and here coucht thee soft
 Vpon this graffy verdure. O *Love*, father.
 Of prodigies, or what we else may gather
 From thy Divine Pow'r ; oh my dearest friends
 The (*f*) *Caribanthes*, how your love extends ?
 And thou light-bearing *Mercury*, behold,
 And freely tell me, Whence is all this gold ?
 It is some dreame, I am deceiv'd, I feare,
 These are quicke glowing coles new waked here.
 No sure, 'tis excellent gold yellow and bright,
 Most ravishing, all-pleasing to the sight,
 Beautifull Coine : O let me hug thee then,
 Thou art the goddesse of Good-lucke to men :
 It flames like fire compact, in this huge cluster
 Both night and day it keeps it's glorious luster.
 Approach to me my Dearest, how to misse thee
 I know not now : Most Amorous let me kisse thee.
 Till now I did not credit what was told
 Long since, That *Love* himselfe was chang'd to gold.
 What precise Virgin could retaine the power
 Not to hold vp to such a golden shower ?
 Or being the chasteſt of all humane daughters,
 Not meet him dropping through the tiles and rafters.
 Take *Midas*, *Crœfus*, and the Magozine
 Heapt by the offrings made at Delphos shrine ;
 Compar'd with this Maffe they are nothing too 't,
 And take the Perfian Monarchy to boot.

O Spade, oh Skin-coat, late to me most deere,
 To *Pan* the rurall god I leave you heere.
 I'le buy a field remote hence, and obscure,
 Where having built a strong tower to secure
 This mountainous heape, I'le study (being gone)
 How I may best live to my felfe alone.
 There will I build my tombe too, e're I dye,
 That none may know where *Timons* ashes lye.

I have decreed, and 'tis establisht in me,
 That none from this sequester'd life shall win me,

Nor hate 'gainst all mankinde. Henceforth a guest,
A friend, or a companion, I protest,
Are names forgot in me : Th' Altar of *Pitty*,
So much esteem'd and honor'd in the City,
I'le hold as a meere trifle. Commiseration
On those that grieve or make loud acclamation,
To give the Needy, or their wants supply,
Shall be to me as blacke iniquitie.
Subversion of good manners I'le allow,
A sad and solitarie life I vow,
Such as Wolves leade, bloud-thirsty to the end,
For only *Timon* shall be *Timons* friend ;
All else my foes, with whom I am at strife,
As those that still infidiate my life :
To intercourse with any that hath bin
Before my friend, I'le hold a capitall sin,
Deserving expiation : and the day
That I incouter Kinsman in my way,
I'le thinke unprosp'rous : for no more I passe
For Man, than statues made of stome or brasse ;
With such I'le hold no covenant. Solitude
Be thou myne aime and end : as for those rude
Of myne owne Tribe, Cousins and Nephewes, or
Myne owne domestick servants I abhor ;
My Country likewise : I to all their shames
Shall count them as meere cold and barren names.
Th' are mad mens Saints, but trifles to the Wife ;
Be thou alone rich, *Timon*, and despise
All else : Thy selfe only thy selfe delight,
And separated live from the loath'd fight
Of Sycophants, (the remnants of thy daies)
Who only swell thee vp with tympanous praise.
Offer thy gifts unto the gods alone,
Feast with thy selfe, be thine owne neighbor, none
Neere thee : whate're is thine participate
Vnto thy proper ends, and Rivals hate.

It likewise is decreed, That *Timon* will
Himselfe use gently and humanely still,
Be his owne page and servant, when his breath

Leaves him, his owne eies he will close in death.
 If love vain-glory, hee'l himselfe renowne ;
 On his owne head his owne hand place a crowne :
 No stile of honor be to him so sweet,
 As to be call'd *Misanthropos*, 'tis meet,
 Because he hates Mankinde : the Character
 That in all ages I desire to weare
 Is Difficultie and Asperitie,
 Fiercenesse, Rage, Wrath, and Inhumanitie :
 For should I see a poore wretch wrapt in fire,
 And he to quench him should my helpe desire,
 I would but laugh to see him fry and broile,
 Seeking to feed the flame with pitch and oile.

Againe, if passing by a rivers brink,
 And spying one falne in, ready to sinke,
 And holding out his hand imploring aid,
 Craving to be supported up and staid ;
 What in this case thinke you would *Timon* do ?
 Even dive his head downe to the bottome too.
 There are no other lawes confirm'd, than these,
 By *Timon*, son to *Echecratides*,
 Even *Timon* of *Collytte*, with his hand
 Subscribes to them, which hee'l not countermand.
 O now at what a deare rate would I buy,
 That present newes might into Athens fly,
 And all of them vpon the sudden know
 What store I have, how little to bestow.

What noise was that ? See, multitudes come
 posting
 Clouded in dust, and breathlesse, this way coasting ?
 I wonder how they smelt my gold ? Were't best
 I clime up to yon hill, from whose high crest
 I with more ease with stones may palt them hence ?
 Or shall I rather for this once dispence
 With my harsh lawes ? to shew them all my store,
 With the bare sight thereof to vex them more ?
 I hold that best ; their comming here I'le stay :
 But soft, what's he that's formost on the way ?
Gnatonides the Flatterer, who but late

When I was in my miserable estate,
 And beg'd of him some food for charitie,
 Cast me an halter : yet ingratefull hee
 A thousand times hath at my table eaten,
 I am glad yet he comes first, first to be beaten.

Gnat. Did I not ever thinke the gods above
 Could not neglect, but still this good man love ?
 Haile *Timon*, thou most faire, most sweet, most kinde,
 Bounteous, and alwaies of a generous minde.

Tim. Haile too *Gnatides*, (the corruptest slave
 That ever gourmandis'd) what wouldst thou have,
 Thou more than many Vultures still devouring ?

Gnat. It was his custome alwaies to be pouring
 Harsh jeasts vpon his friends ; his quicke dicacitie
 Would evermore be taunting my voracitie,
 And it becomes him well. Where shall we dine,
 Or whether go to quaffe thy health in wine ?
 I have a new song got into my pate,
 Out of quaint (*p*) *Dythirambs* I learn'd it late.

Timon. But at this time I rather could advise
 That thou wouldst study dolefull Elegies,
 Such as this spade can teach.

Gnat. O *Hercules* !
 Strikes *Timon* then ? with thee, I witnesse these,
 Before the *Areopagitæ* (*q*) I
 Will have thee call'd in Court : oh I shall die,
 See, thou hast wounded me.

Timon. Nay be not gone ;
 Two labors thou mayst fave me so in one :
 Thou shalt complaine of murther.

Gnat. *Timon* No :
 But rather on my broken pate bestow
 Some of thy gold to apply too't, and be sure,
 It's both a speedy and miraculous Cure.

Tim. Still stay'st thou ?

Gnat. I am gon, Wondring hee's growne
 Of late so rude, that was so civill knowne.

Tim. Who's he comes next, all bare and bald
 before ?

Philiades : I know him of the store
 Of Sycophants most execrable, who wound
 Me in not long since for a piece of ground,
 Besides two talents for his daughters dower,
 And all that substance did the slave devour,
 Because he prais'd my singing : when the rest
 Were silent all, he only did protest
 And fware, that I did admiration breed,
 Nay, dying Swans in sweetnesse much exceed.
 I since being sicke, desiring him to have care
 Over my health, the Villein did not spare
 To spurne me from his gate.

Philiades. Ingratefull age,
 Dost thou at length know *Timon*, he, the sage
 And wise good man : full well did he requite
Gnatoides the foothing Parasite,
 And Temporiser, who is only friend
 To such as of their wealth can know no end.
 But he hath what he merits, a just fate
 Depending on th' Vnthankfull and Ingrate :
 But we that have been table-guests of old,
 Equals, and fellow Citisens, enrold ;
 Who 'twixt us interchang'd the name of brother,
 And were not chargeable one to another,
 We should renew acquaintance : Sir, God save you,
 And beware henceforth how you do behave you
 To sacrilegious Parasits that appeare
 Alwaies at banquets and abundant cheare :
 They are only Smell-feasts, waiting on the Cooks,
 But little differing from base Crowes and Rooks,
 Men are of late so 'bnoxious vnto crimes,
 There is no trust to any of these times ;
 Vnthankfull they are all, and bad ; but I
 Knowing thy wants, and willing to supply
 Thy present uses, purpos'd to have brought
 A talent with me ; fearing thou hadst owght
 To some harsh Creditor ; or might have need
 For other ends : but by the way indeed,
 Hearing to what a surplusage of gaine,

Thou hast arriv'd, I held it a thing vaine.
 Yet came I of thy bounty to make prooфе,
 And counſell thee of things for thy behoofe :
 But needleſſe were it, *Timon* being ſo wife,
 That (if he liv'd) he *Nefor* might advise.

Tim. 'Twas kindly done, *Philiades*, come neere
 And ſee what welcome I have for thee heere.

Phil. Thou wretched churle ; what vndeserved
 punishment

Hast thou repaid me for my late admoniſhment ?
 I feare he hath broke my necke.

Tim. Behold a third,

Demeas the Orator ; indeed a Bird
 Of the fame feather : he hath bills, records,
 Fables, a man meerly compos'd of words.
 He calls himſelfe my kinsman ; who in one day
 (Of myne) to th' Cities Chamber had to pay
 Sixteen whole talents, he then in execution :
 Yet I redeem'd him, and made full ſolution
 Of all his debts ; when he was fast in hold,
 I freed him thence : yet was the slave ſo bold,
 That comming after unto eminent place,
 Where he with *Erichtheiades (r)* had grace,
 (Who had the charge of the whole Treafurie,
 And mony by account then due to mee)
 He being my feed Advocate as then,
 Protested that I was no Citifen ;
 Therefore not capable my due to claime :
 Moft loudly lying without feare or shame.

Demeas. Save thee, oh *Timon*, thou, of all thy
 race

The greateſt ornament and the prime grace,
 Of the whole State the Columne and the stay,
 By whom protected and ſupported, they
 Live ſafe : thou art the stay of Greece, we know,
 The people frequently pronounce thee ſo,
 With either Court : but heare what I have writ
 In thy great praiſe, and then conſider it.

Timon, of *Echecratides* the ſon,

Borne in *Collyte*, who hath never don
 But what became him well ; who as he was
 Of unstain'd life, in wisedome did surpassee
 The Grecian Sages ; who from himself did steale
 His pretious houres, to benefit the Weale.
 He was so good a Patriot, besides strong,
 And from th' Olympicke wrestling brought along
 Great honors by his swiftnesse, by his force,
 The foure wheeld Chariot and the single horse.

Tim. I have not so much as spectator bin
 Of what thou sayst I am so eminent in.

Demeas. All's one for that, we Orators are free,
 And what's not yet done may hereafter be :
 These are but things of course, and aptly fitted,
 I see no reason they should be omitted.
 But the last yeare, no longer since, how well
 Did he demeane himselfe, nay how excell,
 When he against the *Acherneneses* fought,
 And their great army vnto ruin brought ?
 The Spartans in two battels he subdu'd.

Timon. How can these be ? Do not my fence
 delude :
 I never being fouldier, nor had minde,
 Or the least purpose to be so inclin'd.

Demeas. 'Tis modestie in you, I must confessie,
 To be so sparing of your worthinesse.
 But as for us, we should be most ingrate,
 If we your great worth did not celebrate.
 Besides, in Lawes, which (truly understood)
 Have been inacted for the publique good ;
 In privat consultations about war
 Or peace, he did transcend all others far,
 And brought unto the publique State such profit,
 That there is none can speake too loudly of it.
 For these just causes it is held convenient,
 And by the Lords and Commons thought expedient,
 (Being a man so generally respected)
 To have a golden statue erected
 To this great Commonwealths man *Timon*, grac'd

So far, as to be next *Minerva* plac'd,
 In her owne Temple, shaking in his hand
 (As imitating *Love*) a fulminous brand,
 Bright raies about his head, and at the least,
 Deckt with seven Crownes, to have his name increast.
 Next, to have all his glories open laide
 In the new Tragedies to *Bacchus* made.
 These solemne Sacreds must be kept this day,
 And who more fit than he to act them, pray ?
Demeas to this decree doth first subscribe,
 Because he counts himselfe of *Timons* tribe,
 His neere Ally and kinsman, or indeed
 His scholler rather, for he doth exceed
 In learning the superlative degree,
 As being all what he can wish to bee.
 This is the generall suffrage, and thy due :
 But how had I forgot ? that to thy view
 I did not bring my son and heire, the same
 Whom I have since calld *Timon*, by thy name.

Tim. How can that be, oh *Demeas*, when thou
 hast

No wife at all, pretending to live chaste ?
 Thou art a Batchelor.

Dem. Tush, do not feare,
 My purpose is to marry the next yeare.
 If heaven permit, and thou shalt heare relation,
 That all my study shall be procreation.
 Then my first Borne (a boy it shall be sure)
 I'le *Timon* call, to make thy name endure,

Tim. But if in this sad stroke I not miscarry,
 'Twill be a doubt if euer thou shalt marry.

Demeas. O me, what means this out-rage ? art
 thou wife,
 That dost upon thy friends thus tyrannise ?
 To beat him hence, that hath more quicke conceit
 And apprehension in this broken pate,
 Than thou in thy great Mazard : neither can
 This iustifie thee for an honest man,
 Or a good Citisen : This out-rage don,

Shall question thee before the setting Sun ;
 For I dare justifie, thou durst aspire
 To set the Cities Citadel on fire.

Tim. That calumny will to thyne owne shame
 turne,
 Because the place hath not been seen to burne.

Dem. But being rich, it may suspected bee,
 That thou hast robd the common Treasurie.

Tim. The bolts and locks are whole, and 'twill
 appeare
 Most vile to such as shall thy scandals heare.

Dem. It may be rob'd hereafter ; i'th meane time
 Thou thus possest art guilty of that crime.

Tim. Mean time take that, 'twill speed thee if't hit
 right.

Dem. O me ; that blow 'twixt neck and shoulders
 light.

Tim. Shreeke not so loud, oh *Demeas*, if thou dost,
 Here's a third for thee. Me-thinks it were most
 Ridiculous, that being unweapon'd, I
 Two mighty Spartan armies made to fly,
 And one poore snake not vanquish : so in vain
 The honors from Olympus I should gaine,
 To championife and wrestle. Soft, what's he ?
 Grave *Thraacles* the Sophist it should be :
 The same ; I know him by his promisse beard,
 And beetle browes : Some things that are not heard
 He mutters to himselfe, and his squint eye
 Casts towards the Moone, as should his wits there
 lye :

His unshorne haire beneath his shoulders flowing,
 About him scatter'd with continuall blowing :
 Like *Boreas* or some *Tryton* he appeares ;
 Iust such as *Zeuxes* (since not many yeares)
 In tables us'd to figure them. Now hee,
 In habit rare and thin, makes toward mee,
 Pacing a modest, but affected gate,
 As if he had new crochets in his pate.
 He museth too : wonder you would to heare

Him every morning, with a looke austere,
Dispute of Vertue and her excellent qualitie,
Reproving all delights, only frugalitie,
(Which he affects) extolling. His first care
Is first to wash, then instantly prepare
Himselfe to meat, but at some others charge.
As foone as set, the boy brings him a large
And brim-fild bowle ; no liquor him can scape,
So it be strong and prest from the pure Grape,
Like *Lethe's* water, downe the wine he poures
His yawning throat ; talks, At his early houres
What his Positions were and Disputations ;
Troubling the hearers with his vain narrations.
Now he begins to gourmandise, and fits
Houering vpon the choice and fattest bits,
(As if the table could not roome afford)
He strikes his neighbors elbow from the bord,
In earnest feeding ; crums hang on his beard ;
With severall saucers all his chaps are smear'd.
Being almost gorg'd, vpon the fruits he flies,
And almost groveling o're the platters lies ;
Tumbling and searching with insatiat minde,
As if in them he vertue hop'd to finde.
With his long finger having scrap'd the dish,
And slapt up all the sauce of flesh or fish,
So cleane, that not a waiter, sparelier fed,
Shall have ought left wherein to dip his bread :
Still fits he as his greasie fist have shap'd him,
Vext, that some glorious morsell hath escap'd him ;
Though he alone whole custards hath devour'd,
And his wide throat with tarts and marchpanes
scour'd :
Yet hee's not satisfy'd, although at least
He hath gormandiz'd a whole hog at a feast.
Now the best fruits that grow from this voracitie,
Is to be loud, and prate with great audacitie.
His guts full stuft, and braines well toxt with wine,
Himselfe he spruceth, studieth to be fine ;
Either prepares his squealing voice to sing,

Or dancing, hops about as he would fling
 His gouty legs off from his rotten thighes.
 Wearied with these, againe he doth devise
 Of new discourse, and that must chiefly bee
 Of temperance and grave sobrietie.

Now is he made a sport to all the Bord,
 Stammers and lisps, speaks not a ready word ;
 Then drinks even unto vomit : Last of all,
 To take the nasty fellow thence they call.
 Then there's with both hands lifting ; loth he leaves
 The place, and unto some the Minstrell cleaves,
 Ready to ravish her in all their view,
 To shew that Lust doth Drunkennesse purfue ;
 Nay in his best sobrietie applying
 Himselife to boldnesse, avarice, and lying ;
 In which none can out-match him, hee's a Chiefe
 Both with the foothing flatterer and Thiefe :
 For perjurie there's no man that transcends him,
 Imposture ushers, Impudence attends him.
 He is an Object of meere obseruation,
 Or (truly lookt into) of admiration ;
 A spectacle of scorne, that wonder brings,
 Being made complete from meere imperfect things :
 In all his imperfections, more or lesse,
 Seeming a kinde of modesty to exprefse.

Most strange ! O *Thrasicles*, What make you here ?
Thrasicles. Not with the minde of others I ap-
 pear,
 O *Timon*, who come flocking to behold
 Thee and thy mighty Magozin of gold,
 Perhaps to steale and pilpher, to be guests
 Intrusive to thy table and to thy feasts ;
 Who daub thee with pyde flatteries, that indeed
 Art a man simple, and dost Counsell need ;
 A brainlesse Prodigall, wholly given to wast,
 Easly parting with what coine thou hast.

Besides, thou art not ignorant, I am fure,
 What spare and thrifty dyet I endure,
 One Chop or Fragment best with me agreeing,

Even just so much as will maintaine a Beeing :
 An onion is a meat to taste my pallat,
 But a few water Cresses a choice fallat ;
 A little salt cast on them, then 'tis rare,
 And I account it most delicious fare.

My thirst th' Athenian fountaine fates and fills,
 Which by seven cocks it plenteously distills.
 This thred-bare cloake by me is prizd more 'hye
 Than the best robe dipt in the Tyrian dye :
 For Gold, thou knowst that I esteem't no more
 Than I do pebbles scatter'd on the shore.

Yet for thy fake I hither made acesse,
 Fearing thy wealth, thy goodnesse might oppresse ;
 Being corrupt and vile in it's owne beeing,
 And no way with thy temperature agreeing,
 The rout of irrecoverable ills,
 Which seeming most to comfort, soonest kills.
 Be rul'd by me, Go instantly and cast
 Into the Ocean all the wealth thou hast :
 What need of Gold, when all things we supply
 By contemplation of Philosophy ?
 But cast it not into the depth I prethee,
 But neere the shore, when only I am with thee ;
 Enough 'tis if the wave but overflow it,
 To cover it, and (save my selfe) none know it.

If this dislike thee, that thou holdst in vaine,
 I have another project in my braine,
 And 't may prove the best course ; From forth thy
 dore

Precipitate and tumble all thy store ;
 And to expresse a pure abstemious minde,
 Of all thy Masse leave not a piece behinde.
 There is a third way (like the second) speedy,
 Namely, by distributing to the needy ;
 Who in all eares shall thy donation found,
 To him five drachma's, give that man a ponnd,
 A talent to another. If by chance,
 Philosophers of austere countenance

Hither to taste thy largesse shall repaire,
 Give such a double, nay a treble share,
 As to the men most worthy. This (alasse)
 I for myne owne part speake not, but to passe
 Thy bounte unto others that more need,
 And would be thankfull, of thy gift to feed.

For my particular use I crave no more
 Than so much at this prefent from thy store
 As would but fill my Scrip, the bulke being small,
 Holds two *Ægina* bushels, and that's all :
 To be content with little, moderation
 And temperance becomes men of my fashion :
 We Sophists, that in wisedome all out-strip,
 Should aime at nothing further than our Scrip.

Tim. All that thou speakst I (*Thrasicles*) allow ;
 Yet e're I fill thy wallet, heare me now,
 I'le stiffe thy head with tumors, having made
 True measure of thy skull with this my spade.

Thrasic. O Liberty ! oh Lawes ! neere a free City,
 Thus to be us'd by one devoid of pitty !

Tim. Why *Thrasicles*, thus angry dost thou shew
 thee ?
 Have I not paid thee the full debt I owe thee ?
 Stay but a little, and t' expresse my love,
 Foure measures thou shalt have o're and above.
 What further busynesse have we now in breeding ?
 Multitudes hither flocke, in throngs exceeding ;
 There's *Blepsias*, *Laches*, *Cniphon*, and in brief,
 A thousand more that hasten to their grief,
 As if they ran for blowes ; see how they flocke :
 Therefore I'le clyme to th' highest part of this
 rocke,

I hold that course is for the present best,
 And to my wearied spade to give some rest :
 Of scatter'd stones I'le gather me an heape,
 And from that place I'le make them skip and leape,
 Pouring my haile on them.

Bleps. Hurle not, we pray,

O *Timon*, instantly wee'l trudge away.

Tim. And yet thou shalt with difficultie doo't,
Without some bloud-shed and deep wounds to boot.

Illustrations upon *Timon Misanthropos*.

(a) **S**Almoneus, was said to be the sonne of *Eolus*, not he whom the Poets feigne to be the god of the winds, but one of that name, who raigned in the City of Elis in Greece. He willing to appeare unto his subjects to be a God, and no man, and so to assume unto himselfe divine adoration, made a bridge of brasse over a great part of the Citty, over which he used to hurry his Chariot, whose wheeles were shod with rough iron, thinking thereby to imitate *Joves* thunder, for which insolence, *Iupiter* being justly incenst against him, stroke him with a true thunder-bolt, and sent him quicke to hell. A type of pride justly punished.

(b) *Mandragora*, an herbe so called, because it beareth Apples sweet smelling, of an extraordinary greatness, the Latines call it *Malum terra*, *id est*, the Apple of the earth. It is that which we call the Mandrake.

(c) *Deucalion*, was the sonne of *Prometheus*, and married *Pyrrha* the daughter of *Epimetheus*. Whilst he raigned in Thesaly came the universall Deluge, which drowned all the world, only he and his wife, got into a ship and saved themselves: their vessell first touching on the hill Pernassus, where the dry land first appeared, which was merely a fiction of the Poets, who had heard or read of the generall Innundation, in him figuring *Noah* and his Arke. Others thinke that this flood happened onely in Greece and Italy, and that in the yeare of the world 2440, after *Noahs* floud 744.

(d) Lycoris Mount, by which *Lucian* intends no other than the two topt Pernassus, before spoken of.

(e) *Epimenides*, was a Poet of Creet, whom *Saint Paul* in his Epistle (as *Beza* is of opinion) cited. It is reported of him, that

his father sending him into the field to keep his Cattell, by chance he light into a Cave where he slept 75. yeares, whence a Proverb against all floathfull men grew, *Vltra Epimenides somnum dormisti, id est*, Thou hast slept beyond the sleep of Epimenides. At his returne he found his brother a very old man, by whom he understood all that happened in his absence, and was after worshipped as a god. He lived in the yeare of the world 3370. much about the time of the destruction of Hierusalem, &c.

(f) *Cibels* Priests, they were called *Corybantes*, of one *Corybantus*, the prime of her first attendants. They in all the celebrations of her feasts, used to dance madly, beating upon brazen Cimbals, making a confused noife, from whence such Instruments were called *Aera Corybantia*: when they danced about the streets their custome was to begge mony of the people, from whence they tooke the denomination of *Collectores Cibeles*, or *Circulatores*, *id est*, Iuglers: these first inhabited the mount Ida in Phrygia, &c.

(g) *Phineus*, was a King of Arcadia, and the *Harpiae* were the daughters of *Pontus* and *Terra*, dwelling in Ilands, partly by Sea, partly by land, so called, *à rapiendo*, or ravening: they are feigned to be fowles, with faces like virgins, and hands like tallons or clawes. Some call them *Jupiters* dogs: and these, whatsoever the forenamed King provided to eate, snatcht from his table, and greedily devoured: they were after destroyed by *Hercules*.

(h) *Tantalus*, was the sonne of *Jupiter* and *Plota*, the Nymph, grandfather to *Agamemnon*, and *Menelaus*, who entertaining certaine of the gods at a banquet, to make tryall of their divinity, killed, dressed, and served his son *Pelops* at the feast; which fact, the gods after they had discovered, so abhorrd, that for the loathsome banquet he made them, they provided him another as distastfull, for being confined to hell, they set him in water up to the chin, and ripe Apples above his head touching his lips, yet gave him not power to stoope to the one to quench his thirst, nor reach to the other, to satisfie his hungry appetite. But for *Pelops* his sonne, so miserably massacred, *Jupiter* revived him, and for his shoulder which *Ceres* unadvisedly had eaten up, he made him one of Ivory; who after this went and sojourned with *Oenomaus*, the father of *Meleager*, and *Deianira*, which as *Helv.* reports, was about the yeare of the world 2650.

(i) *Danaus* daughters: This *Danaus* was a King of the Ar-

gives, and dwelt in the City Argus. He called the Country, formerly called *Achaia*, *Danae*, and the generall Nation of the Grecians, *Danai*. He had fifty daughters, whom he caused to slay in one night the fifty sons of his brother *Egyptus*, to whom they were wedded, for which they were punished by the gods with a perpetuall torment, namely that with bottomlesse pales, they were to fill a tunne without a bottome. They lived in the yeare of the world, 2510.

(k) *Cyclopes*, they were so called because they had but one eye, and that was orbicular and round, they were *Vulcans* ministers, and forg'd or fram'd his thunderbolts, there are three amongst them the most eminent, according to the Poets, namely, *Brontis*, *Sterope*, and *Pirachmon*, they were mighty great men, and called Giants, &c.

(l) *Dis*, is the god *Pluto*, who taketh that denomination, à *divitijs*, of riches, because they are dig'd and torn from the bowels or lower parts of the earth.

(m) These names, *Pythias*, *Dromus*, *Tibias*, *Hyperbolus*, and the like, are given according to the Authours fancy, or perhaps aiming at some particular men of like condition then living.

(n) *Nireus*, a faire young man, whom *Homer* loved, and whose beauty he much extolled.

(o) *Cecrops*, was also called *Biformis*; he was the first King of Athens, and first invented amongst them marriage; he found out Images, builded Altars, and offered Sacrifices amongst the Grecians. He erected the City of Athens, and called it after his owne name *Cecropia*, he flourished in the yeare of the world 2394. soon after the birth of *Moses*.

(p) *Dithyrambs*, were songs fung in honour of *Bacchus*.

(q) *Areopagita*. Judges or Senatours amongst the Athenians, so called of the place where they sate.

(r) *Erictheides*, whom some think to be *Ericthonius*, or *Ericthæus*, the fourth King of Athens; he first found out the use of Coaches, because his feet were deformed. He lived in the yeare of the world 2463, about eleven yeares after Israels departure out of Egypt.



The Argument of the Dialogue intituled
IUPITER and GANIMENE.

I Oves Masculine loue this Fable reprehends,
And wanton dotage on the Trojan Boy.
Shap'd like an Eagle, he from th' earth ascends,
And beares through th' aire his new Delight and Ioy.
In Ganimed's exprest a simble Swaine,
Who would leave Heaven, to live on Earth againe.

The DIALOGUE.

Jupiter. Now kiffe me, lovely *Ganimed*, for see,
N Wee are at length arriv'd where wee
would bee:

I have no crooked beak, no tallons keen,
No wings or feathers are about me seen ;
I am not such as I but late appear'd.

Ganimed. But were not you that Eagle who late
fear'd,
And snatcht me from my flocke ? where is become
That shape ? you speake now, who but late were
dumbe.

Jupiter. I am no man, faire Youth, as I appeare,

Nor 'Eagle, to astonish thee with feare :
But King of all the gods, who for some reasoun
Have by my power transhap't me for a seafon.

Ganim. What's that you say ? you are not *Pan*, I
know :

Where's then your pipe ? or where your horns, should
grow

Vpon your temples ? where your hairy thighes ?

Iupiter. Thinks *Ganimed* that godhood only lies
In rurall *Pan* ?

Gan. Why not ? I know him one :
We Shepheards sacrifice to him alone.
A spotted Goat into some cave we drive,
And then he seifeth on the beast alive.
Thou art but some Childe-stealer, that's thy best.

Iupit. Hast thou not heard of any man contest
By *Loves* great Name ? nor his rich Altar view'd
In Gargarus, (a) with plenteous showres bedew'd ?
There seen his fire and thunder ?

Ganim. Do you then
Affirme your selfe the fame, who on us men
Of late pour'd haile-stones ? he that dwells above us,
And there makes noise ; yet some will say doth love
vs ?

To whom my Father did observance yeeld,
And sacrific'd the best Ram in the field.
Why then (if you of all the gods be chiefe)
Have you, by stealing me, thus play'd the thiefe ;
When in my absence the poore sheep may stray,
Or the wilde ravenous Wolves snatch them away ?

Iupit. Yet hast thou care of Lambs, of Folds, of
sheep,
That now art made immortall, and must keep
Societie with Vs ?

Ganim. I no way can
Conceive you. Will you play the honest man,
And beare me backe to Ida ?

Iup. So in vaine
I shap'd me like an Eagle, if againe

I should returne thee backe.

Ganim. My father, he
By this hath made inquirie after me ;
And if the least of all the flocke be eaten,
I in his rage am most sure to be beaten.

Jup. Where shall he finde thee ?

Ganim. That's the thing I feare,
He never can clime up to meet me here,
But if thou beest a good god, let me passe
Into the mount of Ida where I was :
And then I'le offer, in my thankfull piety,
Another well-fed Goat unto thy deity,
(As price of my redemption) three yeares old,
And now the chiefe and prime in all the fold.

Jup. How simple is this innocent Lad ? a meere
Innocuous childe. But *Ganimed* now heare.
Bury the thoughts of all fuch terren droffe,
Thinke Ida and thy fathers flocks no losse :
Thou now art heavenly, and much grace mayst do
Vnto thy father and thy country too.
No more of cheeze and milk from henceforth thinke,
Ambrosia thou shalt eat, and Nectar drinke,
Which thy faire hands in flowing cups shalt fill
To me and others, but attend us still ;
And (that which most should moove thee) make thy
abode

Where thou art now, thou shalt be made a god,
No more be mortall, and thy glorious star
Shine with resfulgence, and be seen from far.
Here thou art ever happy.

Ganim. But I pray,
When I would sport me ; who is here to play ?
For when in Ida I did call for any,
Both of my age and growth it yeelded many.

Jup. Play-fellowes for thee I will likewise finde,
Cupid, with divers others to thy minde,
And such as are both of thy yeares and sise,
To sport with thee all what thou canst devise :
Only be bold and pleasant, and then know

Thou shalt have need of nothing that's below.

Ganim. But here no service I can do indeed,
Vnlesse in heaven you had some flocks to feed.

Iup. Yes, thou to me shalt fill celestiall wine,
And wait upon me when in state I dine :
Then learne to serve in banquets.

Ganim. That I can

Already, without help of any man :
For I use ever when we dine or sup,
To poure out milke, and crowne the pastorall cup.

Iup. Fie, how thou still remember'st milke and
beasts,

As if thou wert to serve at mortall Feasts :
Know, this is heaven, be merry then and laugh ;
When thou art thirsty thou shalt Nectar quaffe.

Ganim. Is it so sweet as milke ?

Iup. Pris'd far before,
Which tasted once, milke thou wilt aske no more.

Ganim. Where shall I sleep a nights ? what, must
I ly

With my companion *Cupid* ?

Iup. So then I
In vaine had rap'd thee : but I from thy sheep
Of purpose stole thee, by my side to sleep.

Ganim. Can you not lie alone ? but will your rest
Seeme sweeter, if I nuzzle on your brest ?

Iup. Yes, being a childe so faire.

Ganim. How can you thinke
Of beauty, whil'st you close your eies and winke ?

Iup. It is a sweet inticement, to increase
Contented rest, when our desire's at peace.

Ganim. I, but my father every morne would chide,
And say, those nights he lodg'd me by his side
I much disturb'd his rest ; tumbling and tossing
Athwart the bed, my little legs still crossing
His : either kicking this way, that way sprawling,
Or if hee but remov'd me, straitwaies yawling :
Then grumbling in my dreams, (for so he sed)
And oft times sent me to my mothers bed :

And then would she complaine vpon me worse.
 Then if for that you stole me, the best course
 Is even to send me backe againe ; for I
 Am ever so unruly where I lie,
 Wallowing and tumbling, and such coile I keep,
 That I shall but disturb you in your sleep.

Jupiter. In that the greater pleasure I shall take,
 Because I love still to be kept awake.
 I shall embrace and kisse thee then the ofter,
 And by that means my bed seem much the softer.

Ganim. But whilst you wake I'le sleepe.

Jupiter. Mercury, see
 This Lad straight taste of immortalitie ;
 And making him of service capable,
 Let him be brought to wait on us at table.

Annotations upon the Dialogue Intituled *Jupiter and Ganimede.*

(a) **G**argarus, so called of *Gargarus*, the son of *Jupiter*, it is commonly taken for the top or Apex of the high hill Ida, where the said god had an Altar consecrate unto him, it is situate betwixt the Propontis Abidos, and the Hellef-
 pont in Greece, in longitude 55, in latitude 42. It is also a towne under the hill so called.



IVPITER and IVNO.

The Argument of the Dialogue.

IVNO of Ganimed is iealous growne,
And much vpbraids Iove with the Phrygian
Swaine ;
Willing (before him) to prefer her owne :
And therefore blames her husband, but in vain.
Although this Fable to the gods extends,
Base fordid lust in man it reprehends.

The DIALOGUE.

Iuno. Since this yong Trojan Swain to heav'n thou
hast brought,
O Jupiter, thou set'st thy Wife at nought.
Jupiter. Of him too art thou jealous, a poore
Swaine,
Though beautifull, yet innocent and plaine ?
I was in hope thou only hadst a spleene
To women, such as I before have been
Familiar with.

Iuno. Nor hast thou made expression
Of thy great deitie in such transgression.
Nor done such things as have thee well beseem'd ;

Who being a god above the rest esteem'd,
 Descendest downe to earth, making it full
 Of thy Adulteries : somtimes like a Bull ;
 Then like a golden Showre, and keeping still
 Those Prostitutes below to fate thy will.
 But now againe, Thou, mightiest of the deities,
 Lest that there should be end of thy impieties ;
 Being now inflam'd with an unheard desire,
 Hast this yong Phrygian Lad snatcht from his Sire,
 Brought hither to out-brave me, and set ods
 Betwixt us, filling Nectar to the gods.
 Is there such want of Cup-bearers ? or weary
 Is *Hebe* yet, or *Vulcan*, to make merry
 Thy Guests invited ? that no sooner thou
 Tak'st from his hand the bowle, but straight to bow
 And kisse his sweet lip, nay in all our fight :
 In that kisse seeming to take more delight,
 Than in the Nectar drunke : but which is worst,
 Oft callst for drinke when there's no cause of thirst ;
 And as in sport (but sipping) thy arme stretchest,
 And the full Chalice to the Wanton reachest,
 And he but tasting, as shall please him best,
 Then to his health carowest all the rest ;
 And in the same place where his lip did touch,
 Thou tak'st thy daught, thy lewd desire is such,
 With heedfulness and care noting the brim,
 So, at once kissing both the cup and him.
 Not long since too, this King and potent Father
 Of men and all mortalitie, the rather
 To sport with him, his Scepter laid aside,
 And thunders, with which late he terrify'de
 The lower world. And speake, was not this wrong
 To a Brow so great ? a Beard so full and long ?
 All this I have seen, all these I have endur'd,
 And nothing's done that is to me obscur'd.

Jupiter. Why's this to thee so grievous, oh my
 wife,
 That it should raiſe betwixt us the least strife ?
 That a yong Lad, so faire and sweet as this,

Should please me both with Nectar and a kisse ?
 Shouldst thou but taste those lips (which I am loth)
 Thou wouldest not blame me to prefer them both
 Before all Nectar and Ambrosia too ;
 Nay, if thou didst, even so thy selfe would doo.

Juno. These are the words of masculine love,
 much hated,

Nor am I mad, to be degenerated
 By base effeminacies as to take delight
 In the loath'd kisses of a Catamite.

Jup. Pray (you most generous) do not so deprave
 Those loves and pleasures I am pleas'd to have :
 This pretty sweet effeminat Lad to me
 Is dearer far——but I'le not anger thee.

Iuno. I wish in my place you had that Lad
 wedded,

With whom you ofter than with me have bedded
 Since his arrive : your loath'd wife shall bethinke
 her,

How better to behave her toward your Skinker.

Jup. Is't only fit, *Vulcan* thy son should fill
 Nectar, who being lame is apt to spill ;
 And bluntly running from the furnace, smells
 Of smoke, dust, sweat, and what I know not else,
 With sparks scarce quencht, before the gods to
 stand,

His footy tongs new laid out of his hand,
 To take from him the goblet ? which being done,
 To enbrace, then kisse thy most deformed sonne ;
 Whom scarcely thou his mother wouldest so grace,
 Fearing his smudg'd lips should begrime thy face.

Is he that only sweet Youth must adorn
 The gods high banquets, being made their scorne ?
 And therefore must this Phrygian be confin'd,
 Because hee's cleare in looks, as pure in mind ?
 Whose face so smooth, whose tongue doth so excell,
 And in all points becomes the place so well.
 But that which most torments thee, since his kisse
 Many degrees more sweet than Nectar is :

Iuno. Now *Vulcan* vnto thee (oh *Love*) seems lame,

His forge, his apron, tongs, and tooles, thy shame :
What nastiness ? What loathesomnesse ? but hee
Now at this instant doth appeare to thee
Infected with ; whilst thou before thee hast
That faire fac'd Trojan Lad ? but in times past,
None of this foule deformitie was feen,
No sparks, no foot, no dust to move thy spleen :
His furnace in those daies did not affright thee,
But then his filling Nectar much delight thee.

Iupit. Thou mak'st thy selfe sicke of thine old disease,

O *Iuno*, and this Trojan doth more please,
Because of him th' art jealous : if thou scorne
From him to take the Cup ; of thy selfe borne
Thou hast to fill thee, *Vulcan*, one so smug,
As if he gap'd still for his mothers dug.
But thou, oh *Ganimed*, to me alone
Reach the rich bowle. Two kisses for that one
I'le give thee still, when I receive it first,
And when returne it, having quencht my thirst,
Why weep'st thou ? feare not, they that mean thee
harme,
Mischife are sure to taste. Sweet boy thyne arme.



I V P I T E R and C V P I D.

The Argument.

Great Iupiter on wanton Love hath seis'd,
Ripping up iniuries before time done;
And hardly is the Thunderers rage appeas'd,
But holds him fast that is about to runne.
The childish Wag submissive language useth,
And with what art he can himselfe excuseth.

The DIALOGUE.

Cupid. **W**Herein have I, oh *Iupiter* transgreſt;
That by thy pow'r I ſhould be thus oppreft ?
Being a childe, and therefore ſimple ?

Jupiter. Thou
A childe at theſe yeareſ, *Cupid* ? who I vow,
Art older than *Japetus*, hopſt thou to win
Favor, because no haire vpon thy chin
Appeares ? and thou art beardleſſe ? but beguild
Muſt we be ſtill in holding thee a childe ?
Being both old and crasie ?

Cup. I pray tell

This fubtil old man, whom you know so well,
What wrong he' hath done, that you would bind him ?

Iup. See,

Thou wretch, dost thinke it a fmall injurie,
To make me fuch a mockerie and a jest
To all men : that a god should to a beast
Transhape himselfe : into a Satyre, than
Into a Bull, an Eagle, and a Swan :
Next to a golden Showre ? all these th' haft made me
But that wherein thou chiefly hast betrayd me,
My will by force or sleight I must obtaine,
But never love, to be belov'd againe :
Nor by thy power have I more gratiouse been
To my wife *Juno* the celestiall Queen ;
But forc'd to use prestigious strange disguise,
In all my scapes to hide me from her eies.
Besides, our mutuall pleafures are not full,
They only kiffe an Eagle or a Bull :
But should I in my personall shape appeare,
Even at my fight (poore things) they die with feare.

Cupid. That only shewes thy power and divine
might,
Since mortall eies cannot endure thy fight.

Iup. How comes it, *Hyacinthus* is fo deare,
And *Branchus*, to *Apollo* ? Is his Spheare
More bright than ours ? yet they about him cling,
In his owne shape.

Cup. But *Daphne* that coy thing,
Though he shew'd yong and beardleffe, his cheeks red,
And each way lovely, his embraces fled.
If *Jove* then would be amorous, and apply
Himselfe to Love, his shield he must lay by,
And fearefull thunders, smoothly kembe his haire,
And part it both waies, to appeare more faire :
Weare on his head a Chaplet for a Crowne,
And flowing from his shoulders a loose gowne
Dy'de in Sidonian purple : on his feet
Sandals, whose ties with golden buckles meet :
Vnto the Pipe and Timbrell learne to dance,

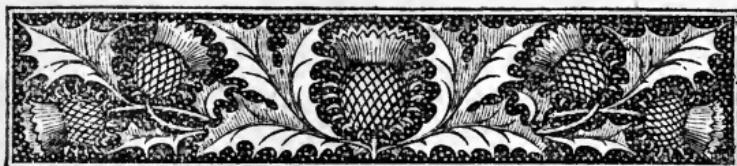
And foot it to them finely : so by chance
More glorious Beauties may to him incline,
Than *Menades* attend the god of Wine.

Iup. Away : I more esteeme my regall state,
Than to appeare so poorely effeminate.

Cup. Love not at all, and that's more easie far.

Iup. Yes, love I must, whil'st here such Beauties ar,
And gaine them with lesse trouble, mauger thee.
So for this time be gon.

Cup. I now am free.



VULCAN and APOLLO.

The Argument.

TWIXT Vulcan and Apollo speech is held
Of yong Cillenius, Maia's new-borne son ;
How he in cheats and theevings hath exceld :
Relating strange things in his cradle done.
Since whom, all infants borne beneath his star,
In craft and guile exceed all others far.

The DIALOGUE.

Vulcan. **H**Ast thou not seen (*Apollo*) the yong
Brat
So late brought forth by lovely *Maia* ? that
Looks in his swathes so beautifully faire,
Snarling on all such as about him are ;
Whom no one that beholds him, but fumfises
That he is borne for some great enterprisess ?

Apollo. Shall I (oh *Vulcan*) him an infant call ?
Or thinke him borne for any good at all ?
Who for his craft and subtiltie (I vow)
Is than *Japetus* older.

Vulcan. Tell me how ?

What wrong can this yong Baby do, I pray,
Who came into the world but yesterday ?

Apollo. Aske *Neptune* that, whose Trident he hath
stolne :

Demand of *Mars*, (with rage and anger swolne)
Whether his braine least subtiltie afford ?
Out of whose scabberd he hath stolne his sword ?
Or let me speake what by my selfe I know :
From me unwares my quiver and my bow
He flily snatched.

Vulcan. How can it be, his hands
Being ty'd up so close in swathing bands.

Apollo. Yet be not thou too confident, I intreat
thee,
For come he neere thy shop, hee'l likewise heat thee.

Vulcan. He was with me but now.

Apollo. Dost thou misdoubt thee
Of nothing lost ? hast all thy tooles about thee ?
What, not one wanting ?

Vulc. None.

Apollo. Free from his wrongs
Art thou alone ?

Vulc. By *Jove* I misse my tongs,
Th'are stolne out of my forge.

Apoll. These thou shalt finde
About him hid, do but his swathes unbind.

Vulc. Hath he such catching fingers ? (past be-
leeving)

Sure in his mothers wombe he studied theeing.

Apollo. Didst thou not heare him, *Vulcan*, talke
and prate

With voluble tongue, and phrases accurate ?

Now in his infancie, so yong, so small,

Offering to be a servant to us all.

No sooner borne, but *Cupid* he did dare

To try a fall with him, and threw him faire.

Him *Venus* for his victorie embrac't,

For which he steales her girdle from her wast.

Jove smiling at the theft, and therewith pleas'd,

Mean time the crafty wag his Scepter seis'd :
 To steale his Trisulke he had made a shift,
 But 'twas too heavy for his strength to lift.

Vul. Thou telst me of a Lad active and daring,
 A nimble jugling Iack.

Apollo. Nay, hee's not sparing
 To professe Musickē too.

Vulc. How is that knowne ?

Apoll. Th' invention too he seekes to make his
 owne :

Having the shell of a dead Tortoise found,
 He makes an instrument thereof for sound ;
 To which a crooked necke he first made fast,
 Boring therein round holes, and in them plac't
 Pinnes to wind up the cords by : to th' Shells backe
 A belly frames : seven strings, which he doth flacke,
 And sometimes stretch, he fixeth ; which but touch,
 They yeeld a sweet sound that delighteth much.
 Whose notes I envy, be they flat or sharpe.
 Since he contends to exceed me in my Harpe.
 Even *Maia*'s selfe I oft have heard complaine,
 She cannot in the heavens her son containe :
 His ever waking braine, in action still,
 Can take no rest : by night (against her will)
 In silence he conveys himselfe to hell,
 Whether to steale ought thence she cannot tell.
 Besides, he hath wings, a *Caduceus* too
 Of a miraculous power, and force to doo
 Things wonderfull, by which he can bestow
 Soules hence departed, in the fields below,
 Or thence convey them hither.

Vulc. Most sure I will
 Adde something to encourage his rare skill.

Apoll. Which he hath well requited ; for to day
 (No longer fince) he stole thy tongs away.

Vulc. 'Twas well done to remember me of this,
 Because my tongs are tooles I cannot misle.
 Somewhere about him they are still, no doubt :
 But first the fire I'le in my forge put out.



MERCVRY and APOLLO.

The Argument.

OF Iove and of Alcmena : *The long night
In which the great Alcides was begot,
This Fable speakes. And if I guesse aright,
In this the Author much profaned not,
To tax the heathen Idols his pretence is,
Since men are punisht for the gods offences.*

The DIALOGUE.

Mercury. **T**O thee, oh *Phœbus, Jupiter* doth say,
Forbear to mount thy Chariot for this
day ;
The next too, and the third, disclose no light,
But for that time make it continuall night.
Keepe in, command the Houres thy steeds to un-
trace,
And thy bright Sun beams plucke from off thy face.
For, without intermission being opprest
With such long paines, 'tis fit thou shouldst have rest.
Apollo. Thou telst me a new thing, unheard till
now ;
Have I transgrest my course, or been too slow,

Or over-swift? that *Love* should prove a way
To make the night thrice longer than the day.

Mer. There's no such thing; he only hath intent
At some one aime on which his minde is bent,
And this time only (but not still to bee)
To have this one night made as long as three.

Apollo. Where is he now, or from whence art thou
sent

To tell me this?

Merc. Boetia's continent;
Aud from (If I shall make a true confession)
Amphitrio's wife, with whom he hath congression.

Apoll. With her his courage then and strength he
tries:

But for his lust will not one night suffice?

Merc. O by no means, since in this copulation
Must be begot one that shall awe each Nation;
Of a most potent arme, and daring much,
And therefore 'tis not possible that such
A mighty worke as making up *Loves* son,
Should in one night be perfected and don.

Apollo. Well, I but little have to say unto him,
But with this great worke much good may it do him.
These things, oh *Mercury* (we are alone)
I' th antient daies of *Saturne* were not knowne:
He did not turne from *Rhea*, nor mis-led
Could he be to adulterat her chaste bed:
Nor did he leave the heavens, in Thebes to sleepe;
The day was then day, and true course did keepe,
The night within her certaine houres was bounded,
No times, no seasons in his reigne confounded:
He had with mortall creatures no congreffe.
But now for one poore womans sake (I gueffe)
All things are topside-turn'd, and must be made
Prepostrous henceforth, and run retrograde.
My Steeds with rest will grow more fierce and hot:
The way more hard and difficult, because not
In three daies past: Men miserably dwell
Here on the earth in darknesse, as in hell.

And these are the faire fruits of his foule lust,
That sublunarie creatures suffer must ;
Warning at once the absence of the Sun,
And waiting till this mighty worke be don.

Merc. *Phæbus* no more : had *Iove* intelligence
Of what thou speakest, his rage it would incense.
I'le to the *Moone* and *Sleep*, and what in charge
I had from him, deliver them at large :
To her, to change the course she late did keepe :
To him, to fetter them in bonds of sleepe,
So fast, they may not dreame of that great wrong,
To have been kept from sight of day so long.



M E R C V R Y and M A I A.

The Argument.

*H*ermes his tedious labors doth complaine,
As troubled more than all the gods besides,
Not able his imployments to sustaine,
As one that in no certaine place abides.
Yet by his mother he at length is fwayd,
Who tells him Ioves hefts must be still obeyd.

The DIALOGUE.

Mer. *I*S there amongst the gods (oh Mother) any
 So wretched as my self, though there be
 many?

Maia. Take heed, my son, what thou speakest
 rashly.

Merc. Why?

Can you name one that hath such cause as I?
 Who have so many businesses in hand,
 And those so great I scarce beneath them stand;
 Into so many services divided,
 I am tyr'd and spent, and for my paines derided.
 For in the morning, e're I can devise
 Of what my dreams were, I betimes must rise,

Then my first office is to sweep the house
Where all the gods must banquet and carouse.
That done, I next prepare the Consistorie,
Whereas the Deities in all their glory
Appoint their meetings : all things I make fit,
That they in ease as well as state may fit.
Then at *Joves* elbow I attend, where he
Still sends me on his errands : I must be
Here, there, and every where, and these too all
Hurrying together ; for hee'l sometimes call
As soon as I am sent. When the whole day
I have toild, not having time to wipe away
The dust and sweat, new labor I begin,
Supper comes on, and I must then serve in
Ambrosia : e're the Phrygian had to doo
With *Joves* crownd Cup, I filld him Nectar too.
But what of all's most tedious, and accites
Me to this spleen, I cannot rest a nights ;
For whil'st each other god upon his bed
Takes due repose, even then I of the Dead
And new deceast have charge, and through the shade
To *Pluto's* Court I see them safe convay'd.
These done, I cannot rest me where I list,
But at their generall Sessions I assist,
For nothing's done without me. 'Tnight suffice,
That I all dayly businesse enterprise :
At Wrestlings I am present, at the Bar,
Where Causes and Law-Suits determin'd ar',
Instruct such Orators as Fees desire ;
Sometimes supply the place of commonion Crier.
Nor would these things appeare so great a trouble,
But that th' affaires of hell make them seeme double,
The sonnes of *Leda* mnch more happy bee,
They interchangeably have leave to see
The heaven and hell by turnes ; while one doth show
Himselfe above, the other stayes below.
Than these how much more miserable am I,
That in one perfon both their paines supply ?
Alcmena (a) and *Semele* (b) (of mortall feed

Descended both) have free acceſſe to feed
 Among the Deities : yet I on theſe
 (Being ſon of *Maia* (c) *Atlantiades*)
 Am forc'd to' attend, I came from Sidon late,
 As ſent from *Jove*, to know in what estate
Cadmus (a) faire daughter was. Almost quite spent,
 Not having time to breathe, but I was ſent
 To Argos and faire *Danae*, in that tower
 Where he was welcom'd in his golden shower.
 In thy returne come by Boetia backe,
 (Saith *Jupiter*) oh *Hermes* do not flacke
 To visit faire *Antiope* by th' way.
 My resolution is no more t' obay
 Vnto his busie hefts : To gaine myne eafe,
 I had much rather (did the Fates ſo please)
 My ſelfe for ever to the earth retyre,
 As a day-Laborer, and worke for hire.

Maia. No more, my ſon, for thou too much haſt
 faid ;
 Thy father muſt in all things be obay'd.
 Able and yong thou art, prepare agen,
 To Argos firſt, and to Boetia then :
 Hazard not ſtripes of him that ſwayes above :
 Such are moſt angry that are croſt in love.

ANNOTATIONS

Vpon *Mercury and Maia*.

(a) *Alcmena*, the wife of *Amphytrio* the Theban, in whose
 abſence *Jupiter* came in the ſhape of her husband,
 compreſt her and begot *Hercules*.

(b) *Semele*, the mother of *Bacchus*, begot on her by *Jupiter*,
 from whence he tooke the denomination of *Semeleius*.

(c) *Maia*, the daughter of *Atlas*, and *Pleiones*, and therefore
Atlantiades, of whom *Jupiter* begot *Mercury*.

(d) By *Cadmus* faire daughter is intended *Semele* before
 ſpoken of.



VULCAN and JUPITER.

The Argument.

*V*ulcan obeying to Ioves high designe,
With his keen hatchet cleaves his head in twaine ;
Arm'd Pallas, who there full ten months had lain,
At this incision leaps out of his braine ;
Then entring first the world. Whence we may gather,
Knowledge and Arts had birth from Iove their Father.

T H E D I A L O G V E.

Vulcan. *W*Hat must I do, *Iove*? Prethee let me know :

See, I am come, for thou commandedst fo ;
And brought with me an Axe sharp above wonder,
Whose very edge will cleave a rocke in funder.

Jupiter. 'Tis well done, *Vulcan*, 'tmust be thus apply'de,
Thou with that hatchet must my head divide.

Vulc. Wouldst thou persuade me unto madnesse ?
say

What's to be done, or packe me hence away.

Iupiter. My pleasure is, with a strong blow and full,

With all thy force thou part in two my skull.

If thou refuse to doo't, as fearing skath,

Thy timerousnesse will but increase my wrath

And deep displeasure : therefore strike I say,

Instantly, boldly, and without delay :

Quickly deliuer me, I am full of paine,

A thousand throwes are laboring in my braine.

Vulc. Well looke too't *Iupiter*, my axe is keen,
Nor can this birth be without bloud-shed seen.

'Twill be a dangerous wound made in thy head ;

Beleeve't, *Lucina* brings not thus to bed.

Iupit. Strike boldly then, oh *Vulcan*, feare not
blood,

For I know best what for my selfe is good.

Vulc. Though 'gainst my will, I shall, who dares
withstand

When *Iupiter* himselfe shall give command.

What's here ? A woman arm'd leaps on the Plain :

O *Love*, thou had'st much mischiefe in thy brain.

No marvell thou wert angry and much paind,

When in thy *Pia mater* was containd

A live *Virago*, arm'd, and having spread

Castles and townes and towers about her head ;

She leaps and capers, topt with rage divine,

And danceth (as she treads) the Matachine,

Shakes her steele-pointed Lance, and strikes her

Tardge,

As if she had the god of War in charge.

Nay, which is more, she is exceeding faire,

And ripe for mariage, made in all parts rare,

And amiable, onely she hath blew eies,

But those her gracefull helme doth well disguise :

And therefore *Iupiter*, because I have

Thus playd the mid-wife for thee, what I crave,

Grant me for my reward, namely that she

May be my wife, this day espous'd to me.

Jupit. Thou demandst that which cannot be al-
low'd,
For this *Minerva* is a Virgin vow'd,
Nay, a perpetuall Votary : but if I
In this could do thee any courtesie,
Thou mightst presume 't.

Vulc. It is my great desire,
And to my best of wishes I'le aspire
In waiting time to rape her.

Iupit. O my sonne,
Thou aimst at that which neuer can be done :
She vowes to live a Virgin, let that guide thee,
Pursue not things which never can betide thee.



NEPTVNE AND MERCVRY.

The Argument.

TH' abortive Infant from the wombe tooke late
Of dying Semele, Iove doth translate
Into his owne thigh : but the time expir'd
For mature birth, which (pregnant) he desir'd ;
This child, by one conceiv'd, borne of another,
Bacchus, enioyes the name of double Mother. (1)

The DIALOGUE.

Nep. **M**ay I not see my brother ?
Merc. Neptune, no.

Nep. I do intreat thee, Nephew, let him know
That I attend without.

Merc. It cannot be,
And therefore leave this importunitie ;
You must not at this present be admitted.

Nep. Hee's then in bed with Juno ?

Merc. No, (Groste witted.)

(1) *Bacchus bimater.*

Nep. Or Ganimed? Prethee reslove me quickly.

Merc. Neither; but Iove at this time's weake and fickly.

Nep. How comes it that thou likewise lookst not well?

Merc. There is a cause in't, which I blush to tell.

Nep. What e're it be, the secret do not hide
From me thine Vnkle, and so neere ally'de.

Mer. Hee's newly brought to bed.

Nep. Mercury fie,

Not possible; it is a thing that I
Cannot beleeve: it would have come to light
Ere now, had Iove been an Hermaphrodite.
Besides, I ne're perceiv'd his wombe to swell.

Merc. 'Tis true, in that (oh Neptune) thou sayst well:

His chiding burthen did not lie within.

Nep. Now to conceive thee better I begin;
Some other Pallas from his skull is ta'ne;
My Brother ever had a teeming braine.

Merc. Not so; this burthen in his thigh was bred,
Tooke from the wombe of Semele, late dead.

Nep. Wondrous! This generous god, by thy relation,
Will teach to us new waies of procreation.

But what's that Semele?

Merc. Of Cadmus race,
A Theban Damsell, in whom Iove had place,
And left her great.

Nep. Most kindly it was done,
To spare her throes, himselfe to beare her son.

Merc. Ghest somwhat neere; not altogether, tho',
Jumping with truth. But wonders wilt thou know,
From thee yet forrein? Juno (jealous still)
By strange deceit seeks means the wench to kill;
Persuades her (their united loves to funder)
To beg of Iove, to bed with her in thunder
And blasting lightning (cause of all her grieve.)
To her the credulous Wanton gives beleefe;

She craves, *Iove* grants, descends in glorious fire,
And in these flames the poore Girle doth expire.
Who grieving the faire Theban so should die,
Caus'd me to rip her wombe vp instantly,
And bring the Infant, now seven moneths conceiv'd,
Whom from my hand he gratefully receiv'd :
Not knowing better how to make provision
For this Abortive, he made deep incision
In his owne thigh, and there it three moneths lay,
Till (now mature) it for it selfe made way.
This day he is deliver'd, and now growes
Somewhat distemperd by his painfull throwes.

Nep. Btt where's the Infant?

Merc. Him I did transport
To Nifa late, where the faire Nymphs resort,
By them with great care to be educated,
And by the name of *Bacchus* celebrated,
Or *Dionysius*.

Nep. Then of this thy brother,
As *Iove* the father is, so hee's the mother.

Merc. It so appeares : but *Neptune* I am gon,
For other things I now have thought vpon ;
I must go fetch him Lotion for his wound,
Yet green, and will in few dayes scarce be found,
There's nothing but to him we must apply,
That's done to women that in childe-bed lie.



DIogenes and Mausolus.

The Argument.

THe dead Mausolus doth himselfe advance
Before all others of the buried Throng:
And therefore he erects his countenance,
Because on earth he was so faire and strong.
Diogenes derides his boastings vaine,
And proves himselfe more happy of the twaine.

The DIALOGUE.

Diog. Attend, oh *Carion*, what is thine intent
To be even still so proud and insolent?
Prating of thy great worth, others to brave,
As if thou for some great desert wouldest have
Before us all precedence.

Maus. I first claime
Prioritie, rais'd from a kingdomes name,
(O Synopesian) for I empir'd o're;
All Caria: next, I pierc'd the Lydian shore,
There govern'd Nations barbarous and rude:
Besides, I many other Isles subdu'd.

The great'st part of Ionia I laid waft,
 And my great army to Miletum past.
 Nay more, I was of beautifull aspect,
 Tall and well shap'd, and (what I much affect)
 In power (before me) I exceeded all.
 But that which made me most majesticall,
 Of costly marble from the rocke dissected,
 I have a stately monument erected
 In Halicarnassus, fam'd for magnitude,
 With rare and never equal'd pulchritude,
 So faire, so large, that all that see it know,
 No King that ere deceast the like can show.
 Statues of men and horses 'bout it stand,
 Graven and carv'd by a most elaborat hand ;
 In which expression Artists were at strife,
 Not one of them but imitating life ;
 Of such admired height and spatiuous roome,
 It rather seemes a Temple, than a Toome.
 What wrong is 't then, my glories not to smother,
 And to claime a precedence before other ?

Diogenes. Is 't potencie ? is 't beauty ? or rich stones

In such huge number heap'd upon thy bones,
 That swells thee with such pride ?

Mnuf. By Jove the same.

Diog. And yet *Mausolus*, thou that hast the name
 Of Beautifull, thy strength is not all one,
 Nor face that was ; both now are past and gone :
 For an unpartiall Vmpire should we chuse
 To point the Fairer out ; let him but use
 An unsway'd eye, not squinted with affections,
 Shall finde small difference in our two complexions :
 For both our heads are bald and alike bare,
 Having no lips, our teeth apparant are ;
 Neither of us a nosthrill hath to show,
 But through these empty holes alike we blow.
 This being granted, if because thy shroud
 Beneath so great a Structure make thee proud,
 And that thy countrymen that Mole retaine,

Boasting of it with ostentations vaine,
To shew to strangers the rare excellencie
Of polisht stone ; what profit reapst thou thence,
Thou exquisite man ? unlesse thy shallow wit
Account thy greatest hurt a benefit ;
To have of huge stones, wondrously convay'd,
A greater heape than others on thee layd.

Mauf. Am I no whit the better then for these ?
Is *Mausolus* one with *Diogenes* ?

Diog. Not so, good man, no paritie 's confess ;
The Carian King shall be with grieve opprest,
Excruciated and perplext in minde,
To thinke of his great pleasures left behinde,
Honors and wealth : *Diogenes* the while
At thy vexation stand aloofe and smile.
Thou in thy lasting memorie shalt have
The art and charge bestow'd upon thy grave,
By thy faire sister and thy widdowed Queene,
In Halicarnassus still to be seene.
When as *Diogenes* yet doth not know
Whether on earth he have a grave or no ;
Therefore can take no care for 't. My fame lies
Tomb'd in the bosomes of the Iust and Wife.
Stories to future times deliver can,
I lead a life that did become a man.
Time shall thy Structure wast, but never myne,
(Thou impure Carian) for 'tis made divine :
My monument growes neerer to the skye,
As built in place much more sublime and hye.



C R A T E S and D I O G E N E S.

The Argument.

Nature with too much darknesse overcast,
Is maskt and blinded with the worlds affaires,
Still doating upon things that cannot last,
As on vaine frailties fixing all their cares.
“ Man that on mundane things himselfe assures,
“ Cheats all his hopes ; 'tis Virtue sole endures.

The DIALOGUE.

Crat. Tell me *Diogenes*, hast thou not knowne
 Rich *Moerichus*, the man so overgrowne
With wealth superfluous, that from Corinth came
With ships so richly fraught ? the very fame,
Cousin to *Aristaeus* thought to be,
By computation full as rich as he :
These two betwixt themselves use *Homers* phrase,
Claw me, I'lle claw thee ; Let's live many dayes.

Diog. What was the reason, *Crates*, first did move
These monied men to enterchange such love ?

Crat. The cause they were inty'd so, and call'd
brother,

Was, aiming to be heire to one another,
Being equally possest : and therefore they
Publisch their Wills ; If *Moerichus* (a) his day
Should before *Aristaeus* chance to fall,
He the succeder then should enioy all.
So *Aristaeus*, If he dy'de before,
Then *Moerichus* was heire to all his store.

This by Indenture seald, they cog, speake faire,
Flatter, in hope to be each others heire,
With gifts and presents mutually contending,
Yet still one gaping for the others ending.
Insomuch that Diviners (whether skild
I'th stars or no I know not) all have fild
Their itching eares with Novels. Dreamers too
(Like the Chaldaeans) have enough to doo
To mocke them with vain hopes, and at high rate
Having betwixt them cast so even a fate,
Phœbus himselfe was pusled : first agreeing,
That *Aristaeus* should have longest beeing ;
And then again, That *Moerichus* the Old
Should count new daies when he had all his told :
Not knowing whose ambition should prevaile,
Their Fates being ballanc'd in so even a skale.

Diog. But what's become of this their time out-wearing ?

Speake freely *Crates*, 'tis a tale worth hearing.

Crat. Those that each others state sought to betray
By bribes and flatteries, both dy'de in one day ;
And that huge Magozin did chance to arrive
To those whom they scarce thought of, being alive,
Thrasicles and *Eunomius* their Allyance :
Yet the Diviners in their great pre-science
Ne're spake of them. Now the two rich men, they,
Fearelesse, still hoping with the Fates to play,
Being from Sycion unto Cyrra bound,
Were in the mid way neere Iapygium (b) drownd.

Diog. No matter, *Crates*, but when we were living

There was no emulation, no such striving
 To be each others heire : never did I
 Desire of heaven, *Antisthenes* should die,
 To be made his Executor ; or summe
 His dayes, in hope his staffe to me might come.
 Nor do I thinke thou ever didst desire
 (O *Crates*) I the sooner might expire,
 To inherit my posseſſions, and to strip
 Me from my Tun, and pulse left in my scrip.

Crat. I had no need of them, nor thou to
 claime

His staffe for legacie, ſince thou didſt aime
 At a much fairer heritage, to bee
 Better'd by him, as I have bin by thee ;
 And that in treasures richer and more hye,
 Such as the Persian Empire cannot buy.

Diog. And what be thoſe ?

Crat. Wifedome, frugalitie,
 Truth and good life, in all these libertie.

Diog. By *Iove*, I well remember I had flore
 Of these from him, but thou (oh *Crates*) more.

Crat. Yet others that have thought themſelves
 more wife,
 All ſuch inheritances much diſpife ;
 Nor ſycophant they us, ſuch things to attaine
 By us, as we from him were proud to gaine,
 They only thirſt and hunger after gold.

Diog. No marvell, ſince they all of them have
 fold

Themſelves to Ignorance, not capable
 Of Knowledge and instructions profitable ;
 Having their mindes with diſolute luſts infected,
 Like foule and loathfome dishes long neglected,
 Grow fur'd and fluttish with voluptuous fin,
 Corrupting the moſt choice Cates ſerv'd therein.
 Th' are full of rifts and cranies, every houre
 Greater than other : therefore ſhould we poure
 Into theſe leaking Veffels, Iudgement found,
 Or Truth, or Freedome, all drop to the ground,

Through their craz'd bottomes, and lie spilt and wasted,

Much with their putrid noisomnesse distasted :

(So *Danaus* daughters here in hell are said,

Laboring with Sives a flowing Spring to unlade)

And yet even those that can no goodnesse keep,

Will watch gold falling from them, and shun sleep,

Hoording it with all care.

Crat. And so 'tis best

We do those vertues we in life possest.

Locke they their stuft bags in chests ne're so strong,

They shall but one poore halfe-penny bring along,

And that no further than to *Charons* barge ;

The Ferriman will ease them of that charge.

A N N O T A T I O N S

Vpon *Crates and Diogenes.*

(a) **M** *Oericus, Aristaeus, Thraekles, &c.* are names of men whome the Author aimed at (living in those times) according to his fancy.

(b) **I** *Apygium, or Iapyges*, these derived their names from *Iapyx* the sonne of *Dedalus*, and were said to be Cretenes by their originall, and wandring abroad to seeke *Colaurus*, sonne of *Minois*, came unto the same place, where after they inhabited, these in time grew to such a profuse riotise, intemperance and wantonnes, that forgetting their Country modesty and honesty, they painted their faces, and wore other folkes haire, and were never seene abroade but sumptuously, and richly appareld ; their houses were as beautifull as the Temples of the gods. At length they came to such a height of pride and insolence, that they cast off all religion, entring and feasing on the ornaments, revenues, and donaries of the Churches. And at length were all consumed by firy globes falling from heaven, &c.



CHARON, MENIPPVS, MERCVRY.

The Argument.

*Charon the Ferriman exclaimes upon
Menippus, for not paying him his fare,
By him being wafted ouer Phlegeton ;
For which these two at great dissention are.
Charon is forc'd to pardon it in the end ;
For he that nothing hath must nothing spend.*

The DIALOGUE.

Char. Pay me my fare, thou wretch.

Menip. Nay, scold outright,

If thou to heare thy selfe speake tak'st delight.

Char. My due for thy trajectiōn downe here lay.

Menip. I prethee how can he that hath not, pay ?

Char. Is't possible there any one can be
That is not worth a single halfpenny ?

Menip. I know not to whom else thou pratest
here,

But for myne owne part I have none I sweare.

Char. I'le baste thee with this ship-rope, if my hire
Thou tendrest not.

Menip. Then shall my staffe aspire
To fly about thine eares.

Char. So long a cut
Must I take paines to waft thee, and thou put
To no expence at all?

Menip. Let *Hermes* stand
Ingag'd for me, who gave me to thine hand.

Merc. By *Iove*, in time I shall be ill bested,
If I be put to pay fares for the dead.

Char. He shall not so passe from me.

Men. For his sake
Continue still thy course, and quickly make
Towards the shore; What to thy share can fall
From him who (as thou seeft) hath nought at all?

Char. Didſt thou not know what thou ſhouldſt
bring along?

Menip. 'Tis true I did, but can excuse the wrong;
I had it not, because I want to give,
Is't therefore fit that I ſhould ever live?

Char. Wilt thou be he then, who alone canſt
boast
To have ferried this great river without coſt?

Menip. Not ſo, oh *Charon*, wanting to defray,
Thou haſt my paines, I pump't part of the way,
Then tug'd at th' oare, being that only foul'e
Who in thy barge did neither mourne nor houle.

Char. Tufh, these are nothing to my fare that's
due,
Lay downe my halfpenny, my fare, in view.

Men. Not having it, beſt way to end this ſtrife,
Is, That thou *Charon* beare me backe to life.

Char. For that Gramercy, ſo I might be ſure,
From *Aeacus* a beating to endure.
This base Ghost would perſuade me to the whip.

Men. Be not ſo peevish then.

Char. What's in that ſcrip
Thou keepeſt ſo cloſe about thee?

Men. A small cheat,
A little pulse for *Hecate* to eat.

Char. Tell me, oh *Mercury*, whence hast thou
brought
This Dog to us ? a wretch that mindeth nought.
What strange things talkt he by the way, I guiding
The helme, whilst he was all the while deriding
The passengers ? what a loud coile he kept,
He only finging whilest the other wept ?

Merc. Knowst thou not him ? he hath a spirit
daring,
Hee's bold, free spoken, and for nothing caring :
This is *Menippus*, (Foole.)

Char. Well, if againe
I take him here, —

Men. Thou threatnest me in vain :
This passage, though not far 'twixt shore and shore,
Yet once being past, cannot be traveld more.



MENIPPVS, A^EACVS, PYTHAGORAS,
EMPEDOCLES, and SOCRATES.

The Argument.

I Vdge A^Eacus doth to Menippus show
The obscure Ghosts and Sulphur Vaults below.
And after that he brings him to the Plaine
Where both the Valiant and the Wise remaine:
Who as the freenesse of his tongue him guides,
(Wretched himselfe) their sorrowes he derides.

The DIALOGUE.

Menip. Now even by *Pluto* I entreat thee show
(O *Aeacus*) to me the Vaults below.
Aeac. Not all, *Menippus*, that were hard to do:
But such especially as belongs vnto
Thy late demand, namely the prime and choice;
If these content, I'le listen to thy voice.
Thou knowst that to be *Cerberus*, and him
The ferriman, who from the rivers brim

Trajected thee : this, *Periphlegeton* :
That the Lake *Styx*, thine eyes now dwell upon.

Men. I know both thee and these, *Æacus* the Great,
Who in this portch hath a determin'dfeat.
To observe all entrance, I have likewise seen
The Furies, with th' infernall King and Queen.
The men of old I now desire to see,
Precelling others in nobilitie.

Æac. This *Agamemnon* is, *Achilles* hee,
That *Idomen*, a third rankt in degree,
And next them plac'd : The fourth discovered,
Ulysses, *Ajax* then, next *Diomed*.
The rest, the far fam'd Grecian Hero's are.

Menip. O thou ingenious *Homer*, see how bare,
How groveling and how dejected lie,
How low the heads of thy great Rapsodie :
Ignoble and obscure they now are all,
Ashes and dust, trifles in value small ;
For (as thy selfe said) nothing hath production,
But's mutable and subiect to corruption.
Now *Æacus* what's he ?

Æac. *Cyrus* hee's cal'd.
Now he that next him fits so much appal'd,
Cræsus the Rich ; *Sardanapalus* then,
Who was the most effeminate of men :
Beyond these *Midas*, and that *Xerxes*.

Menip. How ?
Is it my fortune then to meet thee now
(Thou wickedest of wretches) in this plight,
Who once didst put whole Greece into affright ?
That o're the raging Hellespont mad'st bridges,
And with thy fleet hadst purpose o're the ridges
Of mighty mountaines to have saild ('tis knowne.)
But what a poore Snake is that *Cræsus* growne ?
Pardon me, *Æacus*, for above all,
I have a great minde with *Sardanapal*
To go to present buffets.

Æac. Do not so ..

He is so weake and womanish, the least blow
Will breake his skull to pieces.

Men. As I can

I'le gripe him tho, halfe woman and halfe man.

Æac. Wilt thou see those in wisedome did sur-
passē?

Menip. By any means.

Æac. Behold *Pythagoras*.

Men. Haile, thou *Euphorbus*, (*a*) or *Apollo*, or what
Thou wouldst be calld by else, I give thee that.

Pythag. Haile to thee likewife.

Men. Speak and do not lie,

Hast thou about thee still thy golden thigh?

Pythag. I have it not. But tell me, I intreat,
If thou hast ought within thy scrip to eat?

Men. Pulse, nothing else: Thy words are meerly
wast,

For that I know thy pallat cannot taste.

Pythag. Yet give me part; amongst us here below
Doctrines are taught which then we did not know.
As namely, That there nothing is to boot
Between a Bean and a Satyrion root.

Æac. Cast thyne eyes further now, for besides
these,

Here's *Solon*, son to *Ercecestides*.

Thales and *Pittachus*, With th' other Sages,
Whose memories shall live to after-Ages:
And these alone seem pleasant 'mongst the rest,
Locond and free, as with no cares opprest.

Menip. Cover'd with ashes from the toe to th'
head

What might he be, that looks so like to bread
Bak'd on an hearth unswept, blister'd beside,
As if he late had rosted been, or fry'de?

Æac. *Empedocles*.

Men. He that from *Ætna* came,
Halfe broild of late, I know him for the same:
Thou excellent of foot, what was the cause
Thou threwst thee headlong into *Ætna*'s jawes?

Emped. Madnesse it was, *Menippus*.

Menip. Not, by *Love*;

But a vain arrogance, pride, and selfe-love,
With madnesse added, though thou didst not see't :
These scorcht thee, with the sandals on thy feet.
Thou Worthlesse, what have all thy feignings bred,
Being now as others thrust amongst the Dead.
But *Socrates*, oh *Æacus*, where's hee ?
The only man I now desire to see.

Æac. With *Nestor* and *Palamedes* conforting,
And those with whom he best loves to be sporting.

Menip. Yet were he here, I would salute him
faine.

Æac. Behold then that bald Fellow.

Menip. All are plaine
And without haire : it is an equall note,
As well amongst these, as in place remote.

Æac. He without nose.

Menip. Why, amongst great and small,
I cannot spy one wise amongst them all.

Socrat. Dost thou feeke me, *Menippus* ?

Menip. Thee alone.

Socr. How stand all things in Athens ? long agone
It is since I came thence.

Menip. Many yong men,
Puny and junior Sophists, such as then
Durft not have talkt in publique, now looke hye,
And openly professe Philosophie.
Nay, who their habits shall observe, the gate
Must needs confess that they still imitate
The old Philosophers. Th' hast seen, I know,
How *Aristippus* to these Vaults below,
And *Plato* came : daubd with sweet unguents, th' one :
The other in smooth flatteries, cast upon
The Tyrant of Sicilia.

Socrat. But of me
What censure they ?

Menip. A blessed Ghost to be,
And one, in those daies, whose predicting tongue

Spake of all things that to this place belong.
And therefore they admire thee, hold thee rare,
With whom none of the Sages might compare ;
Above them skild, of such things speaking trueſt,
Yet (sooth to say) I think more than thou knewſt.

Socr. I ſpake of theſe things as my ſkill enabled,
Which they held dreams, and that I meerly fabled.

Menip. What are theſe three about thee ?

Socr. In a word,

Charmides, Phedrus, Clima's ſon the third.

Menip. 'Tis well doue (here too) to professe thy
Sect,

And uſe thoſe thy faire followers with reſpect.

Socr. What can I better do, my ſelfe to please ?
Come then, ſit downe, and by us take thine eafe.

Menip. Not I, by *Fove*, but iſtantly returne,
To heare *Sardanapal* and *Cræfus* mourne :
Next to theſe two my mansion I will keepe,
Of purpose to deride them when they weepe.

Æac. I muſt be gon too, and have ſpeciall care
Lest ſome ghost ſteale hence whilſt we abſent are.
My place is where thou foundſt me, next the dore ;
When next we meet, I'le ſhew thee ten times more.

Menip. I thanke thee *Æacus*, even with my
heart :

We haue ſeen enough at one time, now let's part.

Vpon *Menippus, Æacus, Pythagoras.*

(a) **E** *Vphorbus*, was a noble Trojane, the ſonne of *Panthus*, who wounded *Patroclus*, and was after flaine by *Achilles*, being hurt in the thigh ; he was ſaid to have one made him of gold. *Pythagoras* ſaid, that his ſoule was in him in that time of the Troian warre, that hee might better perſwade his Scholars. Concerning the opinion which he held concerning the transmigration of mens ſoules, from one body to another.



NEREVS, THERSITES, MENIPPV.

The Argument.

BETWIXT Therites and Aglaia's Son
A sudden emulation is begun,
Which of them both (being dead) is now most faire.
 The Morall shewes, In death alike we are.

The DIALOGUE.

Ner. **T**O end this new borne strife, *Therites* see,
 Here comes *Menippus*, he shal Vmpire be.
 Prethee thou Cynick thy free censure tel,
 Which of us two in beauty most excell.

Menip. Resolve me first, Who are you that thus
 feeke
 To make me judge?

Ner. I *Nereus* the faire Greeke.

Therf. Deform'd *Therites* I.

Men. But tell me now,
 Which (*a*) *Nereus*, which (*b*) *Therites*? for I vow
 I cannot guesse.

Thers. In this thou art o'recome,
Nereus: *Menippus* cannot give his doome,
We are so like. What though blinde *Homer* boast,
And stile thee fairest of the Grecian host?
What though my thin and unkemb'd scattered haire
Fell in long Elfe-locks from my scalpe, now bare?
Do not my living ouglinesse revile,
Death ranks us now together in one file.
Therefore to have this difference quickly ended,
Now iudge (*c*) *Menippus*.

Ner. Am not I descended
From *Charopes* and *Aglaia*, fam'd so far
'bove all that came vnto the Trojan war,
For my rare beauty?

Menip. But *Nereus* know,
None bring their beauty to these Vaults below.
Of the fine flesh thou bragst of, wormes have fed,
Leaving thee nought save bones, like us now dead.

Ner. Aske *Homer*, of what fame *Nereus* was then,
And he will answer, The most faire of men;
Ascribing Beauties praiſe fully to mee.

Men. Thou tellſt me dreames: I iudge by what
I fee.

If amongst them that knew thee in thofe daies
Thou wert fo famous, feek from them thy praiſe.

Ner. Am I not then the fairſt?

Menip. Nor he, nor thou,
Nor any one that is amongst us now,
Can claime precedencie: for equalitie
Reignes 'mongſt the Dead.

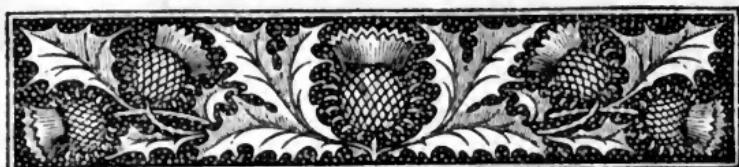
Thers. And that's enough for me.

Annotations upon *Nireus, Thersites, &c.*

(a) **N**ireus was a young man amongst the Greekes who came to the warres of Troy, whose beauty and feature *Homer* in his Iliades mightily commended: to whom I refiere such as desire to be more fully fatisſed of him.

(b) *Thersites*, a mishapen and deformed Captaine in the Grecian Host, as crooked in minde as body, who bitterly railing against *Achilles*, he being mightily enraged against him, flue him with a blow under the eare ; his deformity was so great, that from thence arose a Proverbe which hath continued even to this day, *Thersite fædior*, asperst upon any stigmatick, and crooked fellow ; you shall reade him fully described and characterd by *Homer* in his first and second booke of *Iliads*.

(c) *Menippus* was a Poet, and master to *Cicero* the famous Oratour : but by this personated by *Lucian*, is intended a Cynick Philosopher, dogged both in his behaviour and writings, in imitation of whom, *Varro* the Orator writ a Satyr, and intitled it *Satyra Menippaea*. It is reported of him, that such money as he had hoorded together by usury and the like fordid meanes, was so deare unto him, that being robbed thereof, he grew into despaire, and miserably hanged himselfe. His whole life ye may reade described at large by *Diogenes Laërtius*.



IUPITER, MERCURY, IVNO, PALLAS,
VENVS, and PARIS.

The Argument of the Dialogue, entitled *Deorum Iudicium*.

THe Troian Paris, being yet a Swaine,
Is made the Judge of Ates golden Ball.
Three goddeses contend, but two in vaine;
Venus (faire Beauties Queene) prevailles 'bove all.
With Youth, her fraile gifts are more potent charmes,
Than Iuno's state, than Pallas Arts or Armes.

The DIALOGUE.

Iupit. Take (*Mercury*) this Apple, and make speed
To Phrygia, there where *Priams* son doth feed
His herds of Cattell; thou art sure to find him
In Ida mount, the part that's now aslign'd him
Call'd Gargarus: and thus much to him say
From *Jupiter*, That we command him stay

All other his affaires ; for being yong,
 And beautifull withall, of a quicke tongue,
 Whom most for amatorious things commend,
 Him we appoint this doubtfull cause to end,
 And he alone shall the prime Vmpier bee,
 To tell which goddesse is the fairſt of three :
 She that's crownd Victrefſe by the Trojan Boy,
 For meed this golden Apple ſhall enioy.
 This is the houre that calls you to be gon :
 I am no competent judge to take upon
 Me this arbitrement, ſince I approve,
 They all have equall portion in my love ;
 And, were it poſſible, I would renowne
 Each fev'rall Beauty with a Victors Crowne,
 As bee'ng to me like deare. Whoſo ſhall give
 The Palme to one, he cannot chufe but live
 In envy of the other : therefore I
 Allow me no fit Judge. Go then, apply
 Your ſelves in haste unto that Phrygian Swaine,
 Who is descended of a regall ſtraine,
 And Couſin to my *Ganimed*; a Youth
 Simple, (as mountain-bred) who nougħt fave truth
 Knowes, and there's none that hath beheld his face,
 But would eſteeme him worthy this great grace.

Venus. For my part, *Iupiter*, what would I care,
 If in this censure, Which ſhould be moſt faire,
 Thou wouldſt us iſtantly to *Minos* fend,
 What can he finde in me to reprehend ?
 However I am confident, yet theſe
 'Tis likewiſe fitting the yong man ſhould please.

Iuno. Neither have we, oh *Venus*, cauſe to feare,
 Should *Mars* your Sweet-heart be made Vmpier here.
 But to this Youth ſelected we aſſent,
 And (be he what he will) we reſt content.

Iup. Is this your minde, my lovely *Pallas*? Tufh,
 I now perceiue you turne your eies and bluſh :
 Such baſhfulnesſe becomes chaſte Virgins ſtill ;
 I take thy ſilence for conſent, thy will
 I finde with theirs hath corespondence : Go,

And from yong *Paris* thy precedence know ;
 But take this charge from me, In those that speed not,
 Malice or spleen against the Judge it breed not,
 Nor the yong man with any mischieves threat,
 Since all of you alike cannot be great.

Merc. Proceed we then : this path directly leades
 Vnto those Phrygian pastures and faire Meads ;
 I'le shew the way, you follow me apace,
 Be all of courage, I both know the place,
 And *Paris* too, a beautifull yong man,
 And in these amorous contentions can
 As much as any ; fit to undergo
 This charge, and will not judge amisse, I know.

Venus. All this is as it should be : I delight
 In one not partiall, that will censure right.
 But is he yet a Bachelor, canst tell,
 Or doth some Wife or Damsell with him dwell ?

Merc. I cannot say hee's altogether cleare
 And free from women.

Ven. How's that ? let me heare.

Merc. There lives with him a smug Idæan Lasse,
 Sufficiently faire, and one may passe
 Amongst the rest, but rusticall, as bred
 In the same mountaine where his herd is fed :
 Oft in familiar conference I have seen them,
 But tooke no note of any love between them.
 Why aske you *Venus* ?

Ven. For no ill intent ;
 It came into my thoughts by accident.

Miner. Ill dost thou, *Mercury*, and us much
 wrong,

To hold us in sad conference so long.

Merc. Not so *Minerva*, lovely *Venus* spake
 Nothing 'gainst you ; only she chanc'd to make
 A question, if this *Paris* had a Bride.

Minerv. If nothing else, why didst thou closely
 hide
 Such talke from us ?

Merc. She spake the word by chance ;

To keep't from you was but my ignorance.

Miner. Hath he none then?

Merc. It seemes not.

Miner. Doth he incline

To militarie Arts and discipline?

Is he of warlike spirit, from a straine

Ambitious after glory? or meere Swaine?

Merc. In that you plunge me; but as I can guesse,
Being yong and strong, what can he promise lesse,
Than prove a hopefull souldier?

Ven. Well, you see

I 'plaine me not, nor is it grieve to mee,

That you two spake in privat; these complaints

Fit jealous heads, but none of *Venus* Saints.

Merc. Take nothing ill, faire *Venus*, I beseech,
For truly to resolve you, her late speech
To yours had reference: Then (if you are wise)
Presume this, nought can bare you of your prise;
The selfe same answer that to you I made,
I gave to her. I'th mean time whil'st we trade
In this discourse, the greatest part assign'd us
Of this our way we haue past, and left behind us
The stars already; Phrygia is not far,
For in our view Ida and Gargarus ar';
And if I be not much deceiv'd, I spy
Paris the Judge that must your beauties try.

Juno. But I see no such man.

Merc. Close by me stand,
And cast your eye that way, toward the left hand,
Not to the mountain top, but to the fide,
Where you may spy a caves mouth gaping wide,
By which a faire herd's grasing.

Juno. No such sight

Myne eies are guilty of.

Merc. Look here forth-right,
Iust as my finger points, and in your sight
Will fall a goodly herd of Beeves and Cowes;
Not where the rocke unto the steepest growes,
But towards the middle part, somewhat descending,

Behinde them comes a Swaine, it seemes, intending
To keepe them close together, lest they stray,
Downe from the rocks he makes his speediest way ;
Holding withall a sharpe goad in his hand.

Juno. Now *Hermes* I begin to understand :
If that be he, I spy him.

Merc. 'Tis confess :

But being now so neere the earth, 'tis best
(If so you thinke it fitting) we descend,
And towards him a moderat pace extend ;
Lest sousing on the sudden from an hye,
The frighted Swaine may take his heeles and fly.

Juno. *Hermes* speaks well : Let's all at once
alight ;

You (*Venus*) in this way have best insight,
As she therein best skild, who (as Fame tells)
Upon this mountaine oft in caves and cells,
To satiate your lust, and pay Loves debt,
In *Vulcans* absence with *Anchises* met.

Venus. *Juno*, your scoffes and taunts are ill
apply'de,
Nor do they move me.

Merc. Come, I'le be your Guide,
These well knowne paths I did of custome tread,
When *Jupiter* first lov'd his *Ganimed* ;
They were then frequent with me, as being sent
Still to and fro, to accomplish his intent :
When hither like an Egle he descended,
I present was, (for alwaies I attended,
And in his rape assisted) at what time
He snatched him hence, unto yon place sublime,
The Lad by chance close by his Fold was sitting,
Voice to the pipe, the pipe to his voice fitting.
Iove soaring high, downe on the sudden shiftest,
Behinde him falls, and at an instant lifteth
Him gently from the earth, his crooked bill
Fastning vpon the wreath the Lad kept still
About his browes, griping and holding fast
Yet (without harme) th'affrighted Youth, who' agast,

Turneth his head the clean contrary way,
Not knowing what to thinke, much lesse to say :
His oten pipe he then let fall through feare.

But leaving this discourse, we now draw neere
The Judge we came to seek for. Herdsman God save
thee.

Paris. The like to thee yong man : I only crave
thee
To be resolv'd, What art thou ? and to tell
What are these faire ones that in shape excell ?
They are not such as daily we behold
Vpon these hills their flocks to graze and fold,
But fairer much.

Merc. Know, these no women be,
But of more high strain and sublimitie ;
That, *Juno* ; that *Minerva* ; *Venus* shee,
And I the son of *Maia*, *Mercurie*.

Iove greets thee thus : Why do thy spirits faile ?
Why trembl'st, and so suddenly lookst pale ?
Feare not, there is no danger, his command
Is, Thou 'twixt these the vnpartiall Vmpire stand,
Of their choice features : Thus he bad me say,
Since thou thy selfe art beautifull, and may
(Though in this Ida there be Louers many)
Yet in these complements compare with any.
Therefore to thee this iudgement I commit,
As vnto him that best can censure it :
Behold this *Golden Apple*, and advise,
'Tis of the choicest beauty, the rare prie.

Paris. Pray give me leave, what's there inscrib'd
to view ;

Give to the Fairest this as Beauties due.
How can I, my Lord *Mercury*, bee'ng humane,
And least of Mortals, a meere rustick swaine,
Be a sufficient judge ? that *Iove* should prove me
In matters weighty and so far above me ?
Such desceptations would be better try'de
In cities wall'd, where men are solely apply'de
To delicacies : what more can you expect

From me, than censure those that I protect ;
 To say, that she Goat is than this more faire,
 And that this Heifer may with that compare :
 To iudge of such I may perhaps have skill ;
 But these are beautifull alike, and still
 The more my ravisht eies vpon them dwell,
 The more they seem in beauty to excell :
 Such admirable parts in all I spye,
 From none of them I can retract myne eye ;
 Where first it fastens it infists, and thence
 I hardly can withdraw myne Optick fence :
 How am I then distracted severall waies,
 Where still the present Object I must praise ?
 Where having dwelt with pleasure, if by chance,
 Vpon a second I shall hap to glance,
 Myne eye's took captive and surpris'd again,
 For thence I strive to ransom it in vain.
 What judgement can I give, when I protest,
 The beauty that is neerest will shew best :
 Then what a tumult it within me breeds,
 When as by birth-right each of them succeeds ?

In briefe, who to my true fence can restore me,
 Their pulchritudes being circumfus'd all o're me ?
 As if my weake conceivements to confound,
 At once they circle and involve me round ;
 Now I could wish I had eies behinde, before,
 And that I were like *Argos*, (eies all o're)
 Iust, only I shall then my judgement call,
 When I this *Apple* can dispose to all.

Let me collect my selfe ! This is the Wife
 And Sister to Great *Jove*, with whom to have strife
 Were dangerous. These two his daughters, and
 'Gainst them how can my opposition stand,
 Without much prejudice ?

Merc. All I can fay,
 'Tis *Joves* command, thou must perforce obey.
Paris. One thing persuade them, *Mercury*, I in-
 treat,
 That the two Vanquisht would nor rage nor threat ;

But to impute it, if they lose the prize,
To the fraile weaknesse of a Mortals eies.

Merc. They so haue promis'd : but the time drawes
on,

That now thy sentence must be call'd vpon.

Par. Then to please one, I'le dare the spleen of
two,

For in this straight what leſſe can *Paris* do ?

Yet one thing, *Hermes*, I with leave would know,
Is it enough to judge by th' outward shew,
Perusing them thus habited and clad ?

Or wert not fit a nearer course were had ?

To have them all stript naked, that myne eye

May view them with more curiositie ?

Merc. A question that from sound discretion
growes,

And being Judge, they are at thy dispose.

Paris. At my dispose ? Then I will haue all three
Stript to their skinnes.

Merc. He' hath spoke ; so it must be.

Vnbrace your felues, put off, and nothing hide ;
Whilst he surveighs each part, I'le turne aside.

Iuno. Well apprehended, *Paris*, and see, I
Disrobe me first : Now this way turne thine eye,
Behold my white wrists, and my arms quite bare,
And are not these incomparably rare ?

I am nor staring, nor yet narrow ey'de,
These two the marks of Cowardise or Pride ;
Where e're thy curious eye shall now invade,
I' am equally and vniformly made.

Paris. Disrobe you likewise, *Venus*.

Minerva. Not in haste,
Till she hath ta'ne her girdle from her waste,
And cast it by ; that first thing let her grant thee,
For, *Paris*, shee's a Witch, and will enchant thee,
Being long studied in prestigious guiles,
And apt to circumvent thee with her smiles.
Nor was it meet she should have come thus gay,
Trickt vp in colours and such rich array,

Her cheeks with sundry paintings plaistred o're,
Like to some Prostitute or obscene Whore :
When nothing but bare form and feature true
Should be expos'd vnto the Judges view.

Paris. Of that enchanted Belt you well advise ;
Cast it away.

Venus. Why doth not she likewise
Her glorious plumed helmet cast aside,
Or heave the brim that doth her forehead hide,
Displaying her uncover'd face and brest,
But with her truncheon strikes vpon her crest,
As if she meant the Judge to terrifie,
'That he th' upright cause might not verifie ?
Or else (her threatning Burgaret cast hence)
Her blew faint eies might give the Judge offence.

Miner. There lies myne helmet.

Venus. There my girdle by.

Juno. We now all bare to thine inspection ly.

Paris. O *Jove,* thou Wonder-maker, make me
bold.

What glorious objects do I now behold !
What pulchritude ? What extasy'de delight ?
What a rare Virgin's that ? how faire, how bright ?
But she, how venerable ? nay, divine ?
What royall power within her front doth shine ?
What majestie ? yet intermixt with love,
She alone worthy to be wife to *Jove.*
How lovely shines the tother in my face ?
With what a moving irresistible grace ?
Her tempting lips, so paralleld in meetnesse,
Whisper to me all blandishment and sweetnesse.
Of this vnbounded surplusage of pleasure,
I am now fated in abundant measure :
Therefore so please them to my will attone,
I gladly would peruse them one by one ;
Being ambiguous in my selfe, and doubt,
(Distracted thus) I shall not long hold out :
How can my brain or éye be truly guided,
Being at once so many waies divided.

Venus. So let us do.

Paris. You two your selves retyre ;
But *Juno* stay.

Juno. It is my sole desire.
And when thou haft with thy acuteſt eyes
Perus'd this feature, void of all diſguife,
And with thy moſt inquisitive eyes made way
Through all that thou canſt poſſiblly diſplay,
I'le give the reſt place. Great is my donation,
If I prevaile by thee : make proclamation,
That I am Vict'reſſe, and take *Juno's* word,
I'le of all Afia make thee King and Lord.

Paris. I am not fway'd with gifts : but be you gon,
What's right and iuft muſt now be thought vpon.
Draw neere, *Minerva*.

Miner. See, I am at hand :
If in this ſtrife of Beauty firſt I stand,
And thou pronounce me faireſt ; from thy cattell,
I'le bring thee vnto many a glorious battell,
From whence thou, vanquifht never ſhalt retyre ;
I'le make thee a prime Generall, and aſpire
To deeds of fame and honor, in all which
Thou ſhalt be conqueror, crown'd with triumphs rich.

Paris. Of thundring wars I (*Pallas*) have no
feare ;
Peace (as you ſee) is publift everywhere,
Phrygia and Lydia are now both at reſt,
Neither with forrein nor home-broiles opprefſt,
My fathers Empire is in quiet : yet
Thinke not that I your noble gifts forget ;
You may hope well, yet know me thus far stayd,
I being Judge muſt not with bribeſ be fwayd :
Take up your garments, put your Helmet on,
I haue ſeen ſufficient, you may now be gon.
Now your time calls you, *Venus*.

Venus. I am here,
And be not ſparing, *Paris*, with eies cleere
Contemplete me in all and every member,
Paffe nothing cursorily, but ſtill remember

What now thou seest ; fix both thine eies and heart
Not in one place, but all and every part,
And where the object pleaseth let them dwell ;
Then truly judge if I the rest excell.

Whilst th' other fences are full feasted here,
Lend me (oh Faire one) for a while thine eare ;
I' have seen thee oft, and have observ'd thee long
To be a Youth more beautifull and strong
Than any other here in Phrygia bred ;
So I have thought, so I have often fed.
Yet as I for thy curious parts commend thee,
For some things I of force must reprehend thee ;
Who 'mongst these crags and rocks consum'st thy
prime,
Spending thy beauty, which will fade by time,
In solitudes, with beasts that peopled are,
And not in cities, who can judge what's rare :
What (prethee) in these mountaines canst thou gain ?
Thy Beeves and Cowes shall censure thee in vain,
Thou' art lost amongst them : it should be thy pride,
(Richly arrayd) to seeke thee out a Bride,
No Shepherdesse or rustick Damsell, such
As Ida in abundance yeelds too much.
I would have thee finde out some Grecian Queen,
Such as in Argos are, or Corinth seen,
Or in Lacena. Now I call to minde,
There's Spartan *Hellen* ; oh that thou couldst finde
And compasse her : to thee I make confession,
Shee's yong and beautifull beyond expresssion,
Nay in all parts both outward and interior,
(Still view me) no way to this shape inferior ;
And what above these should inflame thy minde,
She is not coy, but affable and kinde :
Who had she seen, as I behold thee now
(All fortunes quite relinquisht) would, I vow,
As knowing no way to be better sped,
Fly to thine armes, thy bosome, and thy bed.
Perhaps of such an one you have heard tell.

Paris. Never, oh *Venus*, but you please me well

In her description : on : to whatsoe're
You speake of her, I'le give attentive eare.

Venus. She was the childe of *Læda*, than her mother,
(Till she outstript her) liv'd not such another.
For *Læda* was *Ioves* Paramor, who then
To have of her fruition, like a swan,
Downe sowing came from heaven, by whose con-
gression

Hellen, is *Ioves* owne daughter, by succession.

Paris. Of what aspect is she ?
Venus. White without spot ;
And needs she must, being 'twixt two Swans begot :
That she is soft and tender, agrees well ;
Conceiv'd and born too in a smooth white shell ;
Naked she wrestles oft for exercise,
And from these games returnes with many a prize :
Sutors from all parts have come thronging to her,
And happy he could finde the grace to woo her.
Nay, such as have bin forc'd to go without her,
Not only threatned, but rais'd war about her.
Even *Theseus* held her choice of all his blisses,
Nor could he stay till she were ripe for kisses,
But ravisht her yet yong : but when she came
To a full feather, her unequal'd fame
Grew with her feature : then the Optimates,
Princes, and of the Argives the chiefe States
Solicited her Nuptials : the prime man
Was *Menelaus* the Pelopidan,
He wood and woon ; and yet if thou agree,
Her and her Dower I will confer on thee.

Paris. What's this you speake ? will you your pains
employ
To give me, whom another doth enjoy ?
Venus. Is that a thing which difficult appeares ?
Thou art as yong in knowledge as in yeares.
I promise what I can performe with ease.

Paris. Shew me the means how, and it well shall
please.

Venus. Then thus : Thou shalt a voyage vnder-take

To travell through all populous Greece, and make
That thy designe. Now when thou shalt arrive
At Lacedemon, *Helena* will strive
To give thee welcome. What shall then succeed
Leave to my care, for thine it shall not need.

Paris. But this appeares incredible to me,
Impossible and meerly absurd, that she
Should leave a husband, kingdome, and a Crowne,
Subjects and servants, and all these her owne,
Forsaking land, to hazard the seas danger,
To follow me, a rude guest and a stranger.

Venus. Be thou of courage ; for the same intent
I have two lovely children shall be sent
Thy Guides and Captaines, who with all facilitie
Shall worke my ends : (*Cupid* and *Amabilitie*)
Cupid shall altogether undermine her,
And to thy selfe impulsively combine her.
With thee shall *Amabilitie* persever,
At all occasions be about thee ever ;
By whose infusion thou shalt be inspir'd
To' appeare to her much lovely, most desir'd.
I will be present there, the more to friend thee,
And will entreat the Graces to attend thee,
Who shall be thy companions ; all together,
What cannot we compell her to ? and whether ?

Paris. And yet, faire *Venus*, I am still in doubt,
By what safe means this may be brought about.
I love that *Hellen*, though as yet unknowne,
And (by what means I know not) I am growne
Inamor'd of her ; for beholding thee,
(O *Venus*) now me-thinks I *Hellen* see.
Me-thinks for Greece I now am vnder faile,
In Sparta am safe landed, and prevaile ;
That I behold her in her beauties pride,
And bring from thence a bright and glorious Bride.
Why, e're begin, do I applaud the end ?
I grieve I act not what I apprehend.

Venus. Be not too forward in thy love, I prethee,
But (oh thou fair'st of Neat-heards) take me with
thee;

Doat not too soone, nor be thou over-speedy,
Till I my selfe thy Bride-bed have made ready,
Having first reconcil'd you : with condition
That I of this great prise may have fruition.
'Twill grace your mariage, when as Vi'tressie I
Shall present be at that Solemnitie,
And after all such busie pain and toile,
Vnto my triumph adde thy glorious spoile.
Do but thou make this golden Apple mine,
Shee with her love and bride-bed are all thine.

Paris. And yet perhaps when you have gain'd this
prise,

You may neglect, and me (a Swaine) despise.

Venus. Shall I sweare to thee?

Paris. No, it shall suffice,
That you have past your promise.

Venus. Heare me then,
(O thou most faire and beautifull of men)
I vow, all lets and cavils set aside,
This hand shall give thee *Hellen* for thy Bride ;
That from all future dangers I'le defend thee,
And in thy journey carefully attend thee,
That she shall follow thee, and prostitute
Both will and body to thine amorous suite :
That I'le be there to see how all things stand,
And have in all thesee an affistant hand.

Paris. But will you bring along rankt in their
places

Cupid and *Amabilitie*, with the *Graces* ?

Venus. Doubt not I will, and to make quick dif-
patch,

Desire and *Hymen*, to conclude the match.

Paris. For these, and these alone, as fair'st of all,
Venus, to thee I give the golden Ball.



IVPITER and Io.

Argument.

IO, of whom we next discusse,
Daughter to th' River Inachus,
(The fairest Nymph that liv'd that time,
As being in her youth and prime)
Was seen by Iove, lov'd, and comprest.
 Queen Juno, Her, as of the rest,
Grown jealous o're, doth project lay,
How in their sports them to betray
Whom to prevent (I know not how)
But Iove transhapes her to a Cow.
The Goddesse knowing how indeard
She was to him, comes to the Heard,
And begs this Heifer. He not dar'd
(However the request seem'd hard)
Her to deny. Shee's now her charge,
And nought her freedome can inlarge.
The passages that hence may grow,
The sequell will hereafter shew.

Enter *Io*, *Daphne*, with other Nymphs called *Naiades*, (a)
 the Daughters of the Rivers neere adjacent.

Io. **H**Ere, *Daphne*, by your father *Peneus*
 streams
 (Which falling from the top of Pindus (b) mount,

Waters *Hemonian Tempe*) (*c*) let us fit,
 All daughters to the Rivers flowing neere :
 There old *Apidanus* steales (murmuring) by ;
 Next, Poplar-shadowed *Enipeus* glides :
 Not far, *Amphrisus*, *Aes*, (*d*) and 'mongst these,
 (Not least) my father, good old *Inachus*
 Lifts up his reverend head, with fresh floures crown'd,
 Prescribing lawes and limits to his streams,
 To bound them in their channels, curb their torrent,
 Lest in their pride they should o'refwell their banks ;
 Commanding them, through thousand strange indent
 To pay his plenteous tribute to the feas.

Daphne. And how much are we bound vnto the
 gods,

(Faire *Io*) to be Nymphs, not generated
 From marsh Meares, nor yet from standing Lakes,
 From sedgy brooks, thick pooles, or shallow foords,
 Nor yet from violent and robustuous feas.
 Their waters keep a smooth and gentle course,
 Not mov'd to fury by the warring windes ;
 Nor when loud fluxes fall to fwell their bounds,
 And make deep inundations on the meads :
 Nor can the parching drought so dry their springs,
 But that their channels keep a temperature :
 Their modest shallowes serve us for coole baths
 In summer time to play and wanton in :
 Their depths, to bate our hookes with wormes and
 flies,
 Fastned to lines made of small twisted filke,
 And so betray the creatures of the floud.
 Their chrystall waves are Myrrhors, in the which
 We dresse our heads, and put these curles in forme,
 Sometimes so cunningly, as if that Art
 Had power to exceed Nature : and againe,
 With careleffe, but so curious a neglect,
 As if meere Chance did antecede them both.
 This makes us of the Satyrs so admir'd,
 And of the Faunes and Swaines so much belov'd.

Io. Why, have you Sutors, *Daphne* ?

Daphne. Besides such,
(For these my father, by whose will I am swayd)
Accounts as mean) of Gallants I have change ;
Both City and the Court.

Io. But I may claim
Prioritie above all water Nymphs,
Nor can the *Naiades* compare with me ;
No, *Daphne*, not your selfe. The rurall Swaines,
They gather from these banks mellifluous floures,
And make you chaplets to adorn your browes,
And shadow your choice beauty from the Sun,
Nay thinke them costly Presents : but I'am one
To whom the gods themselves have offred gifts.
Then before all the daughters of these flouds
I claim a just precedence.

Daph. By what dream,
Or rather by what brain-sicke fantasie
Hath *Io* been deluded ?

Io. My apprehensions
Are no weake fantoms to beguile the fence,
But reall, and in action ; with their form
They beare a being substance.

Daph. Hath your Beauty
Had amongst men such long and strange neglect,
That *Io* would to colour such disgrace,
Accuse the gods of weaknesse ?

Io. Let earths Beauties
Censure of Earth, meere terren as yours be,
And aime no further : the while this of myne
Shall be new question'd by the Powers Divine.

Daph. Now by what gods, for Heav'ns sake ?

Io. Not the meanest,
Or such as we call under-deities,
As melancholy *Saturn*, (by his son
Exil'd and banisht from the supreme rule)
As *Phœbus*, a meere Vassal to the earth,
And forc'd each naturall day to measure heaven
As *Neptune*, Sovereign o're the Seas, to whom
Our tributary rivers hourely pay :

As *Mercury*, though son to *Jove* himselfe,
No better than his Foot-boy or his Page,
Compeld at every summons to his speed :
But of the potent Thunderer.

Daph. He of whom
You have learn'd to thunder these impossible braves.
Io, I am ashamed.

Io. Yes, that your beauty's
Composed of the grosser elements,
Want that attraction to call *Jove* himselfe
Down from his heavenly Fabrick, to behold
Vs in our eminence.

Daph. Strange wonder sure,
To looke vpon that face in which we Mortals,
And value it at best, can nothing spy,
Breed admiration in a Deity !

A noise of thunder. Enter Jupiter in his glory, his Trisfull in his hand burning : at sight of whom they stand affrighted.

Io. Appeare, *Jove*, in thy glory, let them know
Ei, sham'd confesse their fond surmises vain,
And what it is, thy god-head to prophane.

Daph. Fly, fly, lest we be thunder-strooke, away ;
Let's seeke our safety, danger's in our stay. *Exit.*

Iup. Thou *Daphne*, who *Joves* presence now dost
shun,
Swifter ere long shalt from *Apollo* run.
But there lie that which makes us terrible,
Affrighting gods and men. *Io* to thee
In calmes I come, and Faire one make me proud,
To seale the love which I so long have vow'd.

Io. What seale ? what vow ?

Iup. Both thou shalt finde imprest
On thy smooth cheeke, soft lip, and Ivory brest.

Io. Forbeare to handle ; yet I never knew
A man so bold and rude : Can gods dispence,
To teach us Women unknowne impudence ?

Iup. Nay rather we solicit you to prove
What yet you have not try'de, the sweets of love.

Io. Things that I would not learn.

Iup. A Truant still ?
If you want art *Io*, I can teach you skill :
Give me your hand, your lip : why these but are
The Prologue to a pastime much more rare.
Women by nature are ambitious, and
Long to know what they do not understand.
I'le practise you in that which you before
Ne're knew.

Io. In all this lip-sport ? or what more
Is in these kisses meant ? I am so dull, —

Iup. All these my Comment shall explain at full.
In vain you strive.

Io. Should I do ought fave well,
I were vndone, my fathers flouds would tell ;
These are his banks, they'l blab : What mean you ?
fie ;

They swell above their bounds, only to spie
And see what we are doing. Pish, away,
Such deeds of darknesse can you do by day ?
Besides, shall I consent to what you mean,
Not all these silver drops can wash me clean.

Iup. Where I doe stain I can again make pure :
And that Day shall not hinder us, be sure :
Arise you fogs and damps, your vapors gather,
To shroud us both from *Juno* and thy father.

Io. You make me blush. *A great damp ariseth.*

Iup. These blushes none shall see ;
Behold these mists, to curtain us and thee.

Io. Well, when what most you sue for, you have
won,

My comfort is, I see not what is done.

Iup. And *Io* now I'le teach thee sports untry'de,
In darknesse best a Virgins blush to hide. *Exeunt.*

Enter Juno.

Juno. Not in the heav'ns? where then? In vain it
were

To search the seas; the blew vein'd *Nereæ*
And green hair'd *Dorides* with all their brats,
Styl'd by the names of water goddeses,
(Though Prostitutes to *Neptune*) 'mongst them all
Yeeld not a face to please his curious eye.
Where then? The earth? I that, if any place,
Yeelds choice of tempting Beauties: Argos bred
A golden *Danaë*, Thebes afforded an
Alcmena and a wanton *Semele*;
Pelagia, a *Calisto*; Sparta nurst
A swan-like *Læda*, (Strumpets) of all which
I fought a sure, but found a vain revenge.
Why may not then Thesolian Tempe yeeld
Like fascination, since their impudence
Is more and more encourag'd by my wrongs:
Here then I make inquiry. The day's cleare;
Whence come these foggy mysts that choke the aire,
In so serene and bright an hemisphere?

Aut ego factor, aut ego ledar.

If from the earth, this sudden over-cast
Would smell of thicke and suffocating damps:
If from the aire, or any fulph'rous fire,
It would be found by their caliditie.

If from the Rivers, or these moorish fennes,
Humiditie would tell us whence they were.
No, these are forc'd, and by some god-like power,
Created for a more peculiar use:
And now my jealousie most truly prompts me,
'Tis some illusion, made to blinde myne eies

From a new injury ; which if I finde,
On this one Strumpet I will study more,
Than all that have my vengeance scap'd before. *Exit.*

Enter Iupiter, and Io transformed into a Cow.

Jup. The clamorous Queen's descended from the
Spheres,

To finde the cause of this illusive Fog :
But *Io* I have so transhap'd thee now,
That she by no means can discover thee ;
And in that confidence I'le front her boldly.

Iun. *Jove* heare ? my jelousies are then not vain,
How'e're I'le give him gentle entertaine,
Concealing what's within.

Jup. My lovely *Iuno* ?

Iun. My Brother and my Husband *Iupiter* ?

Jup. What make you here on earth ?

Fun. What other reason,
But that I mist my soveraign Lord in heaven ;
And then I yoakt my Peacocks, to their bills
Ty'd silken bridles, and in my light chariot
Made of fine gold, and deckt with Estrich plumes,
Descended as you see. But what affaire
(Might *Iuno* be so bold to aske her Lord)
Detaines you now in Tempe ?

Jup. Though it fits not
Your Sex to aske a thing that ill beseemes,
Or pry into the counsels of the gods ;
Yet thus much I'le resolve you ? I came downe
To censure here some causes amongst men,
And set things crooked upright.

Fun. Now I spy
That which hath drawne him headlong from the
sky,
And I will make th' Adulterer himselfe
Author of my iust vengeance.

Jup. Thou once gon, *Spoken aside.*
She were again transhap'd, and we both one.

Sweet *Juno* will you once more mount your Chariot,
And keep your state above : My desigues ended,
I will not long be from you.

Iun. My craft now
Shall match his cunning ; if there be in me
A godhead, I have cast her destiny.
Deare loving Lord, since 'twas my kindenesse drew
me
To see vnto your safety (though I know
The Deities in every place secure)
Give me some gift on earth, that I in heaven
May applaud your royll bounty.

Jup. Be it bred
Beneath the Moon, 'tis my *Saturnia's*.

Iun. I have not seen so sweet and lovely a
Beast
White without spot or stain ; Is she of the herd
Belonging to these Medowes ?

Jup. She is, no doubt.
Why doth my *Juno* aske ?

Jun. To make her myne.
Jup. A gift too small for *Juno* to entreat,
Or *Love* to grant ; Demand some greater boon.

Iun. This Cow or nothing.
Iup. Shee's not for thy use :
What would my Love do with her ?

Iun. Only this,
(Being above the rest most beautifull)
To sacrifice her to your Deity. (*Jupiter starts.*)

Iup. Not for the triple world : What was it,
Sweet,
That you of me demanded ?

Juno. Now to know (Aside)
What put you in this feare ? Nay I have beg'd,
And must not be deny'd. And have I found you ?

Iup. In what a st freight am I ? her to betray,
And give her up into her enemies hand,
In man would prove a savage cruelty,
Much more in us : and to deny a gift

Appearing of so small a consequence,
Would but augment her too much jeloufie,
And open that which is as yet conceal'd.

Iuno. What hope have I to enjoy greater things,
That am deny'd a trifle ?

Iup. Say I will not, (Aside)
And give no reason ; it may then appeare,
This Heifer to be no such as she seems.
Well, she is yours ; but how will you dispose her ?

Iun. So carefully, because she is your gift,
My seruant *Argus* with a hundred eyes
Shall guard her from all dangers.

Iup. 'Tis enough,
In that, to us you shall expresse your love.
But prove he to her churlish or vnkinde, (Aside)
There's one, at once his hundred eies shall blind.
So, she is now your charge. Exit.

Fun. And being myne,
I'le teach base Earth to injure what's divine.
Where is my seruant *Argus* ?

Enter *Argus* with a hundred eyes.

Argus. Who's that calls ?
The sacred goddesse *Juno* ? What new service
Will you command your vassal ?

Fun. Tak't in briefe ;
Beholdst thou This ? This ? This no matter what,
Not worth a name ; only a thing I loath ;
Out on thee : But I'le spare my railing words,
To expresse my hate in action.

Arg. What's the cause
The poore beast trembles thus ?

Fun. A Beast indeed :
Like such she shall be us'd ; behold her, *Argus* ;
Are these lips fitting for a god to kisse ?
These hooftes apt palms to gripe ? these teats fit pil-
lowes ?
On which a Deity should brest himselfe ?

Theſe, eyes to tempt ? or this an hide to touch ?
 These hornes ? (oh me) in myne owne heraldry
 She mocks me without blushing.

Argus. In all this
 How will you uſe my ſervice ?

Iuno. As a Spy :
 An hundred eyes thou haſt, of all which number
 I will allow thee two to ſleep by turnes ;
 The reſt to watch this Strumpet ; and of all,
 But two to winke, the reſt to gaze at full :
 Behinde thee thou haſt eyes, both fides, before ;
 Which way ſoe're thou turnſt ſhee's in thy view.
 "A thouſand he had need, all piercing bright,
 "To watch a Lover from his choice delight.

Arg. And is this all ?

Iuno. Something I had forgot :
 Thou art an Herdſman, *Argus*, and thou knowſt
 To tame vnruyl cattell ; ſhe is ſuch :
 In ſome unworthy halter binde her neck,
 For ſuch a Beauty the fitſt Carkanet.
 Her browſing be the Brakes and bitter couche,
 For dainties feed her with the foureſt herbs ;
 Lead her through briers & brambles, which may
 ſcratch

Her itching ſkin even till her soft ſides bleed,
 Raife vp the mud in cleare ſprings when ſhe drinks,
 Keep her from shadow, in the parching Sun,
 Till ſhe be ſtung with horſe flies, and the breeſe :
 Let her not reſt but where the ground's ſtill bare ;
 Feather her bed with thiftles and ſharp thornes ;
 And for her footing chufe the barren paths
 Strow'd with looſe pointed flints to gall her hoofes.

Argus farewell, I leave her to thy truſt,
 A ſweet revenge for her infatiate luſt. *Exit.*

Argus. Drawing this piece of Beasts flesh thus
 along,
 Me-thinks I looke like Lybian *Hercules*
 Leading the Dog of hell : nay I ſhall fit her
 According to my charge, and I will keep thee

(Calfe with the white face) safe enough from buling,
The longest day that I haue eye to see.
What do you hang an arse ? Ptrow, come along,
I'le leade you to bare feeding, and finde fallets
To take downe your full flanks and these plump
cheeks.

Along, I'le watch thee well enough from shrinking
Necke out of collar. Nay, on ; thou shalt finde,
Though my face from thee, I have eyes behinde.

Exit.

*Enter Inachus the father of Io, Peneus, Appidanus,
Amphritis, (all Riuers) Daphne, and the other
Nymphs, &c.*

Inachus. Speak not to me of comfort, *Io's* lost !
Had she miscarried on the earth, her body
Would have given instance of her timelesse fate :
Or had she been by savage beasts devour'd,
Her garments stain'd with bloud would tell her
death.

Had she in myne or these my neighbour floods
Perisht, they would have borne her gently vp,
And cast her on some banke for buriall.

Peneus. Deare *Inachus* do not torment your selfe,
Nothing so lost, but may be found at length :
For hauing seen no token of her death,
There's of her life some hope.

Amphr. Behold, *Amprhisus*,
With this your antient neghbour *Appidan*,
Peneus and others, as we moane your losse,
So in our pitty come to comfort you.

Appid. O, brackish not your waters with your
teares,
That yet run pure and fresh ; but be of comfort.
Inach. In vain you speake of what you cannot give,
As I in vaine lament myne *Io's* losse.

Enter Argus leading in Io.

Arg. How now, curst Cow? What, start you at
that name?

I'le make your long hornes shorter.

Fnac. *Io,* where?

If under earth, I'le send my springs in search
As low as to the Centre. *Io,* where?

If snatcht vp in the aire, like dew exhal'd,
With eyes fixt vpward I will still thus gaze,
Till from the bosome of some gentle cloud,
Thou drop into myne armes. Faire *Io,* where?

Arg. I thinke the beast hath breezes in her taile,
She cannot keepe her still.

Inach. But stay, what's hee
That leads the fairest Heifer tether'd fast,
That e're drunke of my stremes; for *Io's* sake
I loue all creatures that are beautifull.

Arg. How now you Harlatry?

Inach. Thou churlish heardisman,
I know thee, *Argus*, jealous *Juno's* Spy,
Why canst thou be so fierce to one so faire?

Arg. What's that to thee, or any of you all.

Pen. Amongst all creatures Nature ever made,
Some to haue native beauty 'bove the rest,
Commanding soft affection, this is such.

Arg. With all myne eyes I spy no difference,
But love all beasts as beasts.

Inach. The more beast thou.

Pen. But why should this, the fairest of all heards,
Cast such a pitteous moving eye on you,
As wooing your acquaintance?

Inach. And 'tis true,
Where ere I go, her sad eye followes me,
So she too, did not *Argus* keepe her backe:
See, see, how gently she endures my touch,
And makes an offer (had shee power) to speake.
Heare, take these floures, and now she kist myne
hand,

Whilst pitteous teares drop down her tender cheeks,
What should I say ? poor beast I pity thee,
And all the good I can do is to grieve,
Th' hast such a churlish Keeper.

Pen. Inachus, I feare
There's something greater in't.

Inach. What greater can be,
Vnlesse there live some vnderstanding spirit
In this irrationall and savage shape :
What wouldest thou have, that in this bestiall figure
Beg'st humane pitty ? what intends she, thinke you,
By pawing on the ground ? Observe her, brethren,
It seemes she hath writ somthing in the dust,
And see, two letters are imprinted faire,
As if it were my *Io's* Character,
And here I reade *Io*.

Pen. Io : and see,
In every step she hath trod, that word imprest.

Inach. This she ? whom I so long in vain have
fought,
Through forrests, groves, and mountaines, fields &
floods ?
This she, whom I in finding shall most lose ?
O miserable wretched *Inachus*,
More miserable *Io*, thus transform'd :
I terme thee lovely, till I knew thee such ;
But when thy former beauty I record,
Thou ougly art, mishap'd, and terrible.
Can the gods suffer this ?

Arg. Leave this your howling.
Forbeare, or in this cord I leade her forth,
Ile strangle her. Dare not to follow me,
There's danger in me both waies ; she shall perish,
And you must bleed. Come, Minion we will clime
Yon craggy montain top, a prospect fit
For *Argus* only, who (not moving) can
Behold at once from whence the foure winds blow,
And there with her I'le like a Beacon stand.
To watch and to give warning. Will you drive ?
I say pursue me not, for if you do,

Ile make her sure, and you repent it too.

Why ptrow there.

Exeunt Argos and Io.

Amph. With what a pitteous action, wailing tongue,

She gave a loving, but a loath farewell.

Apid. But that the high Powers are not limitable,

Who would beleeve this wonder possible.

Pen. We must not question what the gods can do,
Yet in th' extremitie of all extremes,
And worst of bads, despaire not, *Inachus*.

Inach. How easie 'tis for those that tast not grieſe,
Bid others be of comfort.

Amph. Reverend Sir,—

Inach. There is no reverence due: not to the gods,

If this be seen and suffer'd: O my *Io*,
With acclamations I will fill the Meades:
In stead of prayers, Ile execrate and curse,
And to the burthen of myne untun'd shreeks
The rocks and caves shall echo to thy name.

Pen. But *Inachus*. —

Inach. But when your Chanels fwell,
You can have dammes and fluces to discharge
Superfluous water, leſt your torrents rage;
And will you bar the conduits of myne eies
To ease the flux of my furcharged heart?

My care was, *Io*, to provide a man
To be thine husband: but I now must finde
One of the bellowing heard to cal me sonne:
To have ſome pretty infant draw thy breft,
But now muſt ſome py'de urchin ſucke thy teats.
But that I am immortall, and the dores

And gate to death againſt me are debar'd,
I'de weepe my ſelfe to nothing, and this Beeing
Scatter amongst my flouds, that mixt with them,
They might (in leſſe than drops) amongst their waves,
Convey me to the all-devouring feas,
To mix my brine with his, and be ſo lost;

And lost, forgotten : But I am still the same,
And *Io*, I'le still call vpon thy name. *Exeunt.*

Enter Jupiter and Mercury.

Iupit. How am I mov'd with *Inachus* exclaimes ?
Why are the eares of gods kept open still,
But first to heare, then pitty ? hast thou not, *Mercury*,
Seene *Io*'s teares ? Perceiv'd her scalding sighs,
And even thus far heard her suspires and grones,
Tortur'd beneath that Neatherd churlish groome,
More savage than the beasts he feeds ?

Merc. I have.

Iup. How oft hath she, thinking to heave her
hands
For divine pitty ; when she spy'de her hoofes
Cast them to th' earth, with them her head with
shame,
And bellowing when she would complain her griefe,
Started at her owne sound ?
How oft, when grazing on her fathers banks,
(These fruitfull banks on which she vs'd to sport)
Offring to drinke, when in his Crystall streams,
In which so often she with pride hath lookt,
On her white brow, red cheeke, and golden curles :
Now when she spies those lips a god hath kist,
Stretcht to so vast a widenesse, penthou'sd o're
With inlarg'd nostrils ; looking on those eyes,
(In which 'twas once my sole delight to looke)
To see them broad and glaring ; her cleare brow
Late deckt with shining jewels, prest with hornes.
How oft hath she (more frighted than ashamed)
Thought, from her selfe, in vaine, to hide her selfe ?

Merc. This can you see ? not study how to helpe ?

Iup. I do, and will, by thyne aid, *Mercury* ;
Hye therefore to the top of Pindus mount,
(There *Argus* keepes his watch) in some disguise ;
Thy *Caduceus* and thy wings layd by,

Finde with the slave some conference, till by cunning

Thou charm'st his waking eies, and being fast,
Cut off his head, and with one blow extinguish
So many lights at once.

Merc. Great *Love* I will :

But thus condition'd, you will interpose
Your awfull power 'twixt me and *Iuno's* hate.

Jup. Presume th' art safe in vs.

Merc. Then *Argus* dies ;
One fatal stroke shall shut an hundred eies. *Exit.*

Enter Argus leading Io in an halter.

Argus. How dost thou like thyne usage, madam
Cow ?

Your lodging and your dyet ? How dost thinke
This hempen chaine becomes thee ? Will you see
Your sweet face in the riuier once againe ?
Or how doth your faire beastship feele your selfe ?
Wouldst thou not haue some Bulchin from the herd
To physicke thee of this venereall itch ?
If not, I'le see what Nettles muddy streams,
Couch-grasse and weeds, thornes, briers, & flints can
do.

These failing, here's a goad to prick your sides.
If all these medicines will not tame your lust,
I'le muster new inventions. Nay, I know
You looke for pitty, but it lives not here.
In this high watch-tower stand I sentinel,
To spy who comes and goes. I am made thy gardian,
Ile gard thee both from danger and from rest ;
'Twas in thy hearing, *Iuno's* late behest.

Enter Mercury like a yong formal Shepheard.

Merc. This shape may prove suspectlesse, and the
fittest
To cloud a godhead in ; my plumed hat

And fether'd sandals, by the which I am knowne,
I have left at foot of this descending hill :
My snaky Rod I have to this sheephooke turn'd.
Accommodated thus, to *Argus* now,
Ariostors sonne : behooves him keepe good watch,
Whom *Mercury* (*Ioves* son) intends to catch.
But Many-eyes have spy'de me.

Arg. How now shepheard,
There's none who in that simple shape or name
Needs treason feare. Should any come prepar'd
For mischiefe, I have lights about me shine
Sufficient to prevent it : but thou seem'st
None of such ranke. Come sit by me and talke.

Merc. The servant to the great *Saturnia*
Doth me no common grace.

Arg. Thou know'st me then ?

Merc. What shepheard but not only knowes your
name,

But feares your strength ?

Arg. Nay sit (by me th' art safe)
And tell some pretty tales to make me langh :
I have not long been merry.

Merc. First resolve me ;
Is that faire heifer of some neighbour herd,
You drag thus in an halter ?

Arg. Shee's my charge,
A witty Brute, a most ingenious beast,
A very apprehensiuue *Animal*,
That can do tricks : she hath been taught, I tell
thee,
To write and reade.

Merc. *Argus*, not possible.

Argus. 'Tis as I said before : but having her,
Some pretty tale, I prethee.

Merc. But what if
Some goddesse should live in this shape disguis'd,
To whom you are so churlish. I could tell you
A story to that end.

Arg. Such toyes I love.

Merc. Thus the *Pierides* (e) report : The Gyants
Assembled and made war against the gods,
Heapt Offa upon Pelion, Caucasus
Vpon Pernassus, Pindus above them ;
Hill upon mountain, mountain vpon hill,
Till they had made a scale that reacht to heaven,
The conflict then began : the monstrous *Typhon*
Was Captain of the Gyants : Of the gods
Great *Io*, Archduke. The Generals met and
fought.

In briefe (to cut off circumstance) the earth
Prevaild 'gainst heauen. The gods are forc't to fly :
Io, chac'd by *Typhon* into Egypt, chang'd
Himselfe into a Ram : *Apollo*, frighted,
Turnes to a Crow, *Bacchus* into a Goat,
Iuno a Cow, *Diana* to a Cat ;
Venus into a Fish, and tooke the sea ;
Mars to a Pigmy, lest he should be knownde :
And *Mercury*, fyrmam'd the crafty god,
Into a Fox.

Arg. A Fox ? But I would meet
That craft which could beguile *Argus* bright eyes.
Proceed, proceed, good shepheard.

Merc. Why may not then
Some goddesse be included in this shape ?

Arg. A goddesse, faist thou ? thinke me equall
then
With one of these huge Gyants, if not greater,
That have the power and potencie to leade
A god-head in a string. But ha, what musick

Musicke.

Was that strooke vp ? 'Twas sweet and delicat,
Nor have I heard the like.

Merc. My fellow shepheards
Behinde that rocke (from whence an echo growes)
For the more grace have chus'd that place as fitteſt,
Prest to beſlow their cunning vpon you,
Whom they have heard, much tyr'd with watching
long.

Arg. And shall we have some merry Madrigall
To passe away the time with?

Merc. What you please.

Arg. I faine would know how first these Pipes
came up,
That make this dainty musicke?

Merc. First from *Pan*
The god of Shepheards. In the memory
Of the Nymph *Syrinx*, (f) Musicke strike and tell,
How in th' Arcadian plaines it once befell.

Mercuries Song.

SIrinx, one of Dian's traine,
Hunting with her on the plaine,
Arm'd alike with shafts and bow ;
Each from other would you know ?
Which from which could not be told,
Saue ones was horne, the others gold.

Arg. Hey ho ; very fine musicke I promise you.

Merc. Now it begins to worke.

Pan he sees himselfe makes fine.
In his cap he pricks a Pine :
Now growes carelesse of his heard,
Sits by brookes to prune his beard,
Meets her, and hath minde to woe,
Much he speakes, and more would doe.

Arg. 'Tis pleasing, but it makes me melancholy,
And drowsie too withall.

Merc. 'Twill do anon.

Aside.

Still he profers, she denies ;
He pursues (for Syrinx flies.)
Past her knees her coats vp flew,
He would faine see something new :
By the leg and thigh he guest
(It seemes) the vertue of the rest.

Arg. Were it not for my charge I'de take a nap

Merc. This addes wings vnto his pace,
 The goale for which he is in chace.
 She addes feathers to her speed :
 Now it was no more than need.
 Almost caught, Alas she cries,
 Some chaste god my shape disguise.

Arg. The rest may sleepe secure, so I can keepe
 But two eyes waking.

Merc. Here's a charme for them.

Lædon heares, and girts her round,
 Spies a reed that makes sweet found :
 Such is Syrinx. Wondring Pan
 Puts it to his mouth anon :
 Yet Syrinx thou are myne he said,
 And so of her his first pipe made.

My charm hath tooke effect ; with these thyne eyes
 Take thy last sleepe, thou hast not one to see ;
 My taske is done, and So thou now free.

Cuts off his head. Exit.

Enter Juno.

Iuno. The dying groans of *Argus* call'd me
 down,
 To know what of his lustre is become.
 What, all extinct ? and is no memorie
 Extant of their knowne brightnesse ? hath one night
 (Whose nature should be to be proud of stars)
 Shut at one time an hundred ? nay at once ?
 Should euery piece of time deprive so many,
 How shortly would these lights innumerable
 Be vanisht into nothing ? But deare *Argus*,
 That all may know thou hadst a louing mistresse,
 Grieuing thou shouldst thus perish for her sake ;
 And that these eies (now blinde) in after-times
 May giue a light to perpetuitie,
 And memorize thy name, thy faith and fall,
 Thy hundred eyes (who wast for *Iuno* slain)
 I will transport into my Peacocks traine ;

Whilst such a bird hath breeding, and can bee,
Her painted feathers shall remember thee.

Enter Iupiter and Mercury.

Jup. And whilst an heifer grafeth on the
plaine,

Io, her hoofe shall still imprint thy name.

My *Juno* are we friends? Let her long divorce,
My faire intreats, with *Inachus* exclaimes
Invoke thy love and pitty, by my life.

Juno. You vse me like a sister, not a wife,
My bed is still so empty.

Jup. Now by Styx, (g)
An oath no god was ever knowne to breake,
Signe her release, she shall hereafter be
To *Love* as a meere stranger.

Juno. Since by that you sweare,
What's past is lost, it cuts off future feare,
Saving my quarrell, *Mercury*, to you.

Merc. Madam, I did your seruant no great wrong,
Save teaching him to relish a new song.

Juno. Where jars are mediated, vain it were
Call injuries in question. As with *Jupiter*,
With you we are atton'd.

Jup. Now *Mercury*,
Since *Juno* is appeas'd, fetch *Io* hither,
In her owne native beauty, whom we will
Restore vnto her father.

Merc. Sir I shall.

Enter Inachus with the other Riuers, &c.

Inach. O *Jupiter*! oh *Juno*!

Jup. *Inachus*,

Surcease exclaimes, thy prayers have had accessse,
Thy teares been pittied, and thy losse bemoan'd;
Argus is slain, and faire *Saturnia* pleas'd;
And *Io* to her pristine shape restor'd.

Enter Mercury with Io.

Inach. Thanks you immortall gods.

Merc. No sooner was this mighty Queene ap-peas'd,

But the rough haire dropt from her tender skin,
 Her hornes fell off, her eies appeard to shine
 In a lesse orbe, her mouth and lips contracted
 Both into compasfe, and their native sweetnesse,
 Her shoulders are restor'd, fingers and hands;
 Her parted hoofe diuided into five,
 Now with two feet contented, for on them
 She straightway stood erect, and of a Cow,
 Save whitenesse, nought retaining, and even yet
 She feares to speake, lest she in stead of words
 Should bellow forth her minde.

Io. Yet will I dare
 To give my father greeting.

Inach. Oh my childe.

Juno. I am still jealous of that face : What's he
 That makes but a mean sport of wedlocks breach,
 But thinkes to violate an oath no sin,
 Though calling testates all the Stygian gods ?
 Great King and Lord, Brother and Husband too,
 If I be worthy of those attributes
 Your self have daignd, and all the gods approve,
 Grant me a second boon.

Iup. For thy remisnesse
 In *Io*'s late affliction, speake, 'tis granted.

Juno. Then from these fields of Tempe banish
 her,
 As far as into Egypt.

Inach. From her father ?

Iup. Be you pleas'd,
 And *Juno* shall, I hope, be satisfied.
Io, you shall to Egypt be confin'd,
 Be that your punishment for *Juno*'s hate :
 Which executed you shall taste our love.
 In Egypt held a goddesse thou shalt be,

Ador'd and worshipt in thine heifers shape ;
Oblations shall be daily offer'd thee,
And Incense burnt to thy divinitie,
And this for ever. *Iuno*, in vain you sorrow,
Io's word is past, and cannot be revok'd.
And now with this one Maxim we conclude ;
Where lust is punisht, though the bloud be tainted,
It (after such long Penance) may be sainted.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

Annotations upon *Jupiter and Io.*

(a) **N**aiades, were Nymphs or Fayries of the wells, and fountains.

(b) *Pindus*, was a mountaine in Thessaly, sacred to *Apollo* and the Muses, &c.

(c) *Hemonian Tempe*. *Tempe* was a pleasant valley flourishing with trees, herbes, and flowers, situate in Thessaly at the foot of the hill *Hemus*. It was much celebrated by the Muses, as lying betwixt *Offa* and *Olympus*. The River *Peneus*, *Larisa*, and the *Ægean* Sea, &c.

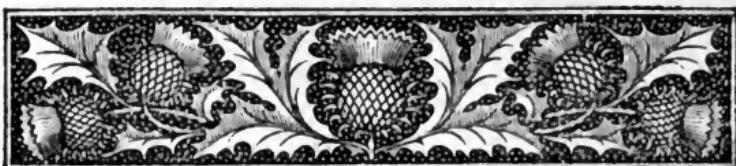
(d) Spærchius, a River whose banks were round beset with Poplar trees, and therefore called *Populifer*, *Enipæns*, *Apidanus*, *Amphisus*, and *Æas*, &c. only the names of Rivers, whose currents and chanels were famous in those parts of Greece : for your better satisfaction, I refer you to *Ovid* his Metamorph. lib. i. upon the same argument.

(e) *Pierides*, were the Muses, so called from *Pierus*, or else a mountaine of Greece of that name : this *Pierus* had nine daughters, who contended with the Muses in singing, and being vanquished by them, were transformed into chattering Pyes : in glory of which victory the Muses would be called by their names.

(f) *Syrinx*, an Arcadian Nymph, who flying from the embraces of *Pan*, the god of the Shepheards, at her intercession to

the gods changed into a Reed, her prayer being to preserve her virginity.

(g) *Styx*, a certayne well in Arcadia, the water of which is so cold and venemous, that whosoever drinketh thereof immediatly dyeth. It eateth and wasteth yron or brasse, neither can it be contained in any thing, but the hoof of a Mule ; some say *Alexander* the Great was poisoned with the water of this river, by *Antipater*, at the persuasion of *Aristotle*, the great Philosopher, and Tutor to *Alexander*. The Poets feigne it to be a river in hell, and so sacred to the gods, that if any of them sweare by it, and breake his oath, he shall be deprived of his godhead, and drinke no Nectar for an hundred yeares after.



Apollo and Daphne.

The Argument.

*A fter many a louing greeting,
Mars and Venus point a meeting ;
And that Vulcan might not haue
Leaſt note thereof, they chuse a Cave
Obscure and darke, to which they truſt,
Intending there to ſate their luſt.
But when themſelues moſt ſafe they thiſke,
The riſing Sun pries through a chinke,
Sees all, and what hee fees diſcoverſ
To Vulcan, touching theſe two Lovers.*

*Th' inraged Smith, taking foule ſcorne
To be affronted with the horne,
Provides for them a ſubtill ginne,
In hope to take them both therein.
His plot prevail'd, and now being fiery
In iuſt reuenge, by ſtrict inquiry,
To finde where theſe by cuſtome met,
He by his art contrives a Net,
More fine than is the Spiders thred,
And yet of wire ; which he ſo ſpred
About the place, all things compact
So well he tooke them in the acket :
And then doth all the gods invite,
Who came at once to view that fight.*

*Some jeer'd, some pitty'd their disgrace,
One wisht himselfe in Mars his place.
Yet for all this, the churlish Sir
So kept them that they could not stir.
Mars chafes and threats, and strugling keeps:
But Venus blushes firſt, then weeps.
And when the gods could laugh no more,
Then Vulcan freed them, not before.
Now Venus knowing all this done
Was firſt discover'd by the Sun;
Against him open war proclaims,
And at him her revenge ſhe aimes:
Cupid ſhe vſeth as her instrument.
And that's of our Scœne the ſole argument.*

Enter the riuier *Peneus* the father of *Daphne*, *Daphne*, *Amphrifus* and *Appidanus* two Riuers that were Suiters unto her; two Nymphs Attendants on *Daphne*.

Peneus. **W**hy lovely *Daphne*, will you lose your Youth, And let your best houres paſſe you? Well you know, Beautie's a Floure, which not being cropt in time, Soone withers on the ſtalke, and then (alas) Will neither ſerve for vſe nor ornament. You owe me ſweet grand-children, pretty babes, Even for your birth you do: it is a debt That I would ſee diſcharg'd: I to my parents Paid it in thee; it is a Bond ſtands firme, 'Till canceld in thy ſweet posteritie. See, I have brought thee Suitors, choife ones too, Two noble Rivers, both reſiding neere, *Amphrifus*, and ſtill flowing *Appidane*, Yong, and of means, both active and of strength To wrestle againſt barrenneſſe, and give The hugge the foile. Being dead, I live in thee:

Live thou too in thine issue ; so successively.
Our Line and memory shall never perish,
But last as long as Time.

Amph. Your father (*Daphne*)
Counfels with iudgement, and this argument
I could by many reasons amplifie.
As, That without succession (one age past)
Mankinde should cease to be. O what a punishment
Deserve they from the gods, that would destroy
So glorious a creation, and to leave
So wonderfull a fabricke as the world is,
To no admirers ?

Appid. Save the Plants and Beasts ;
And what can they distinguish ?

Pen. Therefore, Daughter
Make vse of time : a season being past,
Can never be recall'd, no, not a moneth.
A moneth ? no day, no houre, no minute can :
Therefore make use of opportunitie
Which throwes it selfe vpon thee : but being
fleightned,
Will after prove a stranger ; the least instant
By long repentance cannot be redeem'd.

Daphne. To you I bow in duty, as to a father ;
And these affront in noble courtesie,
Not wronging him, to shew my breeding base,
Scoffing your profer'd love with womanish scorne.
His counsels, your persuasions, I commend,
Knowing both fitting, were they seasonable.
That Maids should love men I am not ignorant,
Or that the breeding world should still encrease ;
That Progenie should reach from age to age,
And that the gods make 't a necessitie,
To have all their miraculous works admir'd :
All this I know ; but

Amph. I'le proceed : But what
Can you produce against this ?

Daph. Heare me out :
But when I in my best considerat thoughts

Ponder my youth, and what it is to loue ;
 That vowes are tyes not easie to be loos'd,
 And that the smalleſt finger can pluck on
 What not the hand and arme can well put off :
 That Mariage is a Maze, which enter'd in,
 The line is ſnatcht thence which ſhould guide us out.
 Ere hazard then that vnknowne labyrinth,
 Much blame me not to paufe.

Pen. What needſt thou feare ?
 Fond timerous Girle, did not thy mother this
 Long time before thee ?

Appid. Nay, hereafter too
 May not your daughter do fo ?

Daph. I'le resolve you
 That, when I have a daughter of my yeares,
 And tutor'd by her mother.

Amph. Excellent Nymph,
 These are evasions meere vnneceſſarie ;
 We know you to be ripe, and our ſelves grown,
 Betwixt us is equalitie in ſtate,
 And paritie in yeares : nor is our course
 Irregular or indirecť, we come
 Admitted by your father, as a way
 Plain, and not interdicted : nor is our ſuit
 So far with cradle it may childiſh ſeem ;
 Nor ſo old, to appeare decrepit : we are two
 Rivals, yet friends ; ſo you chufe one of either,
 Even he that is deſpis'd reſts ſatisfied,
 Nor is our love diuided.

Daph. I commend you :
 There is of you leſſe danger, and leaſt feare
 That you ſhould die of love ; when both of you
 Come with like premeditation to diſgref
 A rigorous anſwer.

Appid. Pray what ſhould we do ?
 Our ſervice we have offer'd equally :
 The world is wide, and if we ſpeed not here,
 We muſt provide us elsewhere.

Daph. Worthy friends,

To be most plain, to me most pleasing is :
Then take as plain an answer ; I confesse me
(Weake as I am) vnworthy of your love.
And yet not so low pris'd, but have bin courted
Both by as great and good. Nor can you blame me,
If I in adding to your worths, shall spare
From mine, in the least kinde to derogate.
To you then, as my equals, I entreat ;
Or if you shall deny me, *Daphne* then
Proclaines it as her will. I must retyre me
For some few moneths, in them to meditate
What mariage is, and truly study man,
(A booke in which I yet have truanted.)
Now, if I in my more maturitie,
And after some cessation of your suits,
Can ground this Maxime, Man is worthy us,
And we of him ; wee'l breviat your long motions
Within a few short termes.

Amph. You speake but reason :
And so long wee'l attend you.

Appid. Most fit, that such as bargain for their
lives,
Should reade us o're and o're, before they set
Their hands to that Indenture. We are pleas'd.

Daph. And I that you are so. Nor can my father
At this be discontented.

Pen. Not I, Childe ;
I would not hurry on my ioyes too fast,
Having such hope of them. And yet, sweet *Daphne*,
The more thou hafts their harvests, the ripe crop
Shall be to them more welcome. For this time
'Tis best to leave her to her privacie :
More leisure that she hath to meditate,
Lesse time you have in which to be resolv'd,
'Twill shorten expectation.

Amph. May these houres
That adde vnto your yeares, still as you grow,
Increase toward us your love.

Appid. Friend you pray well,

And in that hope I take a loving leave,
By kissing your faire hand.

Exit.

Daph. You understand a curteſie as well,
Once being done, as ſhe that knowes to do 't.
Farewell. Where be my maids?

1 Nymph. My Lady, at hand.

Daph. Doth either of you know what this love is,
That men ſo much affect it ?

2 Nymph. Trust me, not I ; I never lookeſt ſo far
into man ; and moſt ſure I am, man never yet
entred ſo farre into me, that I ſhould know how to
define it. But can you tell the reaſon why this little
god is ſtill portraide like a childe ?

Daph. I think, because that dotage which he
breeds

Only belongs to children.

1 Nymph. But why naked ?

Daph. Either t'affright the Modest ; or to ſuch
As vow to him, to exprefſe their impudencē.

2 Nymph. But why with bow and arrowes ?

Daph. That denotes
Inconſtancie, because the shafts of love
Are ever ſhot at random.

1 Nymph. Wherfore hoodwinkt ?

Daph. Howe're his shafts are aim'd, it ſhewes
his kinde,
Because they ſtrike the eies of Reaſon blinde.

2 Nymph. Then am I with Love quite out of
love, because at theſe yeres I ſhould be loath to
have one to lead me.

Daph. Yet do I love the beauty of the ſpring,
To listen to the birds, with various layes
To welcome in his coming. I affect
The pride and warmth of Summer, to behold
Aboundant Autumne poure his harveſt forth
In plenteous ſheafes ; to ſee the preſſes bleed
A flowing vintage. But I moſt admire
The glory of the Sun who comforts theſe :
For without him, what were the earth ? what heaven ?

If all were darknesse, who should then discerne
The lustre of the one or of the other,
The fresh fertilitie proudly adorn'd
With choise and change of all discolour'd floures ?
More than a cas'd up Iewell, what were Beauty,
Without the Sun to give a brightnesse to 't ?
What's ornament, without the Sun to iudge it ?
What to be faire or foule, without the Sun,
To censure and distinguish which is best ?
The Sun's the deity which I adore.
Here then upon this verdure cast your selves,
And rest a while ; not long 'tis e're he will
In all his glory mount the Eastern hill.

*They lay themselues downe, then enter Venus
and Cupid.*

Venus. Here on the top of the mount Ericine
Ambush thy selfe, (a place sacred to me)
Where thou mayst boldly front the god of Light,
Who hath by this already chac'd hence night.
I'le leave thee now : strike, but strike home, my son,
I'le in these shades absent me whil'st 'tis done.

Cupid. He mocks my bow, but *Phœbus* soon
shall finde

Cupid hath power to strike the Sun-god blinde.

Enter Apollo with his glittering beames.

Apollo. The stars are frighted from the firmament,
And at the sight of our illustrious beams
Darknesse vnto the blacke Cymmerians (*a*) fled.
Now to our daily progresse through the Signes.
But stay, what's he that with our honors, arm'd,
(The Bow and quiver, proper sole to us)
Braves us upon high Erix (*b*) Promontorie ?
I know him now, 'tis Paphian *Venus* son,
To whom some fooles have vow'd a deity.
I'le know the reason why the bastard brat
Dares thus assume my trophies. 'Morrow *Cupid*.

Cupid. As much to *Phœbus*.

Cupid. And why thine?

Apoll. Because I am styl'd the god of Archerie ;
And where I aime I hit, my prey or enemy,
Kill neere or far. The monstrous serpent *Python* (c)
(Whose bulke being flaine, an hundred acres spred)
Had from this bow his wounds, and I my honors :
And shall a childe boast eminence with me ?

Cup. Phœbus, thy bow hath monstres strooke to ground,

But myne hath power the gods themselves to wound,
Of which thou art not least. Mother he's sped,

He shoots.

I have pierc'd him home with my shafts golden head.

Ven. Thou art myne own sweet boy, thy darts
ne're fail;

And now *Apollo* languish and looke pale,
More wan than did thy sister *Moon* once prove,
When for *Endymion* (*d*) she was sicke of love,
Whil'st I laugh and reioyce. Now make all sure,
And strike faire *Daphne* whil'st she sleepes secure,
But with contempt and hate.

Cup. My arrow flies,
And as it hits, sicke of disdain she lies.
Now mother let's away.

Ven. Phœbus, I divine,
Thou'l say his shafts can wound as deep as thine.

Exit.

Apoll. What alteration's this I feele ? a heate
Beyond myne owne fire, kindled at myne eye.

Daphne starts up.

Daph. All sleep is still in darknesse, yet our soules
See when our eies are shut. My breft's in uprore ;
And yet a dream tels me, the morning gray
Sayes the Sun's up, I shame to looke on day.

Apoll. What Beautie's this on earth, transpiercing
more,
Than can the beams from my celestial Orbe ?

Daph. The Sun is up ; Awake : What, shame
you not
That he should finde you sleeping ?

Apol. Sweet Nymph stay.
Daph. The shades best please me, I in them will
play ;

The Sun's too hot and sultry.

Apol. I am hee
That measures out the yeare ; and shun you me ?
Fairſt of thy sex, behold the Suns bright eye,
That all things fees, by whom you all things spy.
Will you in everlasting darknesse dwell ?
Light is heavens emblem, and becomes it well :
Where I appeare, I comfort and make glad ;
Be comforted in me, why are you sad ?
Would you in blindnesse live ? these raies of myne
Give that reflect by which your Beauties shine,
For what are artificial lights ? when I
Appeare in fulnesse they soon faint and die.
They only put on counterfeits : my rayes
False colours finde, and give the true the praise.
If yours be such, then prove them by my light,
The world will censure they are pure and right.

Daph. His piercing beams I never shall endure,
They sicke me of a fatall Calenture.

Apol. What are you better to be lovely born,
If not beheld ? What's state, if not observd ?
Or wherefore before Cottages do we
Prefer the stately Palace, and the sumptuous rooſe ?
What vertue were in jewels without me ?
Else should they be with pibbles equall pris'd.
Wherefore did Nature make you with bright eies,

Which profit not in night without my beams ?
 Why should the Rose be red ? the Lilly white ?
 The Violet purple ? and the Holly green ?
 All these my creatures. But when I decline,
 And night usurps upon the Universe,
 Their tincture's not discern'd : but white and red
 Which in your peerlesse cheeks exceed all floures,
 What lustre beare they ? When my beams are gone,
 The faire and foule in darknesse seem all one.

Daph. That darknesse doth best please me : let's
 away,

My beauty will be fun burnt if I stay,
 Hee'l blast me like an Ethiope.

Exit running.

Apol. Dost thou fly me ?
 Love bids me follow, and I must pursue :
 No vault, no cave or cavern so obscure,
 Through which I will not pierce, to finde thee out.
 Th' Antipodes for ever want my rayes :
 To gaze on her, I'le this Meridian keepe,
 And till attain the faint that I adore,
 Here ever shine, where night shall be no more. *Exit.*

Enter Venus and Cupid.

Venus. Laugh *Cupid*, laugh, for I am halfe
 reveng'd,
 And shall e're long be fully, when this Blab
 Shall in his course, or too much lag or speed
 Post somtimes, and again run retrograde.
 Where by his too long presence th' earth is scortcht,
 Or by his absence th' other world shall freeze :
 And all that lies beneath the Moon complaine :
 And that the gods at mans request shall call
 Disorder into question. What can then
 Both heaven and earth conclude when this is
 done,
 But this thou didst to avenge me of the Sun.

Cup. Will not *Mars* thanke me for't ?

Ven. And kisse thee too.

O still by his example punish those
That shal our sweet adulterate sports disclose.

Exeunt.

Enter Daphne flying, and Apollo pursuing her.

Apollo. Why flies my *Daphne*, knowing 'tis in
vaine :

Love makes me swifter than thy feare can thee.

Daph. O me, I am so tortur'd with the Sun,
I hate my very shadow.

Apol. I pursue not
As Eagles, Doves do ; or the Lions, Harts ;
Or Wolves, the Lambe. Love is my cause of hast :
Run not so fast, lest thou shouldst trip perhaps,
And do thy selfe some dammage : the ground's
rough,

Shouldst thou but slide, and I the Author on't,
How much would it offend me ? To preuent which,
Stay but thy hast, and I will slack my speed.

Daph. I am almost breathlesse.

Apoll. See, I am no Satyre,
Shepheard, or such as live by grazing herds,
Delphos is myne, Pharos, and Tenedos :
Thou know'ft not who thou fly'st, I am *Apollo*,
The only god that speakes by Oracle :
Iove is my father, and the *Muses* nine
Are all my daughters : I am Patron held
Of Numbers, Raptures, and sweet Poesie.
My shafts are ever certain where they aime,
(Yet one more certain, which hath pierc't me
deep)

Physicke is myne, I first devis'd that Art,
And could it help me, I were then assur'd :
But Love is by no Simples to be cur'd.

Daph. O now I am quite spent ; help, goddesse
Iuno,

(Queene of chaste marriage) bright *Diana*, help
One of thy true vow'd Virgins : change my shape,
That I this hot adulterous Sun may scape.

Sudden Musick, and she is turned into a Lawrel tree.

Thanks, oh ye Powers divine : the Spheres assent
To my chaste prayer : your heavenly dooms are
iust.

Here grow I fixt against all powers of lust.

Apoli. Strange prodigie ? Lesse hope is in her
stay,

Than in her speed ; her bodie's round incompast
With a rough rinde, in which her warm heart
beats.

Her haire is all growne vpward into boughes,
Her milke white fingers and her armes advanc'd
To great and lesser branches : her faire feet
But late so swift, fast rooted in the earth :
And I, whom Love late blinded, now may see
My *Daphne* turn'd into a Laurel tree.

Her life still struggles in the churlish barke,
And from her lips I feele her breath still flow.
One blessed kisse at parting, but in vain,
The very tree shrinks from me in disdain.

And yet in lasting memory of thee
And of my love, thou shalt be ever myne :
In all ovations triumphs and rich shewes
The Laurel shall ingirt the Conquerors browes.

All eminence shall thinke it grac'd in thee.
Poets, the Muses darlings, shall from thee
Receive their honour, and the best esteem'd
Be crowned Laureat, and no excellency
But have it's noble estimate from hence.

Emperors shall prize thy leaves above pure gold :
For thou shalt ever wait on victorie ;
And as my youthfull and still unshorne haires
(Vnchanging) of this golden hew are seen,
So shall thy boughes and branches still be greene,
And arme against *Loves* lightning. And all these
Shall be for our sake by the gods approv'd,
In memory that *Daphne* we once lov'd.

Exit.

Enter Aurora attended by the Hours.

1 *Houre.* How comes it, faire *Aurora*, we the
Hours

Are thus disturb'd ?

2 *Houre.* One halts, whilst th' other runs ;
Somtimes made longer by a many minutes,
Somtimes not full three quarters ?

Aurora. Am not I
As much distemper'd, being forc'd to rise
So oft before my time ? which makes my husband
Old *Tython* jealous (for he bed-rid lies)
I have light on some new Love.

1 *Houre.* All's out of order.

*Enter the fourre Seasons, Spring, Summer,
Autumne, Winter.*

Spring. How comes this strange confusion rise of
late ?

My spring to grow so forward by the Sun ?
Summer complaines that I usurpe on her.

Sum. As much as I on thee, Autumne on me,
And faith, that in my ripening I include
His harvest, and so rob him of his due.

Aut. Have I not cause ? when thou not only
claimst

The honor of my crop : But frozen Winter,
Hee keeps a coile too, swearing, I intrude
Into his bounded limits.

Wint. This I am sure

I am curtailed of my right ; my snow is melted,
And hath not time to cloath the mountain tops :

September is like May, Januay as Iune :

And all my bright and pretious Iſicles

Melting to nothing : What's the reason trow we ?

2 *Honre.* 'Tis the Suns slacknesse, or his too much
speed,

That breeds all this distraction.

1. Houre. The Sun, fay you ?
 Breake he, or not directly keepe his day,
 Seasons and Hours all out of order stray.

Enter Day.

Som. Behold her whom you speak of, *Day*, whence
 come ye ?

Day. I parted now with Night, who had bin here,
 But that both must not in one place appeare.

Auror. And what faith she ?

Day. Like you, railes on the Sun,
 And faith he doth her wrong : nor blame her, when
 Being full twelve hours, he scarce affords her ten.

Autumne. Day, you are the Sun's mistresse, hath
 he not

Reveal'd the cause to you ?

Day. No, his known brightnesse
 Hath unto me been only darke in that,
 Nor am I of his counsell.

Winter. Fine world grown,
 When every drunken Sexton hath the skill
 To make his giddy clocke go truer far
 Than can the best Sun dyall.

Enter Apollo.

Apollo. What are you
 That murmure thus against our Deitie ?
 Are you not all our creatures ? though we give you
 Full failes on earth, do not we steere the helme ?
 Disposing you both where and how we please ;
 And dare you thus rebell ?

Omnis. The god of Light
 Is our great Lord and Soveraigne.

Apoll. This submission
 Hath somewhat calm'd us : had you still stood out,
 Disorder, we had to Confusion turn'd,
 And so you all been ruin'd. But henceforth

Morning shall keep her houre, Houres measure day,
In a true scope the Day proportion Weekes,
Weekes, Moneths ; Moneths, seasons ; to sum up the
yeare.

And wee our course in that, perfecting time :
That nothing in this concordance appeare
Either preposterous or vnseasonable.
For which our grace, where-ever you shall finde
This new sprung Laurel, you *Aurora* I charge,
With your moist teares bathe her green tender
boughes :

From whence I will exhale them with my beams.
Houres, do you wait vpon her gentle growth.
Day comfort her : *Ver* cheere her with thy spring.
Thou *Summer* give her warmth : and *Autumne*, thou
Dare not to spoile her of her plenteous leaves :
Nor *Winter* thou with thy robustuous gusts,
To blast her lasting verdure. These observ'd,
Still flourish under us. And that this unitie
May last amongst you many fortunate yeres,
End in a Hymne tun'd to the chiming Spheres.

The Song.

Howso'ere the Minutes go,
Run the houres or swift or slow :
Seem the Months or short or long,
Passe the seasons right or wrong :
All we sing that Phœbus follow,
Semel in anno ridet Apollo.

Early fall the Spring or not,
Prove the Summer cold or hot :
Autumne be it faire or foule,
Let the Winter smile or skowle :
Still we sing, that Phœbus follow,
Semel in anno ridet Apollo.

Annotations upon *Apollo and Daphne*.

(a) **C**immerians, were people dwelling in Italy, betweene the Baiae and Cumæ, so environed with hills, that the Sunne never appeared unto them, hence came the Proverb *Tenebræ Cimmeriaæ*, the Cimmerian darknesse.

(b) *Erix*, Promontory : *Erix* was the sonne of *Venus*, slaine by *Hercules*, and buried in a mountaine of Cicilia, so called after him, in which place *Venus* had a Temple erected unto her, and from that she had the denomination of *Eriana*, &c.

(c) *Python*, was a mighty huge Serpent, which *Iuno* sent unto *Latona* when she was with child by *Jupiter*, to devoure her, but she went to her sister *Astrea*, who protected her, and she was after delivered of two twins, *Apollo* and *Diana*.

(d) *Endymion*, was beloved by the Moone, who courted him upon Latmus hill ; and therefore said to looke pale by reason of the great affection which she bore unto him.

(e) *Tithon*, or *Tithonus*, was the sonne of *Laomedon*, who desiring long life, was so wasted with old age, that the Poets faigned him to be turned into a Grashopper : he was also said to be beloved of *Aurora*, the morning ; because he used to rise early, which was thought to be the reason why he preserved his life so long.

What other difficulties you shall finde in these short Dialogues, you shall find in some or other fully explicated.



The Argument of A M P H R I S A the
forsaken Shepheardeſſe.

THe innocence, truth, and simplicitie
Of countrey Damfels : What felicitie
They arrive to in their low eſtate ;
What freedoms they partake,
What ioy, what ſolace, what content
To their innocuous life is lent.

The humble ſhed and cottage held
More ſafe than gorgeous houses, ſwell'd
With pompe and wealth. It likewife proves
More ſimple truth in their chaste loves,
Than greater Ladies, tympany'de
With much more honour, ſtate, and pride.
Here's of the Willow wreath diſpute,
How, and why worne. What beſt doth ſute
Forſaken Virgins, reade and finde
Their characters who prove vnkinde.

Enter two Shepheardeſſes, *Pelopæa* and *Alope*.

Pel. Ood morrow.

G*Alop.* So to you, faire Shepheardeſſe.

Pel. What newes in our Arcadia ?

Alop. I know none :

For well you wot it is no newes with us,
That men ſhould prove inconstant.

Pel. Thinke you ſo ?

Alop. Thought's free.

Pel. I pray can you define me Thought?

Alop. Let me bethinke my selfe, I thinke I can :
For I have thought of many things e're now.

Pel. But can you guesse what I thinke ?

Alop. I (perhaps)

May jumpe with your conceit, come neere 't at least.
Of colours that are none so opposite
As white and blacke : and of the Elements
Than fire and water none more contrary :
Nor is there ought so antipathy'de in men,
As what they thinke and speake.

Pelop. Now let me helpe you :

Mens thoughts like Courtiers clokes are often shifted,
And change as oft as they are truly sifted.

Alop. This then hath been the cause of womens
sorrow ;

Men thinke to day ill, to do worse to morrow :
Witnesse *Amphrifa's* servant.

Pel. Pitty 'tis,
So faire a body, and so sweet a soule
Should be so foulely dealt with. Her false Lover
Vnkindely hath forsooke her.

Alop. That's the reasoun
Shee's growne into so deepe a melancholy.
I wonder any woman dare trust man,
Since, like as the Chamelions change themselves
Into all perfect colours faving white ;
So they can to all humors frame their speech,
Save only to prove honest.

Pel. You say well.

But as no wormes breed where they feele no warmth,
No Vultures watch where they can finde no prey ;
No Pirat roves but where he hopes for spoile :
So none of these false fervants wait, but where
They finde a yeelding Mistresse.

Alop. Indeed light minds are catcht with little
things,
And Phancie smels to Fennell.

Pel. But *Amphrisa*
Is held to be the wifest shepheardeſſe
That lives in our Arcadia.

Alop. But I have heard,
Late wit and cheated wisedome to be counted
Next neighbours unto folly. Shepheards now
The holier that they feeme in outward shew,
The hollower are their hearts. By ſubtill ſophiſtry
(As I have heard) the best Philosophy
May be perverted. And mens flatteries
Are iuft like *Circes* riches, which can turne
Vain-glorious fooles to Afles, credulous Fooles
To Woodcocks, pretty wanton Fooles to Apes,
And proud Fooles into Peacocks.

Pel. But amonſt theſe,
Amphrisa had no place.

Enter Amphrisa seeming discontented.

Alop. See, here ſhe comes
That for her ſelfe can anſwer.

Pelop. But 'twere finne
In us, not to be anſwer'd, thus to ſuffer her
To pale the cheerefull bloud in her faire cheeks,
Through wilfull paſſion. Which I'le not endure.

Alop. Then rowſe her from theſe dumps.

Pel. You're ſad, *Amphrisa*:
Sweet may we know the cauſe?

Amphrisa. You have prevented
A ſtrange conceit which ſomewhat troubled me;
But by your interruption almoſt loſt.

Pel. Nay recollect your ſelfe, pray let us hear 't.

Amph. I was thinking, why *Parrasius*, drawing
Youth,

Made Love to tickle one ſide with a feather,
To move a ſmile; and with the other hand
To ſting it with a Scorpion.

Pel. You're ſtung then.
But I was thinking on *Praxiteles*,

Who drew his mistresse thus : Looke on her one way,
 She laugh upon him : Strait before, she wept :
 But change the fide, and cast your eye adverse,
 And then she appear'd sleeping. And so you,
 Fit but your phansies unto such a face,
 You'l ne're complain of servant.

Amph. Then it seems,
 My storie's told beforehand.

Alop. Yes, and rumor'd
 Through all Arcadia.

Amph. And none pitty me ?

Pel. There's none so marble brested, but doth
 melt

To heare of your disaster.

Amph. Is there one,
 To whom the cause of my disease is knowne,
 That can prescribe me cure for 't ?

Pelop. Without feeling
 Your pulse, I know the nature of your griefe :
 You have an heate, on which a coldnesse waits,
 A paine that is endur'd with pleasanteresse,
 And makes those sweets you eat have bitter taste :
 It puts eies in your thoughts, eares in your heart :
 'Twas by desire first bred, by delight nurst,
 And hath of late been wean'd by jelousie.

Amp. But how can these disgusts be remedy'd,
 Which Reason never yet could comprehend ?

Pel. By patience.

Amp. That's a physicke all prescribe,
 But few or none doth follow. Pray what is 't ?

Pel. It is the best receipt that can be tooke
 Both against love and fortune (Croft in both.)

Alop. To wish the best, to thinke vpon the worst,
 And all contingents brooke with patience.
 Is a most soveraigne medicine.

Pelop. And moreover ;
 What cannot be redrest with peevishnesse,
 Ought to bee borne with patience.

Alop. Patience ?

She is so like to Fortitude her selfe,
That by her sweet aspect she appeares to be
Her sister or her daughter.

Pel. The onely remedy for injuries, is
By patience to forget them. And more noble
It is to yeeld your selfe in triumph to 't
Then to be drawne by force.

Amp. You have prevайд,
For I am now your Patient ; and intreat you,
Like skild Phisitians, study for my health.

Alop. From their Doctors
The sick expect more art then eloquence :
And therefore what defect you find in words,
Expect in our Prescriptions.

Enter their Queene and two Nymphs.

Queen. I never was with pastime better pleas'd ;
So cleare a morning, and such temperate ayre ;
The Sun so bright, yet sparing of his heat,
Made all the toyle we tooke (to chace the Stag)
To seeme no labour, but an exercise.
The wily beast to shun our swift pursute,
Forsooke the Plaines, to take the mountaine tops.
Yet maugre the opposure of the Rocks
And clifts depending to molest our speed
Our well-tride Nymphs, like wild Kids clim'd those
hils,
And thrild their arrowie Iavelins after him :
Nor left the chace, till all those golden heads
Were new stain'd in his blood.

1. *Nymph.* It prov'd, great Queene
Your active Nymphs were better breath'd than he,
For whom we could not overtake, we tyr'd :
That done, we toucht our Beagles, and so made
Both hills and vallies echo to his death.

2 *Nymph.* He stood so long, and made us stray so
far,
Amongst the Swaines and lovely Shepheardeffes,

That use to graze their Flocks upon these downes ;
 The Sun must needs passe the Meridian,
 E're we can reach the Lodge.

Qu. The Arcadian Girles
 Are of no common beauty ; as their habits
 Much grace the fields ; so many of those features
 Mine eye by chance hath glanc't on in the Chace,
 In mine opinion would become the Court.
 They say, these virgins are acute in wit,
 And fluent in conceit, to speake or sing ;
 As having oft drunke from the Muses spring.

I. Nym. See, Royall Queene, where three (not of
 the meanest
 Or least to be respected) are retyr'd.

Qu. Be not too lowd, These bowes will shelter us ;
 Let's listen how they fashion their discourse,
 And how far short the Folds and Cottages
 Come of the Court or City.

Amp. Nay pray prescribe. 'Tis said of all Physi-
 tians
 What good comes by their Phyfick, the Sun fees :
 But in their art, if they have bad succeſſe,
 That the earth covers. Howſoe're I ſuffer,
 You blameleſſe are.

Alop. All thoſe that are unſkilfull
 Will flatter grieſe 'till it grow desperate.
 But though you know the uſe of Phyfick ſweet,
 To taste it is unſavorie.

Amp. Howſoever I am prepar'd.

Pel. Imagin firſt, You never had a fervant.

Alop. Not ſo : for who can know the ſweet of
 eaſe,
 That never was in paine ?

Pel. Or ſay ſhe had,
 Thinke that he ne're playd falſe.

Alop. A meere relapſe,
 Before the firſt be cur'd, to thinke him faithfull,
 Were but to enter her diſeaſe anew,
 To make her grieſe more violent.

Amp. But one speake :

The medicine that's propos'd of contraries,
Can ne're breed peace of mind.

(*Qu.* All, solid fence.)

For I perceive, thofe that are found themſelves,
Have ſtill more will to help, than ſkill to cure.

Pel. Well, Miftrefſe Doctor I'le give way to you.

Alop. Thinke then you had a fervant, and he
false ;

For whose fake never more truſt perjur'd man.
And though ſome fay *Love* winks at Lovers Oathes,
'Tis (after) with broad eyes to puniſh them.
Words ſhould not credit men, but men their words :
For he that breaks his promife lies to heaven ;
And whom Heaven hates, who but would feare to
love ?

Moſt curſed 'tis to flatter and forſweare ;
And dearth of oathes is bleſſed barrenneſſe.
You'r ſicke at heart : the only help for that
Is, Let your heart abhorre his trecherie,
And him, for it. You'r pain'd too in the head,
For that here's balm made of a willow wreath.

She preſents a wreath of willow.

Let this charm'd circle but impale your brows,
'Tis preſent help for both.

Amp. Make this apparant.

Alop. Thus : All th' Arcadian Swaines & Nymphs
that fee

Your browes ingirt with this forſaken wreath
Will take note of his falſhood, and your faith ;
Your innocence, and his inconfancie :
And thofe that weare teares in their eies for you,
Of love and pitty, to be thus abuſ'd,
Will ſteep their tongues in wormwood and in gall,
To brand him for his open perjury ;
Their pitty, with your patience join'd,
(With this to boot) will prove an absolute cure.

Amph. Some eaſe I finde already, crowne me
then. *She is crownd with Willow.*

Alop. May, wheresoe're your head you softly pillow,
Be ne're more troubled, whil'st thus wreath'd in willow.

Amph. Nor shall it, *Alope*, for from this hour,
Hearts grieve nor heads paine shall of me have power.
I now have chac'd hence sorrow.

Queen. This conceit
Hath tooke me highly ; and great pitty 'tis,
That such choice wits should finde no other eares
Than those that Swains, and flocks, and fowls have.

Wit
So spent, is only treasur'd in the aire.
The earth hath least part on't. *Virgins*, Good day.
Nay, do not fall too low.

Pel. You are our Queen.
Alop. And Lady of our fortunes.

Qu. By that title
I do command you then to spare your knees.
Nay rise.

Amp. "Tis only by your Grace and goodnessse
We breathe and live.

Qu. It is enough to me,
That you prefent us such acknowledgement.
And as for you, faire Virgin, I could wish
Your Willow were a Lawrel. Nay, so 'tis :
Because all such may be styl'd Conquerors,
Than can subdue their passions.

Alop. Our feare is,
That if our rude discourse have toucht your eare,
The coursenesse might offend you.

Qu. Pleas'd us highly :
Which that you may perceive in mee's vnfeignd,
I charge you, as I am your Soveraignesse,
All coynesse and evasion set apart,
To be most free in language.

Pel. Imposition
That comes from you is vnto us a Law,
Which ought to be kept sacred.

Qu. I'le as freely
Command then, as you willing are t'obey,
For were I not a Queen, I'de wish to be
As one of you, a witty Shepheardesse.
Pray sing me somthing of your countrey life,
To make me more in love with 't.

Amp. Tis our feare ;
A life that is so mean, so ill exprest
As needs it must bee, (if impos'd on us)
May make you rather loath it.

Qu. I had thought
Courts onely had beene fill'd with complement.
Of which I see, the cottage is not cleare.

Amp. Give not our simple truth, and feare to
offend,
A character we know not (gratiouse Queene)
But howsoever, if you make us faulty,
You have the power to pardon.

Qu. And presume
That's granted, e're the offence be.

Amp. Then thus, Madam.

She sings.

The Song.

*We that have knowne no greater state
Than this we live in, praise our fate :
For Courtly silkes in cares are spent,
When Countries russet breeds content.
The power of Scepters we admire ;
But sheep-hooches for our use desire.
Simple and low is our condition ;
For here with us is no ambition.
We with the Sunne our flockes unfold,
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold.*

*" Our musick from the birds we borrow :
" They bidding us, we them, good morrow.*

These last two lines twice.

Qu. Nay, faire ones, what you have begun in
song,

Continue in discourse : Wee would heare more
Of your pleas'd life.

Amp. Your highnesse may command.

*Our habits are but course and plaine,
Yet they defend from wind and raine.
As warme too, in an equall eye
As those be, stain'd in Scarlet dye.
Those that have plenty weare (we see)
But one at once ; and so doe we.*

Alop. *The Shepheard with his home-spun Lasse*
As many merry houres doth passe,
As Courtiers with their costly Girles,
Though richly deckt in gold and pearles :
And though but plaine, to purpose woo,
Nay oft-times with leffe danger too.

Pel. Those that delight in dainties store,
One stomack feed at once, no more.
And when with homely fare we feast,
With us it doth as well digest :
And many times wee better speed ;
For our wild fruits no surfets breed.

Amp. If we sometimes the Willow weare,
By subtil Swaines that dare forswear.
We wonder whence it comes, and feare,
Th' have beene at Court, and learn'd it there.
If any Lady then shall please,
Whose cheeke looks pale through my disease,
By any faithlesse servant, or false friend,
(Being cur'd my selfe) this I can give or lend.

She offers the willow.

Qu. Beleeve't, a sweet conclusion : for oft-times
Such things fall out. But we have further heard
(Besides what now our eares are witnesse to)
That as your words keepe time, your voices tune ;
So hath the curious motion of your feet
Beene taught to know true measure. You can
dance ?

Amp. Yes royall Princesse, as we sing and speake,
After such rurall fashion.

Qu. If no worse,
It may become a Theatre of eyes,
Yet wrest no blushes from you. Will you then,
Since that we parallell in number thus,
Helpe us to fill a measure ?

Pelop. So wee thought
There might no jarring discords grow from us,
To spoile your better musick.

Qu. No such feare.
Come then, such musicke as the place will yeeld,
Wee'l instantly make vse of.

Musick sounds, and they dance the measure.

Qu. Compleat in all : You have made us now
Eie-witnes
Of what, Relation sparingly hath spoke.
To encourage which, and that so great a merit
Passe not without some meed, receive these favors,
And weare them for our sake. Time bids us part.

Jewels given.

Greater than these we have for you in store,
And mean hereafter to employ you more.

F I N I S.



An Emblematicall Dialogue, interpreted from the Excellent and most learned
D. Iac. Catzius; which sheweth how Vir-
gins in their chaste loves ought
to beare themselves.

1. The Argument.

*T*wo modest Virgins, of unequall time,
Th' one past, the other growing to her prime,
(Anna and Phillis) interchange some chat
Of Love, of Mariage, and I know not what.

2. The Argument.

*A*nne hearing Phillis her rude Love relate,
(Whose tender brest was free from all deceit)
Feares lest her youth to lust she might ingage,
And bids her to be counseld by her age.

A Virgin's office, and how Maids be caught,
(Saith she) three times nine Winters have me taught:
Take me thy Guide, and no way canst thou erre,
Who before Venus sweets, chaste love prefer.

*W*hich in alternate language whil'st they plead,
In view and presence of the Marriage bed,
Phillis, whom youth and fresh love doth posseſſe,
Her amorous thoughts begins thus to exprefſe.

We, when in health, for sicke folks counsel finde,
But sicke our selves, we quickly change our minde.

Without Marriage there is no courage.

Phi. Whilst neere my Fathers house I observ'd but late

Two Turtles bill, and either court it's mate,
I cald to minde the palme which I might spy
Drooping, because the male plant was not nye,
Whom with erected lookes when she beheld,
She buds, she bloomes, with fruit her branches sweld,

At which I said (*O Venus*) were I dead,
But that I thinke it a sweet thing to wed !
Which as I spake, (and more would have exprest)
I felt soft love to steale into my brest.
Trees have their Ardor, and the birds their flame,
The Mountaine bores, and wild beasts have the same.

Nor doth the scaly fish want their desire,
Why then shoulde onely Virgins shun this fire ?

Concerning which the Poet Lucretius is thus read.

Each generation that on earth abides,
Whether of beasts, or men, (whom reason guides,
Horses or Cattle, what's beneath the Sunne,
Into this firy ardor madly runne.)

*Most things unprov'd cannot content us,
Which being tryde they oft repent us.*

An. Into the Brides yoake wilt thou madly fly,

Thinking there Roses, and sweet Apples lie ?

If such a thing as pleasure be ? search round ;

In mans rude armes it never can be found.

What is this snare to which young Virgins haste,

But like the Osier weel in rivers plac't ?

The fish yet free, to enter wind about,

Whilst they within are labouring to get out.

Boyes in their first heate, want the wit to tarry,
 And Girles (not ripe) are mad untill they marry ;
 When scarce the one hath warm'd the others side,
 But they wish beds and houses to divide.

Diog. Laert. tells us that it was a saying of *Socrates*, that young batchelers desirous of marriage were like to fishes who play about the weeble, and gladly would get in, when on the contrary they that are within strive how they should get out.

The family of the unmarried is lame.

Phi. Though you say, Wedlock doth such troubles breed,
 Love bids, and *Hymen* prompts me to proceed.
 The tedious silence of a forlorne bed
 To me is hatefull, therefore must I wed :
 Looke how the Ducks mourne when they misse the male,
 No one but droopes her wings, and flags her tayle,
 But he once come, the pond with clamour rings,
 And you then see another face of things.
 The good man absent : then the fire doth freeze,
 The houfe is fad, the wife her mirth doth leefe.
 (They all are troubled,) when the maide doth aske
 To goe to rest, shee's put to some new taske.
 A beard's the houses prop, (besides is none)
 There can be no delight to sleepe alone.
 Impose the burthen of virginity on none (faith *Ignatius* the ancient Theologist) being a yoake which even the Virgin Vestals (of old) in *Rome* were not able to beare, to whom onely five yeares were enjoyned to abstaine from marriage, and to keepe the holy fire from going out.

Binde in thy flames.

An. Though thou hast such a will to change thy state,

Yet gently heare me what I shall relate,
 The flame (too raging) that by heate is blowne,
 To fit the marriage bed was never knowne.
 Observe the Cooper when he joynes his tunne,
 That the contracted planks may evenly runne,
 (The fury of the violent heat to tame)
 In a round Iron cradle keepes his flame.
 By his example thine hot fires supprese,
 Lest this or that way fondly it digresse.
 With amorous tales let not thine eares be tainted,
 Before thy mother be therewith acquainted ;
 Shee'l tell thy Father ; so take off thy care,
 They well provide to keepe thee from the snare.

Cicero tells us that it is fit, men should be brought
 within the compasse of reason and learning.

And *Cipri*, that the tutors or guardians, namely, the Father, Grand-father, or Brother, were woont of old to contract young Virgins, which ancient custome is upon great consideration observed in these dayes, And amongst other causes, especially in regard of the weakness, and bashfulnesse of the sex : and wee read in *Euripides* that when *Orestes* sollicited *Hermione* for marriage, Her answer was, *My espousals remaine in my Fathers power, and not mine.*

By the finger, not the tongue.

Phi. Shall I then clamour for an husband ? no,
 My virgin shame forbids me to doe so,
 Three lusters, and three yeares ore past, I pray,
 Is't not enough ? what more can virgins say ?
 Looke how that watch doth' the swift houres divide,
 And with its hand doth to the figures guide,
 It nothing speaks, yet points (early and late
 To what it meanes, such is our virgins state,
 Although the mind be silent, and fit mute,
 Her mature age (though tongueles) moves her suit.
 It shewes her to be enterd in her prime,
 And tells the parents that shee loseth time.

Her round brests speak, fresh cheeks & brows so fayer
Thus the whole girle's dissolv'd to silent prayer.

That Father is much to bee blamed, who when
his Daughter is in her full maturity provideth her not
an Husband. Well therefore said *Ignatius*, A ripe
Virgin to prevent the wrinkles of age, may speake
to her Father in private, to dispose of her in marriage.
And wee read *Claudian* thus :

The virgins ripe age breeds the fathers cares,
Who, for her sake neglects his Lords aflaires.

The Colony is to bee removed elsewhere.

Phi. When the earth helps the Vine her sprigs to
bear,

Tis fit they should transplanted be elsewhere;
The dresser calls and fayes these fame will bud,
And prosper bravely if the foyle be good.

I have two swelling brests that twins can feed,
A lap besides to dandle those I breed :

And my virginity (say what you can)
Proclaiimes me now that I am ripe for man.
I looke on Wives, and wish that I were such,
But grieve my Father will not see so much :
Yet long he shall not barre me from that blisse
Which law allowes, or I am taught amisse.

That daughter who hath past the age of five and
twenty, if she marry without her fathers consent, by the
law of some Nations cannot be deprived of her dowry,
because the father ought to consider in time convenient
to provide his daughter of an husband, and himselfe
of a Son-in-law : but when our *Phillis* professeth her
selfe not to bee much above fifteene, it is ridiculous in
the maide longing for marriage, to wrest the law, and
apply it unto her owne purpose.

After the wound, in vaine is warning.

An. What's shame to speake, is it not sinne to act,
To blush at words, and not to blame the fact.

No girle that's wise to lovers will incline,
 The choyse should be thy parents, and not thine.
 Courtship inchaunts, when lovers vow they faigne,
 And enterd once, there's no way back againe.
 Vaine is it for the wounded Whale to fly,
 Who carelesse earst before the stroke did lye.
 Loves arrowes to remove, or ease their smart,
 As vaine it is, if once they touch the heart.
 Then of thy parents counsell first be sure
 Before thy choise : once wounded there's no cure.

If regard be to be had of dignity, comlines or honesty ; then in the contracting of marriages, it is more decent and seemely, if the parents troth plight their daughters to their husbands, and tye them together with their owne tongues, than if they themselves immodestly in their owne language subiect themselves to one anothers power. *Cypr.*

They that in gathering *Venus* flowers are free,
 Say daily, these to morrow such will bee.
 Meane time soft fires into our bosomes creepe,
 And the worst trees still roote themselves most deepe. *Ovid.*

The more haste, the worse speed.

An. In hast's no helpe : if follow love, 'twill fly,
 Lovers hate such as come to every cry.
 Of any sudden conquest they are sick,
 Nor what they covet, would have come too quick.
 When the Lord sends to bid the Cooke make
 haste,
 He straight gives charge the spit turne not too fast,
 Lesse speed is made, the meat's the sooner ready.
 Hee hinders and not hasts that is too speedy.
 Shee that in *Cupids* Kitchin would command
 Must have dull motion, and a tardy hand :
 Tis speed that spoyles all, spurres are in delay,
 No lover stoopes unto a yeelding prey.
 All delay is odious, yet it brings on wisdome. *Sen.*

You that would marry, though you both make speed,

Delayt awhile, small stay great gaine may breed.

Delayes oftentimes bring to passe that hee who should have dyed, hath killed him who might have lived. *Clem. Alexand.*

For what wee can, wee care not.

An. Wee see in birds for whom the pitfall's set,
 Such as would faine be tooke, escape the net,
 Others that would fly thence, the strings combine,
 Their captive legges intangling in their twine.
 She that first craves deserves a scornewfull fmile,
 As both in maid or woman hold most vile.
 Shee's onely certaine to be caught that flies,
 Shee teacheth to bee su'd to that denies.
 Coy Dames the brests of lovers most befot,
 The sweetest kisses are by strugling got.
 That game best pleaseth which is surft in chace,
 Not that being fwolne, and lies dead in the place.
 What I most wish may for a time be spar'd,
 Nor pleaseth me the conquest that's prepar'd. *Petron.*

To this purpose is that of *Seneca* the Philosopher, it shameth me to enter conflict with a man prepared to bee overcome. The sword-player holdeth it a great indignity to bee matched with his inferiour, as knowing it can bee no glory to him to subdue that man, who is vanquisht without danger.

Preffe occasion.

Phi. What means this *Ann*? thinkst thou me mad,
 that I

What my heart thinks should with my tongue deny?
 Past loves, in vaine she studieth to recall,
 Who to her friend hath shewed no grace at all,
 Whilst golden *Venus* with a cheerefull face
 Smiles on our acts, let's lose nor time nor place.

The wary *Ospray* whilst the fishes play
 Above the wave, stoope downe to ceafe her prey.
 That Bird for our example is we knowe,
 Who slips no time, parts conquerour from his foe.
 Catch at occasions, looke e're he passe by thee,
 Let him escape, and *Venus* too will flie thee.

If in the very moment of occasion the opportunity
 whereof by thy delay or negligence thou hast o'reſlipt,
 in vaine it is to complaine upon it being past. *Liv.*

The honour of virginity perisheth in the lasting.

Phi. While th' envious Rose, wrapt in new leaves we
 find,
 She hides her beauty in a thorny rinde.
 Forbeare your hand (boyes) for their pricks are
 found,
 Nor can you crop the bud without a wound.
 But stay the time, the flower it ſelfe will ſpred,
 But if not gathered then, the leaves will ſhed.
 Sweet are young maides to lovers in their prime,
 And pleasant love rejoyceth in that time.
 She that is long a maid, ſcarce ſuch appeares,
 Virginity still waſteth with her yeares.
 Let *Cupid* have our vigor, and youths fire,
 Maides young deny, what old, they most desire.

Standing ſtreames gather mud, but running rivers
 are fresh and ſweet.

Such as refiſt love, muſt either have no braine, or
 no eyes. *Protagenes.*

Ambition and love are impatient of delay : lin-
 ging groves loathſome where neceſſity craves hafe.
Quintilian.

No prize if not provok't.

An. A deeper Sea I now perforce muſt faile,
 And lay my ſheets ope to a freer gale.
 Such as the ſubtle traines of love would fly,

Let them upon this embleme cast their eye.
 Thou feest that net which hangeth in the glade,
 A traine for Woodcocks by the Fowler made ;
 He doth not touch the strings, but remote stands,
 Whilst her owne weight compels her into bands.
 If took or not, the traveller scarce knowes,
 Because the net inforc't about her flowes.
 Virgins beware by this, if tooke at all,
 Catch not thy selfe, but by thy suiter fall.
 Draw not upon thy selfe that subtle frame,
 So shalt thou make the Fowler his owne game.

Many virgins at their contractings rather consent
 then speake, especially if their parents bee then in
 presence, lest they should appeare to desire a hus-
 band, which in maids is not seemely, and *Baldus*
 observes, that it is ingrafted in the nature of women
 to bee silent, especially at the time when there is a
 treaty of their marriage ; moreover it is a great signe
 of virginall modesty, to blush when marriage is but
 named : according with that of the Poet.

*Quale coloratum Tithoni conjugè Cælum
 Subrubet, aut sponso visa puella novo.*

Like to the coloured Heaven, by the morning
 dyde,
 Or blushing maide by her new husband spyde.

It lights, but leads not.

An. If to more proper rules a minde thou hast,
 Take these : and more, Ile not allow thee chaste.
 On the vast Seas the Beacon doth display
 Its light : directing ships their safest way.
 The flame doth shew the harbour to be neare,
 Yet doth not helpe the Mariner to steare :
 'Tis they must guide the Sayles, and ply the
 Oare,
 Save light from it, they can expect no more.

If thy face, speake thee not of *Cynthias* traine,
And thou the Vestals modest dresle disdaine :
Thou onely on the shore, to light them, stand,
But let the Sayler labour how to land.

It much behoveth a virgin to be very circumspect
in cases of matrimony, that for the honour of her sex,
she neither seeme to offer her selfe, or to doe any
thing against modesty: lest it happen unto her, as
(wee read) it did to *Icasin* a noble and learned virgin,
who when she became so gracious in the eyes of *Theophilus* Emperour of *Constantinople*, that he seemed to
offer her a golden apple as a pledge of nuptiall faith
and contract: She was taxed for her too ready an-
swere and acception thereof, and for grieve of mind
confinde her selfe into a Monastery. *Cypri.*

No play without some pray.

Phi. If it be harmefull then for maides to woo,
What we are bar'd may not our Fathers doe?
Trust me, to tardy louers sport it lends,
And love hath often growne from bare com-
mends.

The Latian King would needs *Aeneas* draw,
To take his daughter, whom (before he saw)
The Trojan lov'd: but fathers that are wise
With better art these contracts may disguise.
More private flights there are: by agents, best
Where many are, still one may helpe the rest.
By Birds, the Fowler to his net, birds drew,
Yet in the aet, seem'd as he nothing knew.

Parents of old made proffer of their Daughters to
Husbands before they sought after them, neither did
they imagine in that to have done any thing uncomly
or undecent. Wee read in the first of Kings, chapter
eighteenth, *Saul* offred his Daughter unto *David*.
Homer reports that *Alcinous* did the like to *Vlysses*.
Virgil. that *Latinus* did the same to *Aeneas*: *Te-
rence*, that *Chremes* did it to *Pamphilus*. *Herodotus*,

that it was done by *Megacles* to *Pisistratus*, and *Zonaras*, and others, that *Darius* did as much to *Alexander*, &c.

Try ere you trust.

An. Wary's thine art, but not from danger sure,
 For dost thou thinke that craft can be secure ?
 Wretch th'art deceiv'd. We live in corrupt times,
 Nor can craft long conceale her subtile crimes.
 Adde that the profferd bride few humors fits,
 As fearing there be baites laid in their bits.
 Whilst aged *Priam* to *Achilles* sues
 To take his child, he doth the match refuse.
 Let Fathers paufe untill their minds they know,
 And whether they be well dispos'd or no.
 The Foxe his eare unto the Ice doth lay
 E're venter on ; if heare them crack, hee'l stay.

Whilst *Darius* to *Alexander*, *Priamus* to *Achilles* :
Alcinous to *Vlyffes*, without due circumfpection made
 offer of their daughters, they were altogether frus-
 trate in their hopes and expectations, therefore the
 wiser are of opinion : that nothing ought to be pro-
 ferd, which hath not before beene proved.

Too much light dimmes the sight.

An. Concerning *Habit*, which in Love's not least,
 Receive these few rules fit to be imprest.
 Cost (within compasse) doth the young man taste,
 Neatnesse best pleafeth love, where there's no waste.
 When once thy virgins habit is laid by,
 And th' art a wife, thy gifts will then grow high.
 If thou (before) in princely jemmes shalt shine,
 He'l say ; my gifts are sleight, shee needs not mine.
 Rich vesture I have feene Lovers to' affright,
 Youth starts at Iewels when they shine too bright,
 Much oyle chokes lampes. The Lyfard when he
 lies

Too open to the hot Sunne, faints and dies.

A cleanlinesse is to bee used by women, neither despised, nor too exquisit, onely let it avoid clownish and sordid negligence. *Cicero.*

She that hath too much care over her attire, sheweth she hath little regard of her vertue. *Cato Cens.*

Husbandmen praise best those eares of corne which bow down, and make the stalk crooked, more then such as grow straight and upright, as being assured to find more grain in the one than in the other. Humblenes in heart & habit, is both pleasing to God, and acceptable with man.

Cheekes oft painted, are soone tainted.

An. A grave man supping with my Father said,
(What in my brest, I ever since have laid)

Then Peach trees (when they flower) nothing more faire,

And none more sordid when their bowes are bare.

That wife growes often loathsome by neglect,
Who (yet a Maid) her selfe too nicely deckt.

How comes this too much liberty of dresse ?

When a whole day is spent in 't (and no lesse)

Too curious trimming maides hath oft mis-led,
Nor did it ever suite the marriage bed.

It oft falls out, such as most leasure find,

To paint their cheekes, their husbands do not mind :

But from all ages, this a maxim was,

None loves her distaffe, who admires her glasie.

Let not thy habit be too rich nor too base, make it neither for admiration, nor contempt ; their ornament is cald womanly neatnesse, by which is meant modest handsomnesse, free from curiositie or cost : and *Vives* in the same place proceeds thus : in thy garments it is injoyned thee that they be not over nise or precious, but without spot or staine. For I cannot imagine how

much the purity of the mind rejoyceth at the matron-like neatnesse of the body.

Fire from Frost.

An. But say the reine be given up to thine hands,
And the fad suiter at thy mercy stands ;
Though burne within, perswade him thou doſt
freeze,
For ſtill to ſmile, will much advantage leefe.
The Sunne ſhines cleareſt breaking from a cloud,
Sweet is the North-wind when it breaths not
lowd.

Heat flies, love bates, and suiters weary grow,
When the fond Girle doth too much favour ſhow.
Water doth make the lime-chalk ſcorch with heat,
And the Smiths flame by water grows more great.
Learne to ſay nay, love heightens by deniall,
And hath through wounds and difficult things
beſt triall.

Better the Bee on flowers doth feed,
Having first tasted on a weed.
The starres of greater luſtre ſhow,
After the North-wind leaves to blow.
When *Lucifer* hath chac't hence night,
The bluſhing morning ſhowes more bright. *Boeth.*

It may be called a diſeaſe rather than mirth, ever to
ſmile on them who alwaies laugh at thee, or to frame
thy countenance unto every mans humour. *Seneca.*

The light to keepe, ſnuffe not too deepe.

Ph. Too ſtrict thy rules are, golden *Venus* cries,
To no ſuch lawes ſhe tender virgins ties.
If like the Sabines we contract the brow,
Give them bad words, uſe them we care not how ;
We ſhall our loves make weary of their lives,
As farre more fit to be made Souldiers wives.
Cupid inur'd to lie soft and ſecure

In *Venus* shades, no hardnesse can endure.
 Say, brittle be his shafts, that their points turne,
 Flashie his fire, and cannot ever burne.
 To cleare the taper, if you snuffe too deepe,
 Out goes the light, i'th darke you may goe sleepe.

When one churneth milke he bringeth forth butter : and hee that wringeth his nose caufeth blood to come out : so he that forceth wrath bringeth forth strife. *Pro. 30.*

Thy secure pastime should be mixt with feare,
 Or else thy favours he'l not hold so deare.

Passions too high, will speaking lie.

An. If chide ; 'tis nothing, there's no danger, know :
 (I speake strange things) love doth by brauling grow :

He first retyres and must goe back some step,
 Who hath a mind to make the stronger leap.
 The further *Cupid* drawes his elbow back,
 He deeper strikes, and makes the greater wrack.
 Warre begets peace, jarre to atonement tends,
 Thus *Mars* and *Venus* quarrelld, and were friends.
 Adde this : his wrath up to the height to wind,
 To search what gall thou in his breast canst find.
 Anger will lay his heart wide ope, and bare,
 In rage, (for men to hide their thoughts) 'tis rare.
 Those Doves, who late, each other sought to wound,
 Now joyne their bills with murmure and sweet
 found. *Ovid.*

Lovers stray, where there's no way.

An. Court, kisse, drinke deepe, strow roses when you meet,
 And let your banquets be of junkets sweet.
 In little, little space, unhappy thou,
 With a sad soule beneath his feet shalt bow.
 The beane-flalke by a flender wand doth clime,

Shooting his head up to the ayre in time.
 The top it aimes at, having reacht unto 't,
 He bowes his wanton head downe to the root.
 Lovers rash heat unto the utmost aimes,
 And though you grant it much, yet more it claimes.
 Give all : 'tis not enough, unlesse thou grant
 (Of what hee hath) He to his friend may vaunt.

This also is to bee admonished them, that virgins
 smile not on all such as laugh upon them : which indeed
 is not feene in any but such as are rather im-
 modest or madde, shee ought not also to suffer her
 selfe to bee tugged or over wantonly toucht, but rather
 to shunne the place, or forbeare the company. If
 shee cannot otherwife avoide it. *Vives.*

They care nor feare, For what they sweare.

An. Let neither promise, nor complaint perswade,
 Nor his lament thy tender brest invade.
 Seest thou that Reed, which when the North winde
 blowes,
 Bowes downe it's head, and like a suppliant showes ;
 But the gust past, it growes straight as a line,
 And of the former storme remaines no signe.
 The Bee makes honey till his sting be gone,
 But that once lost, he soone becomes a Drone.
 The futor fues, and seekes, and gives good words,
 Whilst she stands off, and no kind grace affoords :
 But with contempt and scoffing he'l retire,
 When he hath once obtain'd his wisht desire.
 Rash oathes by raging lovers uttered, bind
 Like words inscrib'd on water, or in wind.
 Hot love groweth soone cold ; and faith plighted
 with feigned vowes as it is tyed without conscience, so
 for the most part it is broken without care.

Touch it with salt, it turnes to nothing.

An. That thy prime age, thou without staine mayst
 weare,

See thou to no obscene talke lend thine eare,
 When wanton youth 'gainst modesty makes warre
 To make it captive, such their weapons are.
 Therefore, if any with a blusheſſe face,
 And talke uncomely, preſſe into the place ;
 Grace nothing, but a brow censorious take
 And answer him, as if ſome Matron ſpake.
 Obſerve the ſnaile, on which if ſalt you caſt,
 To water firſt it turnes, to naught at laſt.
 Let but thy words into lowd thunder breake,
 And iſtantly, hee'l have no word to ſpeake.

Posthumia the veſtall, because ſhee was free in laughter, and more liberall in diſcourse with men, then became her order, was cald in queſtion about iinceſt : but being acquitted of that crime by *Spurius Minutius*, then High Priēſt or *Flamin*, he admoniſhed her that thenceforward ſhee ſhould conforme her language to her life. *Plutarch*.

As the North-wind driveth away the raine, ſo doth an angry countenance, the flandering tongue. *Prov. 25. 23.*

There's much danger, to truſt a ſtranger.

Phi. To marry, in my thoughts much better were,
 It strengthens baſhfull shame, preventing feare.

An. But light and hasty will, doth fraud provoke,
 Who eates with too much speed may hap to choake.
 When *Palamedes* birds the rusticks take,
 They ſnares of paper, daub'd with birdlime, make.
 The meate the fowle loves, in the midſt is plac't,
 Which whilſt the hungry bird desires to taste,
 The ſlimy paper blinding both her eyes,
 She now a pray before the Fowler lies.

Most justly they the Cities ſcorne are made,
 Who will be caught, yet ſee the traine that's laid.

The way to marriage is doubtfull and double, the one leadeth to misery, the other to happiness : therefore before thou giueſt thy ſelfe into that way, it be-

hoveth thee to be of that solicitous deliberation which is reported of *Hercules* travelling where two wayes met ; for if once in marriage, it hath hapned unto thee ill, there is no art by which thou canst correct it : for thou art falne into the number of thofe, of whom the proverb speakes, *Hee deserveth no pitty, that chuseth to doe twice amiffe.*

It is more honest after thou haft once determined, to love, rather than begin to determin when thou haft loved.

Sometimes faire words, wound worse than fwords.

An. If any one unworthy seeke thy bed,
From thy chaste house let him be banished :
Admit him not, so much as to be jeer'd ;
Some scoff at first, have after prov'd indeer'd.
If he have any wit at all, he'l show it,
And prove in sundry straines to let thee know it,
Imbracing first, strive a forc't kiffe to win,
Such kisses have to virgins fatall beene.
So by degrees into thy brest love steales
And wanders round, but his soft steps conceales ;
Whilst Fowlers play upon their pipes, and sing,
Th' unwary fowle into their nets they bring.

Wonder not that thou art deceived by him that speakes thee faire and flatters thee, but rather wonder how thou haft escaped from not being deceived by him. *Demosthenes.*

Sic avidis fallax indulget piscibus Hamus,
Callida sic stultas decipit esca feras.

So the deceitfull hooke the fish betrayes,
So beasts, by crafty baits, a thousand wayes.

Spare for no cost, where nothing's lost.

Phi. To imbrace, or kiffe, why should a maid deny ?
Since neither shame, nor fame we lose thereby.
Who can beleve a soft kiffe can eclipse
Our honor, comming from a young mans lips.

The Bee the violet kist, and the Sunnes flower,
 And laden with sweet juice, hies to her bower,
 Yet neither one nor other is since dride,
 But both still flourish in their wounded pride.
 What with compulsive strength the young man
 tooke,
 The maide wipes off, and keepes her former looke.
 If it be lawfull light from light to take,
 Why should we maides to kisse, such scruple make ?
 Why swelst thou Satyrist, kisses are vaine,
 And thine owne spit will wash them off againe.

Ex. Gr. Ep.

True honour is so pure, It will no touch indure.

An. Kisses, soft gripes, and blandishing perswades,
 From amorous sutors ; harme not those young
 maides.
 No Poet (howsoever his vaine please)
 Shall sway me ; but there's poison in all these.
 Touch not the purple grape : for then 'tis ripe,
 And that pure colour cannot brooke the gripe.
 'Tis fresh, now the Vines grace, and hath affinity
 Vnto the *Genius* of untoucht virginity ;
 Shun them, they have sweet poison mixt among :
 The lip but toucht, doth weare the impresse long :
 For wash thy face a thousand times, the sinne
 Thou canst not wipe thence, for that lies within.
 Nothing is more tender than the fame and reputa-
 tion of women, or more subiect to injury : in so
 much that it may be properly said to hang by the
 small thread of a Spider. *Vives.*

No Father can have too great a care of preserv-
 ing his daughters chasfity. *Plaut. in Epidic.*

Once sham'd, ever blam'd.

An. Not sinne alone, but what may such appeare,
 If thou beest wise (maide) studdy to forbear,
 Tis not enough, thine acts are free from blaine,

Since thou (meanetime) maist suffer in thy fame.
 If the Nuts-shels, thou shalt asunder draw,
 Doe what thou canst, there wil remaine the flaw.
 Thy fame once toucht, bee thy mind ne're so
 pure,
 Yet scandall shall thy chasteitie indure.
 Though thou the ruine studiest to repaire,
 Thou canst not make it good with all thy care.
 How-ever joyne the shells, the breach is seene,
 Though hide thy wounds, yet will they still be
 greene,
 Her modesty once blam'd,
 She is for ever sham'd.

Remember still thy fame to cherish,
 That lost, thy selfe doth likewise perish. *Ovid.*

It behoveth the chaste one, not onely to abstaine
 from crime, but also to avoyd the fordid aspersion
 of blame. *Dion.*

His slave shee lives, to whom she gives.

An. Bee't then the virgins care and labour still,
 That of her carriage, no tongue can speake ill,
 Hear me with patience and Ile teach thee then,
 What dangerous rockes t' avoide, both where &
 when.

Part to thy Love with nothing that thou haste,
 Farre be free hands to virgins that are chaste.
 If give but trifles, hee'l for greater looke :
 Part hath beene offerd, when the whole was
 tooke.

Besides, thy gifts to every one hee'l shew,
 Speaking them thine, to all whom he doth know.
 Fat spilt in frying, makes the flame so great,
 That it both wafts it selfe, and spoiles the meat.

Let the woman give nothing to the man : for
 whosoever she bee that presents a gift, prostrateth
 her selfe. *Vives.*

And there may bee reason rendred, that whoso-

ever gives may bee thought to insinuate himselfe
into that mans favour to whom hee giveth ; allud-
ing to that of *Martial.*

Thou sent'st me present, oh but why ?
Because with thee I should comply.

All things by Gold, are bought and sold.

An. Give not said I ? Now, doe not take, I say,
Gripple we are, gifts will our sexe betray :
They weaken us : she that hath long out-held
(A gift receiv'd) to yeeld hath beene compeld.
The baser coyne they to the Seas commend,
But the choise Gold, to the white bosome send.
Where steele can force no entrance, Gold is free,
Let *Danaes* brazen Tower witnesse for mee.
Then Steele give place, to Gold thy strength resigne,
(Woe me) that choller, hath a power divine.
By Iron some few ; Their number, who by Gold
Have beene made prostrate : never can be told.

There is nothing so sacred which is not to bee
violated and prophaned, nothing so defenced,
which is not to be scaled, and entred by money.
Cicero.

Gods, Chastity, and Faith have faild,
Gold onely, over them prevaild.
Receive no gifts, (a hooke lies in the meate)
None but have birdlime, and their poison's great.

M. Verinus.

*Trust none in the giving vaine ;
Lovers give not but to gaine.*

An. Bee't then thy care, (if care thou hast to stand
Vpright) from Lovers gifts to keepe thine hand.
Seest thou Love painted naked in all drafts
With quiver onely, and some few small shafts ?
He weares no pocket, but hates all their tribe,
Who in Loves free converse expect a bribe.
Can Diamond, Iemme, or golden chaine beguile

Thy modesty so farre ; to become vile ?
 The gaping Oyster, intertwining stones,
 By'th Crab injected, is dispoild at once.
 Once guilty of a gift (if put to triall)
 Thou hast not power to make the least denyall.
 To receive a gift, is to sell thy liberty. *Seneca.*

Often by too much play, Virgins themselves betray.

An. Now trifles I injoyne, and I confesse
 They're such, yet worthy to be read, (*no leffe*)
 To tumble on the grasse, urge them to try
 Maistries : These fit for chaste ones I deny.
 A Bee's hid in the flower, a maide doth come,
 To crop it 'tweene her finger and her thum.
 No stayes, no rest, her tender flesh it stings,
 It smarts, it swels, she cryes, her hands she wrings,
 And faith, why Bee, thus seek'ſt thou me to kill,
 I came to sport, and purpos'd thee no ill.
 When maides with young men try, they doe not
 well,
 But oft catch stings, which make their flesh to swell.
 Sporting hath beene the occasion of many evils, as
 we may read. *Horace.*
 Sport hath begot both sudden strife and rage,
 Anger, contention, warre, commixt with strage.
 In pastime & sport, womens brefts are easilly discovered :
 according with that of the Poet.
 We are careleſſe then of what we doe or say,
 Our very mindes lie open in our play.

Most hold ſuch bad, as love to gad.

An. In all things *Ovid's booke* I cannot praise,
 For he allowes the virgins foot that strayes,
 He doth advise the Romane girles to meet
 In Theatres, and gad about the street,
 In my opinion, he amifle periwades,
 If I be judge ; it is no worke for maides.

In streets lust rageth, there thou canst not be
Safe ; then keepe home, that's the best place for
thee.

The sheepe that through the briers and thornes doth
stray,

Much of his wooll, oft loseth by the way :
Neither can she her modesty keepe long,
Who much frequents the *Dionæan* throng.

The ornament of women is to flourish in honesty
and elegancy of manners : and for the most part to
keepe within at home : to prescribe limits to her lips,
eyes, and cheekes, and not often to put her foot over
her owne threshold. *Greg. Nazian.*

*There's danger, strictly to confine
Either young wenchess, or new wine.*

Phi. Must we be then in lasting darknesse tyde,
As in close houses ever to abide ?
Is it enough that we a mistresse feare,
And from her teasty fingers blowes oft beare ?
Our mind's now stronger grown, love bids us
play,
And of the City take a free surveigh.
Locks cannot let, *Venus* sets wide the dore,
When lovers entrance to clos'd maides implore :
Love hates all durance, he was ever free,
And *Bacchus* too delights in liberty,
New wine : young maides : by too strict keeping
still,

Hazard the caske, and house : Both apt to spill.
No woman can be restrain'd against her will. *Lib.*
Amor. 3.

That which is most kept from us, most we crave,
The prey calls theeves, few love what they can
have. *Id.*

Such as have leave to finne, commit leaft ill,
The power to offend, oft takes away the will. *Id.*
That lesse pleafeth us to which wee are most per-

swaded : that rather wee desire from which wee are most diffwaded.

*There can bee given no strong security,
For Maiden heads in their maturity.*

Phi. Maides, if you looke to rost your Chestnuts well,

Observe first with a knife to wound the shell :
If with unbroken skin it touch the fire,
'Twill break in pieces, and with noise retire.
Who to chaste love shall make her breft obdure,
From *Venus*, oh what panges shall she procure ?
She burnes, nor can her youth take least content,
That's cloistred, and at home in prison pent.
The bridle once tooke off, she growes untame,
And then, with greater fury burnes her flame.
Some I have feene at lawfull love repine,
And after, madly to base lust incline.

Dangerous is the custody of a virginity, and most difficultly is she to be restraint, to whom the yoke of virginity is imposed. *Egn.*

That which *Tacitus* spake of the plebe or multitude, may not unfitly be construed upon young virgins. *vid.* They are altogether impatient of meere servitude, or absolute liberty.

*To free thy selfe from danger cleane,
Shun the extremes, and keepe the meane.*

An. I doe not prisons on young Maides conferre,
Onely would curbe their feet lest they should erre.

Phi. You charg'd me to no futur lend an eare,
What Husband shall I have then ? let me heare.

An. Marry one grave, of masculine vertue, who
No loose veneriall sports is pleas'd to know,
On whom *Apollo* smiles, *Themis* doth grace,
He will direct thy path, secure thy place.
If rude (thy selfe) one ruder thou shalt try,

Neither the nuptiall office can supply.
Ioyne two unlighted Tapers without flame,
(How so thou wilt,) the darknesse is the same.

What profiteth it thee to grate one tooth against another. *Martial.*

*Young Maides fancies are inclind,
To affect the shape, neglect the mind.*

Phi. Wouldst have a maide to take into her bed,
A Sophist of sterne brow, like *Cato* bred,
Whom, courts by day ; by night, his bookees afflict,
In curtaine businesse, will not he be strict ?
Whilst he his clients cause doth onely mind,
Small right (alas) the bed is like to finde.
The gowne the loadstones braine hath, hard things
drawes,
But in soft amours cannot plead a cause.
Lawes not of (1) *Benchies*, but the bed I love
The austeree brow I have no will to prove.
Give me the man that's deepeley read in kisses,
And sure my love aimes at no further blisses.

Let us remember that the sexe in its owne nature
is weake, as not in body, so neither in minde being
able to under-goe things ferious and weighty, therefore
we must allow them retirement, and relaxation from
their cares, and give them some liberty of sporting, and
telling tales amongst their friends and neighbours :
provided, no curiositie be used, &c. *Vives.*

Merry Suiters, make mad Husbands.

An. What madnesse is't of kissing thus to prate,
When thou a sacred bed shouldst intimate ?
Leave lusts to *Venus*, Husbands are a treasure,
And holy *Hymen* hates the name of pleasure.
No groome or squire of *Venus* can be fit

(1) *Benchies of judgement.*

To take a houses charge and mannage it.
 These (1) *Memnons* statue follow (in their suite):
 Who when the Sun shines, clamor, else are mute.
 Whilst thy choise (2) *Paris* in his first love rag'd,
 'Twixt you a thousand kisſes were ingadg'd.
 But that heat past, thou (to thy grieve) haſt try'd,
 Th'art onely an unworthy ſouldiers bride.

It is hard to maintaine credit where truth is suspected: but howſoever fuſpition may enter a false action, yet truth will never bring in her plea, to ſuspect where there is cauſe is ſufferable: but where there is no cauſe, it is intolerable. *Octavius Cæſar Domum ſuam non ſolum crime, ſed fuſpitione cri-minis, vacare voluit.* i. *Augustus Cæſar*, would have his house not onely free from fault, but even from the very fuſpition of crime.

Sorrow treads, where folly leads.

An. On the bright fire whilſt ſome fish too much gaze,

Fixing their eyes upon the tapers blaze:
 They neither mind the fishers nor their boats,
 Nor their sharpe knives prepar'd to rip their throats,
 Whilſt the young man, whom mad love doth ſurprise,

Admires his miſtrefſe front, and ſtar-like eyes:
 Or whilſt the girle whom childiſh folly blinds,
 His new ſprung beard and feature onely minds.
 All faults lie hid, there is no further ſtay,
 'Tis now enough if they can kiſſe and play.

'Twixt theſe where itching makes ſuch quick diſpatch

'Tis often ſeen *Megæra* ſpoiles the match.

As *Circe* injoy'd not thoſe whom ſhe transform'd

(1) *The Sun of the morning.* (2) *He was ſlaine at Troy.*

into Swine, Lions, &c. but affected *Vlyffes* in his owne perfectnesse aboue all others : So those women who by amorous potions (too which I adde whorish blandishments) have got their husbands, for the most part leade with them an unquiet life, through madnesse. *Plutarch.*

Where vertue tyes, love never dyes.

An. The Rose doth yeeld a favour sweet and strong,
After 'tis shed, or in the Sunne laine long.
Fond is the love of feature, which doth fade,
And putrid growes, when age doth once invade,
Agues deface, and cares the beauty staine,
And these in young men often breed disdaine.
But wit's more stedfast ; 'twill to age indure,
A thousand waies that, favour can procure.
Gray haires, nor wrinckles, can such ardor quench,
Nor love (on vctue built) in *Lethe* drench.
If match with one, whose mind his shape excels,
That love, till death lasts onely, and none else.
In us we nought immortall find,
Saving the goods of brest and mind. *Ovid.*

Couples ill matcht, like garments patcht.

An. If love thy selfe, doe not an old man wed,
Lest thou lie frozen in a desolate bed.
If any ; thou a *posthume* birth shalt beare.
He, if thy child call father, cannot heare.
Or should he have choice whom to make his heire,
Fame, to speake largely of thee will not spare.
Meane time the faire flower of thy youth is spent,
And thy best dayes thou sadly shalt lament.
Why doth the Ivie 'bout the Elme so cling ?
'Las ; one must perish, if the other spring,
Whilst it (ambitious) 'bout the top branch twines,
The drooping Tree hangs downe the head and
pines.

Matrimonium ita demum tranquillè exigi potest, si mulier Cœca, maritus surdus fiat, &c.

Then marriage may be said to be past in all quietnesse, when the wife is blind, and the husband deafe. The nature of women is subiect to jealousie, from whence grows clamour and noise, and the wives garrulity and prating offends the husband, which he should bee farre from, if he wanted his hearing, &c.

Children in law, breed may a flaw.

An. Hence brats in law? maides, mothers the first day,

What mak'st thou in a widdowed bed I pray?
When *Hymen* joynes you single : these are bred
Are the best pledges of thy maidenhead.

To graft a branch with ripe fruits if thou strive,
Tis a meere burden, and it cannot thrive.

The withered apples fall (unfit to taste)
For both the stock and graft indure like waste.
Slyps without fruit, transpose unto thy tree,
So shall thy fruit in *Autumne* better bee.

Do't whilst the gumme in the greene rind doth
fwell,

Plants without mutuall sap ne're prosper well.

A small benefit may arise to a great profit, if it be
feasonably confer'd, saith *Curtius*.

Time is the best counsellor, and the chiefe president
of counsels, saith *Antisthenes*, and *Cicero* calleth it the
most perfect Herald of truth.

To have thy will, be humble still.

Phi. Now thy injunctions please : but, woon with
gold,

My father aymes me at a man that's old.

What shall I doe? my love I will not slave

'To an old King, (though he my love should crave.)

An. If he to one unworthy would thee tye,

What ere he urge, let not thy voyce sound hye,
 Prayers arme the virgin, If intreat : 'tis done,
 Sterne fathers, by no other art are woon.
 Smooth foreheads more prevaile, than these averse
 Hard hearts, submission, and not feare can pierce.
 The Pine-tree Nut thou canst not break with blows,
 But a soft fire, the shels wide open throws.

Mild power doth compasse that which rough violence never can. *Claud.*

Where men by favour strive to git
 Gods favour, and incourage it,
 But the same gods when force is us'd,
 (As angry) thinke themselves abus'd.

I.

An. We are in harbour, thou shalt be a bride,
 Heare something in that state thy selfe to guide.
 The grafter, all the native sprigs doth strip,
 That the whole sap may feed th' adopted slip.
 All wandring fancies she must quite expell,
 Who in a lawfull match would prosper well.
 No sooner shall thy nuptiall Tead take fire,
 But thou on him must fixe thy whole desire.
 Not thy old play-fellow must thine house frequent,
 Nor he with whom (before) thine houres thou spent.
 Let mother and thy sister now goe by,
 Lest former love the adopted sap should dry.

Let men obey the lawes, and women their husbands. *Socrates.* Silence and patience maketh concord betwixt married couples. A good husband ought to be wise in words, wary in conversation, carefull in provision, diligent in ordering : a discreet master, a carefull father. A good wife must bee grave abroad, well govern'd at home, patient to suffer, constant to love, to her neighbours friendly, courteous to her servants, carefull of her children. *Theophrastus.*

2.

An. Am I deceiv'd ? or more else should be spoke,

To such as newly enter *Hymens* yoake.
 The flock which late had branches of his owne,
 Must now by a strange leafe and fruit be knowne.
 The top cut off, it boasts not its owne feed,
 But beareth what another branch did breed.
 When married: thou thyselfe wilt then withdraw,
 For now thy husband is to thee a law.
 What he prescribes: to that thou must agree,
 (If wife) so partner of his counsels be.
 By his direction, all thine actions sway,
 To yeeld's to conquer, and (to rule) to obey.

A chaste Matron by obeying her husbands will,
 getteth command over him, *Bias*. But give thy wife
 no power over thee, for if this day thou suffereſt
 her to tread upon thy foot, ſhe will be ready by
 to morrow to ſpurne at thy head, &c.

3.

An. Grafting hath more on which thy mind may rest,
 Graft then these precepts likewife in thy brest.
 Tree's grace the graft, by sap themſelves do ſpend,
 And their owne ornament to others lend.
 If with thy golden dower thy house ſhine bright,
 And ſwell his coffers which before were light:
 Be not thou proud, nor thine owne wealth pro-
 claime,
 Let all thine house rest in thine husbands name.
 Who would not thinke that clamorous woman mad,
 To cry *This, That*, from me, my husband had.
These were, and are ſtill mine. It is not knowne
 How wives can boſt of ought that is their owne.
 That the law make men lords, there is no doubt,
 And 'tis a right, that goes the world throughout.

Marriage teacheth, that a woman ſhould hold her
 husband to be all things unto her, and that he alone
 ſhall ſucceed in all loving and deare nominations,
 which (as we read in *Homer*) the moſt vertuous *An-
 dromache* confers upon her husband *Hector*.

What father, mother, brother, else can be,
Thou, thou, sweet husband art all these to me.

The Epilogue.

Proceeding further we were strooke with feare,
Because of noife which *Anna* first did heare :
Enough if not too much, come now let's breake,
This having faid, she blusht, and ceast to speake.

F I N I S.



PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

The Queene feasting the King at Somerset house, upon his Birth-day, hers falling in the same weeke, this was there spoken unto them.

WE cannot read in any flourishing state,
Whether by King swaid, or by optimate,
A greater blessing hapning to one Nation,
By two such births, beneath one constellation,
For being in one moneth, (1) one weeke ; small let
There was, these two blest birth-dayes had not met :
Yet hath the powerfull hand of heaven so guided,
(Though) by small distance of two dayes divided :
These starres who then, their influence had alone
Are now combin'd, fixt in one glorious Throne :
From whose joynt rayes another's risen since,
(Luſterd from both) a sweet and hopefull Prince.
O may he from your vertues so much gaine,
That little *Charles* may prove our *Charlemaine*.

To them both at parting.

The Romanes of their birth-dayes had such care,
They kept them sacred, and not one might dare,
In all their families to worke, but play,
Observing that, as an high festivall day.
The Emperours birth-dayes were cald *Albae*, white,
As the sole lustre, and their Kingdomes light.
In you: how much doth heaven your Nations
blesse,
To enjoy two such: the greater, and the lesse.

*A speech spoken to their two excellent Majesties, at the
first Play play'd by the Queenes Servants, in
the new Theater at White Hall.*

When Greece, the chiefe priority might claime
For Arts, and Armes, and held the eminent name
Of Monarchie; They erected divers places,
Some to the Muses, others to the Graces:
Where Actors strove, and Poets did devise
With tongue and pen, to please the eares and eyes
Of Prinoely Auditors; The time was, when
To heare, the rapture of one Poets pen,
A Theater hath beene built, By the fates doome,
When th' Empire was removed from thence to *Rome*.
The potent *Cæsars* had their *Circi*, and
Large Amphitheaters: in which might stand
And sit, full fourescore thousand, all in view,
And touch of voice: This great *Augustus* knew.
Nay *Rome*, it's wealth, and potency injoyd,
Till by the barbarous Gothes these were destroy'd.
But may this struture last, and you be seene
Here a spectator, with your Princely Queene,
In your old age, as in your flourishing prime,
To out-strip *Augustus* both in fame and time.

*To the King and Queene upon a New yeares-day at night :
the Two-fact Ianus with a great golden Key in his
hand, the Presenter.*

Where is my Sonne *December*? yong'ſt and last
Of twelve? what sleeping now? now snorting fast?
In this joyes festivall? from yeares agone,
Solemnis'd one thousand fixe hundred thirty one.
Can neither musick, sport, nor myrth awake thee;
But to eleven moneths sleep must thou betake thee?
Why doth not *January* then appeare,
Before old *Janus* father of the yeare?
My eldest boy? now I remember. Hee,
Is busied in this annuall *Iubilee*.
And ſtill the one hand with the other ſhifts,
In giving and receiving New-yeares gifts.

But ſtay; two faces *Ianus*? one to view
The paſt yeare; th' other, that which ſhall infue.
Shal't be imputed to thine age or floath
To neglect theſe; the glory of them both?
No; fall thus low, to celebrate that throne
In which the two great lights (1) are met in one
Without ecclipte; This key commands the ſcrew,
That lockes the paſt yeare up, and opes the new;
This shuts up all diſaſter, dearth, diſeaſe,
Opening to you all glad things that may please,
To crowne your bleſſedneſſe, and as that gone
Hath crown'd you with an Heire (as yet alone)
There's by auſpicious *Love* a ſecond breeding,
Our hope, and honour of the yeare ſucceeding.
As in the laſt, may Heaven in this defend them,
Whilſt *Ianus* with his twelve fonnes ſhall attend them.

The Epilogue ſpoken by the ſame Ianus.

Health, strength, and many a glad new yeare,

(1) Meaning their 2. Majesties.

A constant solace, joyfull cheere,
Waite ever on that awfull throne,
Where rest two Princely hearts, made one.
From which blest union, may supply
Of issue to eternity
Grace and become it : These presages
Prove fortunate to after ages,
Which long succession hence may see,
Till time and hours shall cease to bee.

A Prologue spoke before the King, when her Majesty was great with child.

Health, joy, peace, plenty, and a flourishing state,
A dexter omen : an auspicious fate,
Attend you ever, like *Hiperion* shine
In his meridian, never to decline.
And may your royall *Cynthia* who hath run
Sixe annuall courses with you, and begun,
Now on the seventh, who to your Kingdomes
Cheere
And your great joy, at this time fills her sphere,
In a most hopefull plenitude : so waine
After blest issue, that your glorious raigne,
May see your Sonnes Sonnes Princes of such name,
That the whole world may echo to their fame.
From her chaste wombe may such faire daughters
spring,
That each may prove the consort to a King,
And both survive to see't : this we intreat
May come from her who is so good, so great.

The Epilogue.

Those heavenly Guardians that with patents large,
Have in tuition Kings and Kingdomes charge,
Protect you both, that as we daily fee
Nations, that farre remote and forraigne be
Send hither as to an Oracle to know,

What's for their safety best : you may still grow
 In wisedome and in power, till your command
 May extend it selfe so farre by Sea and Land,
 That through the Christian world it may be faid,
 All begge of *Charles*, but he needs no mans ayd.

Another spoken at White Hall before their sacred Majesties.

Exuberant joyes, delights transcending waite
 About the orbe of this illuftrious state.
 All sad disasters flie beyond thos Seas
 That ebbe and flow unto th' *Antipodes*,
 Or if they chance to linger by the way,
 May they with *Mahomet*, and *Ali* stay :
 But never in these Climes find place of rest
 Or shelter, where the sacred truth's protest,
 But in their stead, prosperity and peace,
 Abundance, health, with numerous increase
 Of royall issue 'bout your throne be seene,
 To glad my soveraigne, and rejoice his Queene :
 So shall your Nations in bright lustre shine,
 Figuring in these your Persons, powers divine.

The Epilogue.

Miriads of joyes your royall hears surprise,
 Yea more than any rapture can devise,
 The heart of man conceive, or tongue expresse,
 That in your more than common happineſſe,
 All your true ſubjects with unanimous voice.
 May both in you, and your bleſt ſeed rejoice.

A Prologue spoken to their sacred Majesties, at Hampton Court.

If *Cæſar*, greatest in great *Pompeis* fall,
 As being made the ſoveraigne over all
 The (then knowne) world ; or if *Augustus* ; Hee

Who left his ample name Hereditarie
To all succeeding Emperours ; If to th' last
Of the twelve *Cæsars*, Theaters were grac't,
And when the Iulian family expir'd
In many ages after were admir'd ?
And the more fame from forraigne parts to win,
Adornd without, and beautified within.
If by succeſſion we can draw them downe
Through nations, realmes and tongues, even to our
own,
Proving these flourishing Kingdomes prosperd well,
And never fauld before these structures fell :
Or were ſuppreſt ; for 'tis a bad preſage,
(All mirth exil'd) ſtill followes wrack and ſtrage.
If then a factious peevish male-content,
Envying a bleſt ſtate ; ſhall his malice vent
In bald unlicenc't papers ? ſo much daring
As neither Soveraigne, nor the ſubject ſparing :
Aſſuming in a ſtrange libellious ſtraine,
To thiſke all wiſedome treaſur'd in his braine ?
Be all ſuch fruſtrate in their vaine indeavour,
Whiſt you oh Royall *Cæſar* live for ever.

The Epilogue.

Joves Influent Planet boading power and ſtate
For ever, on this high tribunall waite.
Apolloe's fire, add verdure, to your dayes,
And crowne your long raigne with his *Daphnes*
bayes.
Hermes attend you with his peaceful ſtarre,
And *Mars* protect you in all menacing warre.
May *Venus* and the Moones bright conſteſſations,
With their best fulgence ſmile on all your Nations ;
But on all male-contents let *Saturne* lower,
Such as maligne your glory and your power.

Spoken to their two Majesties at White Hall.
Prologue.

Whom Heaven with all choice graces hath indow'd,

Whom even the Angels praise and men admire !
 On whom your Maker hath his bounty shewed,
 Where nothing wants that mans heart can desire,
 Your peoples joy, your Peeres selected pleasure.
 Your Kingdomes admiration, Nations wonder,
 Of forraigne climes the prafe, of ours the treasure,
 O never may that sacred union funder.
 That whilst we daily of high heaven importune,
 You may be in your royll iſſue bleſt,
 You may ſtill grow in greatneſſe, fame and fortune,
 All which at ſeeming height, be ſtill increaſt.
 Prove thou a prophet muſe, ſay 'tis decreed,
 All Christendome ſhall flouriſh in your feed.

The Epilogue.

Could we all Panegyries put in one,
 That have beeene on the ancient *Heroes* writ,
 They might all be conſer'd on you alone,
 And you great Princes justly merit it.
 O may you in your happy loves perfeuer,
 Diurnally augment, but not decline,
 That this your people may admire you ever,
 Till heaven that gave you us make you divine.
 And that which we of aged *Neflor* read,
 May of you two be chronicled indeed.

Spoken to their excellent Majesties upon the like occasion.

Prologue.

Excellent Princes may you ever bee,
 As great as good, each yeare a Iubilee.
 That as heavens bounty crownes you with th' in-
 crease
 Of honour, glory, and domeſtick peace.
 You, with like liberall hands inſtated here,
 May to each ſubject and deserving Peere :
 Like the bright Sunne your glorious favours throw,
 To comfort and make flouriſh what's below.

Whilst we like the woods Quiristers still sing
Loud Hymnes to you the Lord of this our spring.

The Epilogue.

You that are Emblemes of that light divine,
Which equally on all estates doth shine,
The Palace and the Cottage, flower and weed,
Of whose bright luster all have use, and need,
Even from the Scarlet, to the Ruffet : Gray
As well as Purple : Had we power, as they
That are in eminent place ; there could not be
Those, should expresse more gratitude than we.
The rich may pay in gold, that which he owes,
But we our debt, onely in words and showes.

Spoken to his Majesty upon a New yeares day at night.

The Prologue.

Renowned King, we to your eares commend
These our unpolisht labours, harsh and low,
Hoping your grace will like the Sunne extend,
Those glorious beames that make the Cedars grow,
Shine on the basest shrubs, his vertue's seene
As well in weeds as flowers, for both are green.
Then let your Maiesy by whose aspect
All these sweet garden flowers, these Trees still
flourish,
The least part of your glorious shine reflect
On us : your beames great *Brittaines* land doth
nourish.
Still moving in this bright and luminous sphere,
To joy your Court with many a glad New-yeare.

The Epilogue.

'Mongst other presents, high and sacred King,
This solemne day presented at yourfeat
Their tribute love, your humble vassals bring.

But though our gifts be small, our wills are great,
 We come, though naked of desert or merit,
 Yet arm'd with wishes, and devoutest prayer,
 Trusting you many ages may inherit
 That high Tribunall, peace and love prepare,
 That this first day which enters a new yeare,
 On which the two fac't *Ianus* lookes with joy,
 May many seafons hence, with gladsome cheare,
 Be hallowed still, that heavens hand may destroy
 Your enemies : and so your friends maintaine.
 They many yeares hence may admire your raigne.

Another spoken at the Court to the like purpose.

Prologue.

As all small rivers to the ocean runne,
 As to the soveraigne of their silver streames,
 As all lesse lights doe borrow of the Sunne,
 From whom alone they take their golden beames.
 So to this glorious Sunne we pay our light,
 Without whose face we live in endlesse night.
 O you, on your owne earth foly divine,
 Who fill your faire Court with your beames of grace,
 With one small glimmering on our pastimes shine,
 The Sun barres none the beauty of his face.
 Poets that have like Larkes already sung,
 Vnto the morning of your prosperous raigne,
 Shall with an Angels quill and Cherubs tongue,
 Your grace and goodnesse through the world proclaime.
 But when you reach the noontyde point, then stay,
 And in the height of glory shine for aye.

Epilogue.

Most high and sacred Sir, we now are cast
 Low as the earth, strook mute with feare and terror,
 Lest through our want of judgement we have past

Words rudely plac't : or duty mixt with error.
The Shepheards Pipe made of an Oaten Reed,
Cannot compare with great *Apollo's* lyre ;
Nor should our Muse, that no delight can breed
Vnto your high and Princely eares aspire.
We bring a mite that would present a mine,
Our loves we pay, to whom our lives we owe,
Water we bring, who could affoord it wine,
Our art you see, our hearts we cannot shew.
O if we could ! we would inrich this place
With joyes esentiall, blessings above measure,
Heaven, Earth, Ayre, Sea, all powre upon your grace,
Their speciall bounties, and their richest treasure.

In our last wish all your desires attaine,
Life, safety, health, with a long-lasting raigne.

A Prologue spoken at the right Honourable the Earle of Dovers house in Broadstreet, at a Play in a most bountifull Christmas hee kept there; the Speaker Hospitality a frolick old fellow: A Coller of Brawne in one hand, and a deepe Bowle of Muscadel in the other.

Where is that rich mans Minion, cal'd *Frugality* ?
What hath he quite hence banisht *Hospitality* ?
In dayes of old, when yea and nay did passe
For currant troth, I and old *Christenmasse*
Were of acquaintance ; but of late I find
Frugality quick fighted, my selfe blind.
He goes through Court, through Country, City, and
Findes entertainment, for each frugall hand
Still bids him welcome : yet a novice hee :
But I, that am of more antiquity
Than *Pauls* (alas) by time and age decayd,
Nay almost since this Cities ground-sills layd,
Walke up and downe and knock at each mans dore,
And finde the same cold welcome as before.
But harke, a Cock crowd, and I heard a Swan
Ecchoing to him, that here did live a man,

Noble, and of that high and ancient straine,
To call back *Hospitality* againe.

Then by the good Lords and kind Ladies leave,
Since their wide Gates stand ready to receive
So great a stranger, and (in me) these guests
So oft invited to their annuall feasts.
This blessing take, oh whether in this place,
Or where so else this blest time you so grace,
May your warme Chimneyes smoke, and hot fires
glow,
Whilst *Thames* breeds Swans, or Cocks 'gainst Christ-
mas crow.

*It is to be observed that the Earle in Heraldry
gives the Swan, and the Countesse the
Cocke, &c.*

The Epilogue presented by delight.

We see bright day succeeds darke night,
Disaster past, then comes delight,
From seeming death reviv'd to tell,
That here she henceforth meanes to dwell,
When hospitality hath grace,
Delight should ever there finde place.
Receive her then your household guest,
This night to attend you to your rest :
And when your quiet sleepe is spent,
Awake you to your more content,
At home, abroad, handmaid, and guide :
Whether you sit, lye, walke or ride,
Sport, purpose serious meditation,
And thought, still have to me relation,
And so for ever, as this night,
Be waited on by choise delight.

*Spoken to the right Honourable the Earle of Dover, at
his house in Broadstreet upon a Candlemas night.*

The Prologue.

The downy Swan though yoakt in *Venus Teame*,

Yet of all birds that ever lov'd the streme,
Is held to be the chiefest : *Pallas Owle*
In *Athens* fam'd for many a learned scrowle,
Compos'd in Inke and Oyle, th' embleme of watch,
By which the most laborious students catch
At Arts (howe're, benighted) was not more
Famous, in Greece, then on Caister shore
Your sacred Bird, which the nine Sisters strove
To make the symbole of conjugall love,
With which the Cock, the Bird of *Mars* combin'd,
A double gardian knot, to be untwin'd
Never : 'Tis now made fast, so intricate,
Not *Alexanders* sword, not time, not fate
Can e'er untye, for what's in vertue laid,
Envie can never blast, nor age invade.

In this blest state both you, and yours, now stand
As first dispos'd, so strengthened by that hand,
Which as it makes, protects ; you have begun
To grace the City with your presence : run
That happy course still : you and your lov'd wife
Have to dead hospitality given new life.
Still cherish it : old Christenmasse almost starv'd
Through base neglect, by you hath beene preserv'd.
O give him still like welcome, that whilst he
Hath name on earth, you may his harbourer be.

Epilogue.

What man can wish his blisse to crowne,
Or in abundance heaven powre downe.
Health, plenty, solace, all delights
That lengthen dayes, or shorten nights.
Heavens favour, and the Courts best grace,
Attend the great Lord of this place.
Old Christenmasse hunger-starv'd and dry,
Who earst did drinke deepe and far'd hye
You welcome, and with Princely cheere,
Feast *Ianus* father of the yeare.
The sparing Chuff could be content

To thrust the twelve dayes into Lent.
 You *Englands* custome, wake from sleepe,
 Which all the Christian world still keepe :
 For which may you thus stor'd with guests
 Long celebrate these annuall feasts,
 That you and your good Lady may
 Together, many a New-yeares day,
 Rejoyce in your blest Issue till
 The houres shall faile, and time stand still.

A speech spoken before the right Honourable the Earle of Dover, at his House at Hunfden, as a preparation to a Maske, which consisted of nine Ladyes. Presented the last New-yeares night.

The silver *Swan* soft gliding in the streame,
 Cald to the *Cocke* then pearching on a beame,
 And said to him ; why, *Chanticleere*, when I
 Move on the waves so low, thou sit'st so high ?
 The *Cocke* replide : O thou my best lov'd Sister
 Well knowne in *Poe*, *Meander*, and *Caister*,
 But best in *Thamesis* ; Dost thou not know
 The reason, why we in *December* crow ?
 More than before, or after ? who againe
 Thus answer'd : we of nothing can complaine
 Being of all the birds that are, most white,
 Loyall and chaste, and taking our delight
 In rivers onely, bathing there our feete
 To make our rare-heard musick sound more sweet.
 Yet one thing to resolve, would make me proud,
 To tell why at this time thou sing'st so lowd ?
 Who said : none of our ancestors but knew
 That ever since Saint *Peters* Cock first crew,
 We are enjoyn'd to make lowd proclamation,
 Of our most blessed Saviours Incarnation.
 To which the *Swan*, (then in a Tone much higher)
 Said, in this Caroll I will fill the quire :
 Which being voyc't, did sound so sweet and shrill,
 That where the *Swan* and *Cock* were heard, did fill

The ayre with such an echo, thither came
Vpon that summons, both the blind and lame,
Hungry and thirsty, poore, of all estates,
And none but fully fated at these gates.
Long may your bounty last, and we reioyce,
To heare both City and the Country voyce
Your Hospitality, to your loud fame,
Whilst Time indures, or *Christmas* beares a name.
And now great Lord and Lady both prepare,
To know what *Sports* in agitation are.

Truth presenting the Maskers.

Plaine *Truth* who onely hath the power
To steare the way to *vertues* bower,
By these cleare Tapers shining bright,
Doth celebrate this joviall night.
But by the Bird of *Mars* that crowes,
I now perceive the morning growes.
Her love to *Phæbus* to exprefse,
And put his steeds in glorious dresse
Who shewes you what chaste virgins dwell,
Within the bosome of this Cell,
Appeare then O thou treble Trine
Of number, with the *Muses* nine.
(*Appolloes* sacred daughters) still
Frequent about *Pernassus* hill.
Or if you number them by Threes,
The first are the three *Charitees*,
Handmaides to *Venus*, *Graces* stil'd,
On whom their Father *Jove* still smil'd.
The second *Chorus* doth containe
Those beauties, by the *Trojan* swaine
On *Ida* judg'd : The third we call
The *Vertues* Theologicall,
Faith, *Hope*, and *Love*, haply meet here,
To crowne the parting of the yeare,
With Roses fresh of *Swan*-like hew,
Which from a royall Stemme first grew,

And the brave *Yorkifts* long since bore,
 These *vertues bower*, doe best decore,
 Flowers redolent, which Heralds say,
Ianus doth weare, as well as *May*.
 Farre may they spread, be ever seene,
 With milke white leaves, and branches greene,
 Folded in amorous twines together,
 Which *Winter* ne're may blast or wither.

*A young witty Lad playing the part of Richard the third :
 at the Red Bull : the Author because hee was
 interested in the Play to incourage him, wrot
 him this Prologue and Epilogue.
 The Boy the Speaker.*

If any wonder by what magick charme,
Richard the third is shrunke up like his arme :
 And where in fulnesse you expected him,
 You see me onely crawling, like a limme
 Or piece of that knowne fabrick, and no more,
 (When he so often hath beene view'd before.)

Let all such know : a Rundlet ne're so small
 Is call'd a vesstell : being a Tunne ; that's all.
 Hee's tearm'd a man, that showes a dwarfish thing,
 No more's the Guard, or Porter to the King.
 So Pictures in small compasse I have seene
 Drawne to the life, as neare, as those have beene
 Ten times their bignesse : Christenmas loaves are
 bread,

So's your least Manchet : have you never read
 Large folio Sheets which Printers over-looke,
 And cast in small, to make a pocket booke ?
 So *Richard* is transform'd : if this disguise
 Show me so small a letter for your eyes,
 You cannot in this letter read me plaine,
 Hee'l next appeare, in texted hand againe.

The Epilogue.

Great I confesse your patience hath now beene,

To see a little *Richard*: who can win,
Or praise, or credit ? eye, or thinke to excell,
By doing after what was done so well ?
It was not my ambition to compare,
No envie, or detraction : such things are
In men of more growne livers, greater spleene,
But in such lads as I am, seldome seene.

I doe, but like a child, who fees one swim,
And (glad to learne) will venter after him
Though he be soundly duckt for't, or to tell
My mind more plainlye, one that faine would spell,
In hope to read more perfect : all the gaines
I expect for these unprofitable paines,
Is, that you would at parting from this place
Doe but unto my littlenesse that grace
To spie my worth, as I have seene dimme eyes
To looke through spectacles, or perspectives,
That in your gracious view I may appeare,
Of small, more great ; of coming far off, neare.

Vpon his Majesties last birth-night, he being then thirty five yeares of age, and the Queene great with child.

A Star appearing of bright constellation,
More luminous than those of the same station,
The powers Cœlestiall much amaz'd thereat
To know the cause thereof, in Councell fate,
And summond *Mercury* the winged god
To search and find what wonder it might bode,
Who brought them word that *Lachesis* then drew
A thread from *Clothoes* distaffe, which to' his view
Was of such splendor, and withall so fine,
(The substance gold) and of so close a twine,
No edge could funder, and that Star (so bright)
Rose five and thirty yeares fince, as this night.
You are (if time we may compute) by story
In the meridian of your age and glory.
Your *Cynthia* too that shines by you so neare,

And now with such rare splendor fills her sphere,
 Whose birth-dayes almost meete, as if that fate
 Would adde a double lustre to your state.
 Never may your two golden threds be spun.
 Whilst the Moone guides the night, or day the
 Sun.

Epilogue.

What Muse so mute, but both with voice and
 strings
 Will strive to celebrate the births of Kings.
 Kings birth-dayes, of such goodnesse and renowne.
Ceres should fill with plenty, *Bacchus* Crowne.
 Mirth should exceed it's limite, Ioyes abound,
 And (after praiise to heaven giv'n) Healths go round.
 No other language then let this night coyne,
 But *Vive, vive la Roy, vive la Royne.*

*Spoken to the Palsgrave at his first comming over, in the
 presence of his Majesty, &c.*

The bright hayr'd Comets are of all the best,
 Boarding most good, when ayming towards the
 West.

(So Astrologians say) and when such shine,
 Grosse clowds they scatter, and the ayre refine.
 Now such an one appeares ; a glorious thing,
 As if the *Eagle* from her spatiouse wing
 Had her prime feather dropt, which to regaine,
 She (almost) would give *Almaigne, Rome, and Spaine.*
 A feather to be stuck in *Venus* fanne.
 The like to it, not *Iunoes* Peacock can
 In all her moon'd traine boast : may your fame
 flie,
 Mounted upon those plumes that foare most hie :
 Of which, make two rare presidents, We intreat,
 One of *Charles* little, th' other *Charles* the Great.

Epilogue.

A numerous fruit, sprung from a golden Tree,
Such (as old *Atlas*, was ne're seene by thee
In thine *Hesperian* orchard) long t' indure
And prosper in the world : now growes mature.
And the faire blossoms ready even to spread
Their leaves abroad, and top the *Eagles* Head
(The Roote still safe) where-ever shall be seene
Scient, transplanted, may it still grow greene,
So may none issuing from King *James* his Stemme,
But be thought fit to weare a Diadem.
Would you a presidint by which to steare
So faire a course ? you may behold it here.
If you to Honours *Apex* would attaine,
Let the bright *Starres* that guide you be *Charles*
waine.

*The Prologue to the Famous Tragedy of The Rich Few
of Malta, as it was playd before the King and
Queene, in his Majesties Theatre at White-
Hall, by her Majesties Servants
at the Cock-pit.*

The Prologue spoken at Court.

Gracious and Great, that we so boldly dare,
('Mongst other Playes that now in fashion
are)
To present this ; writ many yeares agone,
And in that Age, thought seconf vnto none ;
We humbly crave your pardon : we pursue
The story of a rich and famous *Few*
Who liu'd in *Malta* : you shall find him still,
In all his projects, a sound *Macheuill* ;
And that's his Character : He that hath past
So many Censures, is now come at last

To haue your princely Eares, grace you him ; then
You crowne the Action, and renowne the pen.

Epilogue.

IT is our feare (dread Soueraigne) we haue bin
Too tedious ; neither can't be leffe than finne
To wrong your Princely patience : If we haue,
(Thus low deiected) we your pardon craue :
And if ought here offend your eare or fight,
We onely Act, and Speake, what others write.

The Prologue to the Stage, at the Cocco-pit.

WE know not how our Play may passe this
Stage,
But by the best of (1) Poets in that age
The *Malta Few* had being, and was made ;
And He, then by the best of (2) Actors play'd :
In *Hero* and *Leander*, one did gaine
A lasting memorie : in *Tamberlaine*,
This *Few*, with others many : th' other wan
The Attribute of peereleffe, being a man
Whom we may ranke with (doing no one wrong)
Proteus for shapes, and *Roscius* for a tongue,
So could he speake, so vary ; nor is't hate
To merit : in (3) him who doth personate
Our *Few* this day, nor is it his ambition
To exceed, or equall, being of condition
More modest ; this is all that he intends,
(And that too, at the vrgence of some friends)
To prove his best, and if none here gaine-say it,
The part he hath studied, and intends to play it.

(1) *Marlo.*(2) *Allin.*(3) *Perkins.*

Epilogue.

IN Graving, with *Pigmalion* to contend ;
Or Painting, with *Apelles* ; doubtlesse the end
Must be disgrace : our Actor did not so,
He onely aym'd to goe, but not out-goe.
Nor thinke that this day any prize was plaid,
Here were no betts at all, no wagers laid,
All the ambition that his mind doth swell,
Is but to heare from you, (by me) 'twas well.

F I N I S.



FORTUNE

BY

LAND and SEA.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it was Acted with great Applause
by the QUEENS Servants.

WRITTEN BY

{ *THO. HAYWOOD.*

AND

WILLIAM ROWLY.



LONDON,

Printed for *John Sweeting* at the *Angel* in *Popes-head Alley*,
and *Robert Pollard* at the *Ben Johnson's Head* behind
the Exchange. 1655.



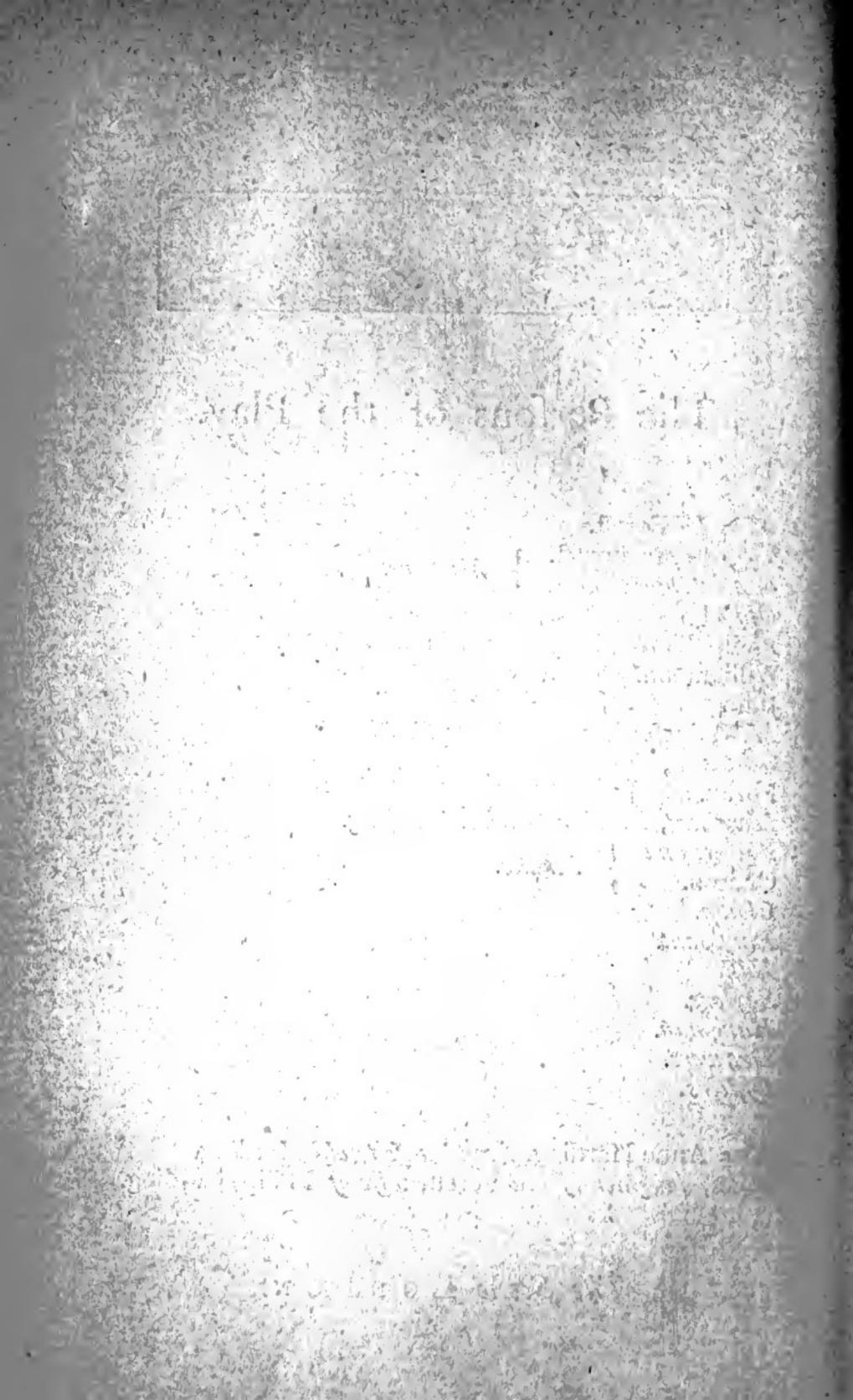


The Persons of the Play.

O *Ld Forest.*
Frank Forest. } *his Sons.*
Young Forest. }
Old Harding.
Philip *his eldest Son married Susan Forest.*
William and } *his younger Sons.*
John }
M. Rainsford, a quarelsome Gentleman.
Goodwin, } *Gentlemen, friends to Rainsford.*
Forest. }
Merchant, Brother to Mrs. Harding.
Purser, and } *Pirates.*
Clinton. }
Clown.
Pursivant.
Host.
Sailors.
Hangman.
Drawers.
Officers.

Mrs. Anne Harding, second wife to old Harding.
Susan, daughter of old Forest, wife of Philip Harding.

The Scene L O N D O N .





Fortune by Land and Sea.

Act. I. Scen. I.

Enter Mr. Raynsfoorth, old Mr. Forrest, Frank Forrest, Susan Forrest, Goodwin and Mr. Foster, 2. Gentlemen.

Rayns. I Prithee *Frank* lets have thy company to supper.

Frank. With all my heart if I can but give my Father here the slip by six a clock I will not fail.

Rayns. Ile talk with him, I prithee old man lends thy son to night, wee'lle borrow him but some two hours, and send him home agen to thee presently.

Good. Faith do Mr. *Forrest*, he cannot spend his time in better company.

Old For. Oh Gentlemen, his too much liberty Breeds many strange outragious ills in youth, And fashions them to vice.

Rayns. Nay school us not old man, some of us are too old to learn, and being past whipping too, there's no hope of profiting ; if we shall have him say so ? if

not, I prithee keep him still, and God give thee good of him.

Frank. Nay will you be gone, Ile be at the heels of you as I live.

Fofl. 'Tis enough, nay come, and if we shall go, let's go.

Old For. Nay Gentlemen do not mistake me pray,

I love my son, but do not doat on him ;
 Nor is he such a darling in mine eye,
 That I am lought to haue him from my sight ;
 Yet let me tell you, had you gentlemen
 Called him to any fairer exercise,
 As practice of known weapons, or to back
 Some gallant gennet ; had it been to dance,
 Leap in the fields, to wrestle, or to try
 Masteries in any noble quality,
 I could have spared him to you half his age :
 But call him out to drinking, of all skill
 I hold that much us'd practice, the most ill.

Frank. I told him you would still be urging him, and see what comes on't. I *Per sequare.*

Raynf. Sir what we doe's in love, and let you know

We do not need his purse nor his acquaintance,
 Nor if you should mistake, can we be sorry
 Nor wound to ask your pardon : fare ye well,
 Come Gentlemen.

Frank. Will you be gone ? Ile come.

Old Forr. Oh sonne that thou wilt follow rioting,
 Surfeit by drinking and unseasonehd hours ;
 These Gentlemen perhaps may do 't they're rich,
 Well landed, and their Fathers purchase dayly,
 Where I heaven knowes the world still frowning on
 me,

Am forc'd to sell and Margage to keep you.
 His brother rancks himself with the best gallants
 That flourish in the Kingdom, thee not able
 To spend with them, yet for his vertuous parts

He is borne out, his person woed and fought,
And they more bound to him for his discourse
Then he to them for their expence and cost.
Thy course is otherwise, all drinking healths,
Cups of muld Sack, and glasses elbow deep :
Drink in thy youth, maintain thee in thine age,
No 'twill not hold out boy.

Frank. My company hath not been to your purse
So chargeable ; I do not spend so much.

Old Forr. Thou spendest thy time
More pretious then thy coyn, consumest thy hopes,
Thy fortunes and thy after expectations,
In drowning surfeits, tell me canst thou cal
That thirst to be in all these prodigal.
Use thy discretion, somewhat I devine,
Mine is the care, the loss or profit thine. *Exit.*

Susan. Brother be ruled, my Father grieves to see
you given to these boundleſſ riots, will you follow ?

Frank. Lead you the way, Ile after you.

Susan. 'Tis well, hee'l look for you within.

Frank. When ? can you tel ? *Exeunt severally.*

Enter Raynsfoorth, Goodwin, and Foster.

Raynf. Boy my cloak.

Goodw. Our cloaks firrah.

Enter a Drawer.

Fof. Why Drawer.

1. Drawer. Here Sir.

Raynf. Some Canary Sack and Tobacco.

Rraw. You shall Sir, wilt please you stay supper ?

Raynf. Yes marry will we Sir, lets have the best
cheer the kitchin yeilds : the pipe firrah.

Drawer. Here Sir.

Raynf. Will *Frank* be here at supper ?

Goodw. So Sir he promis'd, and presumes he wil
not fail his hour.

Ravns. Some Sack boy, I am all lead within, ther's no mirth in me, nor was I wont to be so lumpish sad : reach me the glasse : what's this ?

Draw. Good Sherry Sack Sir.

Raynf. I meant Canary Sir, what hast no brains ?

Draw. Pox a your brains, are your fingers so light.

Rainf. Say fir.

Draw. You shall have Canary presently.

Goodw. When was he wont to be in this sad strain, Excepting some few sudden melanchollies, There lives not one more free and sociable.

Fost. I am too well acquainted with his humour, to stir his blood in the least distemperature ; Cose Ile be with you here.

Enter Drawer.

Rainf. Do, come to me ; have you hit upon the right Canary now, or could your Hogshead find a Spanish But ? A health.

Goodw. Were it my height Ile pledge it.

Fost. How do you now man ?

Rainf. Well, well, exceeding well, my melancholly sadness steals away, and by degrees shrinks from my troubled heart : Come let's be merry, more Tobacco boy, and bring in supper.

Enter Frank Forrest.

Fost. *Frank,* welcom, welcom, wilt thou be here old lad ?

Good. Or here ?

Frank. Wherefore hath nature lent me two hands but to use them both at once (my cloak) I am for you here and here.

Fost. Bid them make haste of supper ; some discourse to pafs away the time.

Rainf. Now *Frank*, how stole you from your Fathers arms ?

You have been schooled no doubt : fie, fie, upon't,
E'r I would live in such base servitude
To an old gray beard, Sfoot Ide hang my self.
A man cannot be merry and drink drunk,
But he must be controloed by gravity.

For. O pardon him, you know he is my father,
And what he doth is but paternal love ;
Though I be wild, I am not so past reason,
His person to despise, though I his counsel
Cannot severely follow.

Rainf. Sfoot he's a fool.

Fran. A fool ; y'ar a——

Foft. Nay Gentlemen.

Frank. Yet I restrain my tongue,
Hoping you speak out of some spleenful rashness,
And no deliberate malice : And 'tmay be
You are sorry that a word so unreverent
To wrong so good an aged Gentleman
Should pass you unawares.

Rainf. Sorry, Sir boy, you will not take exceptions.

Fra. Not against you with willingness, whom I have loved so long ; yet you might think me a most dutiless and ungracious Son to give smooth countenance unto my fathers wrong ; come I dare swear 'twas not your malice, and I take it so ; lets frame some other talk, hear Gentlemen.

Rainf. But hear me boy, it seems Sir you are angry.

Fra. Not throughly yet.

Rainf. Then what would anger thee ?

Fra. Nothing from you.

Rainf. Of all things under heaven what wouldst thou loathest have me do ?

Fra. I would not have you wrong my reverent Father, and I hope you will not.

Rainf. Thy Father's an old dotard.

Fran. I could not brook this at a Monarchs hands,

Much lesse at thine.

Rains. I boy, then take you that.

Flings wine in's face.

Fra. I was not born to brook this, oh I am slain.

Goodw. Sweet Coſe what have you done ; ſhift for your ſelf.

Rains. Away.

Exeunt.

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Draw.* Stay the Gentlemen, they have kild a man : O sweet Mr. *Francis* ; one run to his Fathers.

2. *Draw.* Had not we Drawers enough in the house, but they muſt needs draw too ?

1. *Draw.* They have drawn blood of this Gentleman that I have drawn many a quart of wine to : Oh sweet Mr. *Francis* ; hark, hark, I hear his Fathers voice below, ten to one he is come to fetch him home to ſupper, and now he may carry him home to his grave : See here he comes.

Enter the Hoſt, Mr. Forrest and Sufan.

Hoſt. You muſt take comfort, Sir.

Old For. Would heaven I could, or that I might beg patience.

Suf. Oh my brother.

Old For. Is he dead, is he dead girl.

Suf. Oh dead fir, *Frank* is dead.

Old For. Alafs, alafs my boy, I have not the heart To look upon his wide and gaping wounds : Hide them, oh hide them from me, leſt thoſe mouthes Through which his life paſt through ſwallow mine : Pray tell me, Sir, doth this appear to you Fearful and pittiful, to you that are, A stranger to my dead boy ?

Hoſt. How can it otherwife ?

Old For. Oh me most wretched of all wretched men,

If to a stranger his warm bleeding wounds
Appear so griesly, and so lamentable,
How will they seem to me that am his Father ?
Will they not hale my eyeballs from their rounds,
And with an everlasting blindness strike 'em.

Suf. Oh Sir, look here.

Old For. Do'st thou long to have me blind,
Then Ile behold them since I know thy mind :
Oh me is this my sonne that doth so sensless lye,
And swims in blood, my soul shall fly with his
Unto the land of rest, behold I crave,
Being kild with grief, we both may have one grave.

Suf. Alafs my Father's dead too gentle Sir,
Help to retire his spirits over-travell'd
With age and sorrow.

Hosf. Mr. Forrest.

Suf. Father.

Old For. What faies my girl ? good morrow ; what's
a clock
That you are up so early ? call up *Frank*,
Tell him he lies too long a bed this morning :
Was wont to call the Sun up, and to raiife
The early Lark, and mount her 'mongst the clouds ;
Will he not up, rise, rise thou sluggish boy.

Suf. Alafs he cannot Father.

Old For. Cannot, why ?

Suf. Do you not see his bloodles colour fail.

Old For. Perhaps he's sickly that he looks so
pale.

Sus. Do you not feel his pulse no motion keep ?
How still he lies.

Old For. Then is he fast asleep ?

Suf. Do you not see his fatal eye-lide close.

Old For. Speak softly, hinder not his soft repose.

Suf. Oh fee you not these purple conduits run,
Know you these wounds ?

Old Fost. Oh me my murdered Son.

Enter young Mr. Forrest.

Mr. For. Sister.

Suf. O brother, brother.

Mr. For. Father, how cheer you Sir ? why you were wont to store for others comfort that by sorrow were any way distrest, have you all wasted, and spared none to your self.

Old For. Oh Son, son, son, see alafs, see where thy brother lies, he dined with me to day, was merry, merry, eye that course was, he that lies here, see there, thy murdered brother, and my son was, see doest not thou not weep for him.

Mr. For. I shall find time,
When you have took some comfort Ile begin
To mourn his death, and scourge the murderers
fin.

Dear father be advised, take hence his body,
And let it have a solemn funeral.

Old For. But for the murderer, shall not he attend
the sentence of the Law with all severity.

Mr. For. Have you but patience, should we urge
the Law

He hath such honourable friends to guard him,
We shold in that but bark against the Moon ;
Nay do not look that way, take hence the body,
Let the Law sleep, the time ere it be long,
May offer't self to a more iust revenge :

We are poor, and the world frowns on all our
fortune,

With patience then bear this amongst the rest :
The heavens when they be pleased may turn the
wheel

Of Fortune round, when we that are dejected,
May be again raised to our former height.

Old For. Oh when saw Father such a tragick
fight,

And did outlive it, never sonne, ah never
From mortal breast run such a pretious River.

Mr. For. Come Father and dear Sister joyn
with me,
Let us all learn our sorrows to forget,
He owed a death, and he hath payd that debt.

Exeunt.

Act. i. Scen. 2.

Enter old Mr. Harding, his two sonnes William and John, his Wife Anne, as newly come from the Wedding.

Old Hard. So things are as they should be, we
have attained

The height of solace and true joy, sweet *Nan*
No sooner married but a Mother of this
My hopeful Issue, cheer thoughts
For what I want in youth I will supply
In true affection, and what age doth scant me
In sprightly vigour, Ile make good in wealth.

Anne. Sir, you well know I was not easily wonne,
And therefore not soon changed; advisedly,
Not rashly did I venter on your love.
My young unsetled thoughts from their long travels
Have late attained unto their journeys end,
And they are now at rest.

Old Har. Here they have found a harbour to
retire to.

Wil. 'Twould become you to use my Father here
respectively: you see how he receives you almost
dowerless.

Joh. 'True, where he out of his own abilities
might have commanded Widdows richer farre, I, and
perhaps each way as beautiful.

Anne. Upbraid me not, I do confes he might,
Nor was this match my seeking: If it hath pleased
Your father for some virtues known in me,

To grace me with his free election :
 Me-thinks it worse becomes you being sonnes
 To blame a Fathers pleasure ; howsoever
 Better my self I cannot if he thought me
 Worthy his bed I see small reason you
 Should wrong me to him that my state best knew.

Old Hard. Nann, I am pleased they shall be
 satisfied ;
 And boyes I tell you, though you be my sonnes,
 You much forget your duty to a Mother
 Whom I hold worthy to be called my Wife ;
 No more of this I charge you.

Wil. Sir, we have done.

Old Hard. No child to her, can be to me no Son.

Foh. I am pleased, here my spleen dyes,
 Suddenly fallen as it did quickly rise.

Old Hard. This is the end I aim'd at, were my
 eldest prefent among us much I had my height of
 wishes.

Enter Clown.

Clow. I have been there, Sir.

Old Hard. And foundest thou my Son *Philip* ?

Clow. When you had given him me in charge, I
 had of him great care I have took of him great care,
 and I have took him napping, as you know who took
 his Mare : I found your son *Philip* like a Cocksparrow
 billing : if I had stayed but a little longer, I might
 have taken him and his hen treading, I know not
 whether it be St. *Valentines* day or no, but I am sure
 they are coupled.

Old Hard. How coupled dost thou mean ?

Clow. I see them one and one, and that you know
 makes two, and two makes a couple, and they well
 coupled, may in time make a third between 'em ; I do
 not think but tis like to be a match.

Old Hard. I vow if e'r he match into that
 family,

The Kindred being all begger'd, that forc'd union
Shall make a firm divorce 'twixt him and mine.

Enter Philip and Sufan.

Clow. Here they are, Sir, *coram nobis*, you will find
it a plain case if the matter be well searcht ; I have
spoke but what I have seen ; and now let every one
answer for themselves.

Old Hard. What means these hands ?

Phil. Nothing Sir,
Save a meer interchange of hearts and souls
Doubly made fast by vows.

Old Hard. 'Twixt her and thee !

Phil. So, and no otherwife.

Old Hard. Yet thou hast time
To paufe, and to repeat but after this
No limit to consider ; cast her off,
Or henceforth I disclaim thee for my Son.

Phil. Yet I shall ever hold you for my father.

Old Hard. Then shew in this thy duty, quite forsake
her,
And be restored into my family.

Phil. O Sir she is a virgin chaste and fair,
Unto whose bed I am by oath engaged ;
That power above that heard the contract pass,
Both heard, approved, and still records the fame :
Oh Sir I am of years, oft have you wisht
To see me well bestowed, and now's the time
Your wish hath took effect : It was your prayer
That heaven would send me a good Wife, and lo
In her they have shewed their bounty.

Old Hard. Thou thy baseness, take one that's of
my chusing.

Phil. Do men use
By other hearts and eyes their wives to chuse ?

Old Hard. She's poor.

Phil. Yet virtuous.

Old Hard. Virtue, a sweet dower.

Phil. Yet that when *Mammon* fails retains her power.

Old Hard. Possest of virtue then thou need ought else.

Phil. Riches may waste by fire, by sea, by stealth,
But water, fire, nor theft can virtue waste,
When all else fails us that alone shall last.

Old Hard. Go to *Cheapside* with virtue in your purse,

And cheapen Plate, or to the Shambles hye,
And see what meat with virtue you can buy.
Will virtue make the pot feeth, or the Jack
Turn a spit laden ? tell me will your Landlord
At quarter day take virtue for his rent ?

Will your Wives virtue yeeld you ten i'th hundred ?
A good stock would do all this : Come, come, Son,
I'le find thee a rich match and turn her off.

Wil. Faith doe brother, the onely way to thrive is
to be ruled by my Father.

John. Do you think I being but the youngest,
would marry under the degree of a Gentlewoman, and
that without my fathers consent too ?

Phil. I wish you may not, but withall advise
you

To make a conscience how you break a vow :
And Sir, for you, with pardon, I could trace you
Even in that path in which I stand condemned :
This Gentlewoman my beauteous Mother-in-law,
Whose virtues I both honour, and admire,
Whom in no kind I envy, I presume
You married not for riches ; for if so,
Where is the wealthy Dower she brought along ?
Being your self example blame me not
To make a father my strict president.
In viewing me bear but your self in mind,
And prove to her, as I to this like kind.

Anne. The Gentleman speaks well, pray let me
mediate between you a reconcilement.

Wil. Good Sir do.

Foh. Since 'tis my Mothers pleasure to take't well
wee'l be joynt suitors with her.

Clow. And I too good Master.

Old Hard. The boy's inflexible, and I obdure,
He cannot be more saucy to object
That which I would not hear then I perverse,
In yeelding to a knaue so obstinate.

Suf. He is your Son, and of your blood the first ;
Brand him not with a name so odious,
You cannot write your self a Gentleman,
But leave him of that name inheritor,
Though you have power to take away his means,
Deprive him both your blessing and your love,
Which methinks in a Father should seem strange,
His state you may, his blood you cannot change.

Old Hard. Bated on all sides ; have I been thus
long
A Father and a Master to direct,
To be at these years pupil'd by a girle ?
A beggar, one that all the welth she has,
Bears on her back, and shall I suffer this ?
Whilst these that ought to arm me with just rage,
Preach to me patience ; Ile endure no more,
Come leave them sweet wife, gentle sonnes away.

Exeunt.

Phil. Ile have thee yet though all the world say
nay.

Clow. Now which of these parties shall I cleave
to and follow : well now I remember my self Ile shew
my self a true Citizen and stick to the stronger side.

Exit.

Act. I. Scen. 3.

Enter Mr. Raynsfoorth and young Mr. Forrest meeting.

For. Pray let me speak with you.

Raynf. With me Sir?

Forr. With you.

Raynf. Say on.

Forr. Do you not know me?

Raynf. Keep off upon the peril of thy life,
Come not within my swords length least this Arm
Prove fatal to thee, and bereave thy life,
As it hath done thy brothers.

Forr. Why now thou knowest me truely by that
token,

That thou hast slain my brother, put up, put up,
So great a quarrel as a brothers life,
Must not be made a street brall, 'ts not fit
That every Apprentice should with his shop-club,
Betwixt us play the sticklers, sheath thy sword.

Raynf. Swear thou wilt act no fuddaine vio-
lence,

Or this sharp sword shall still be interpos'd
'Twixt me and thy known hatred.

Young Forr. Sheath thy sword,
By my religion and that interest
I have in Gentry, I will not be guilty
Of any base revenge.

Raynf. Say on.

Forr. Let's walk, trust me let not thy guilty foul
Be jealous of my fury this my hand's
Curbed and governed by an honest heart,
Not by just anger, Ile not touch thee foully
For all the world: let's walk.

Raynf. Proceed.

Forr. Sir, you did kill my brother, had it been
In faire and even encounter, though a child,
His death I had not questioned.

Raynf. Is this all?

Forr. Hee's gone, the Law is past, your life is
cleared,

For none of all our kindred laid against
You evidence to hang you ; y'are a Gentleman,
And pitty 'twere a man of your discent
Should dye a Felons death : See Sir, thus far,
We have demeaned fairly like our selves ;
But think you though we winck at base revenge,
A brothers death can be so soon forgot,
Our Gentry baffel'd and our name disgrac'd ?
No t' must not be, I am a Gentleman
Well known ; and my demeaner hitherto
Hath promist somewhat : should I swallow this,
The scandal would outlive me : briefly then
Ile fight with you.

Raynf. I am loath.

Forr. Answer directly
Whether you dare to meet me on even termes,
Or mark how i'l proceed.

Raynf. Say I deny't.

Forr. Then I say thou art a villain and I chal-
lenge thee,
Where ere I meet thee next, in field or town,
Thy Fathers manners or thy Tennants grange,
Saving the Church, there is no priviledge
In all this land for thy despised life ;
No guard of friends, no night walks, or fly stealth,
No jealous fear which in a murtherers eye
Keeps hourly watch, shall have the priviledge :
This even and ballanc'd fight body to body ;
I'l kill thee be it in thy bed, at meat,
In thy wives arms ; as thou tookest my brother,
With thy back towards me, basely : answer me.

Raynf. Ile meet with thee ; the hour ?

Forr. By six to morrow morning, 'tis your priviledge
To appoint the place and weapon.

Raynf. *Hownselow* the place, my choice of weapon
this.

Forr. I can except at neither; fail the place,
Or fuit your weapons length, farewel. *Exit.*

Raynf. Yes 'tis thou meetest thy last farewel on
earth, the appoynted hour's to morrow: let the same
fate obscure his desperate head that fell upon his
brothers.

Enter Goodwin and Foster.

Goodw. Now Cozen *Raynsforth*.

Raynf. Ile so swinge my yonker.

Fost. Why who hath rayfed this storm Sir?

Raynf. Wat'st thou what? The elder *Forrest* parted
but even now,
Call'd me to question 'bout his brothers death,
And since hath challeng'd me.

Goodw. Challenged?

Raynf. Challenged me.

Fost. Why hee's too weak for you.

Raynf. Yes, I shall weak him,
My purpose is to teach the stripling fence:
And you be honest Gentlemen stand but aloofe to
morrow, and observe how I will swinge my youth about
the field.

Goodw. And please Heaven ile be there.

Fost. And so will I.

Raynf. He seekes his fate, and murderer's once
being in
Wade further till they drown: sin pulls on sin. *Exit.*

Explicit Actus primus.

Act. 2. Scen. 1.

Enter Old Harding, William, John, Anne.

Will. **T**Is true upon my life.

Old Hard. Say what thou wilt Ile not
beleeve it boy.

Will. Do you beleeve me to be your Son *Wil-*
liam.

Old Hard. Wel.

Will. Do you beleeve I stand here ?

Old Hard. On.

Will. That this Gentlewoman is your wife ?

Old Hard. So.

Will. That *Jack Harding* here is my brother ?

Old Hard. Good.

Will. That I speak to you, that you list to me ?
Do you believe any thing that is to be believed ?

Old Hard. What of all this ?

Will. Then beleeve my brother *Phillip* has mar-
ried Mistreſte *Susan*. I saw them in the Church to-
gether ; I heard them pronounce the words together,
whether it be better or worse for them I know not,
but they are in for better and worse, that I am sure.

Old Hard. As sure as thou art certain this is true,
So sure Ile disinherit the proud boy :
And all the Magazin that I enjoy,
Devide 'tween you my sons.

John. Not all Father, alaſs, allow him ſome ſmal
legacy to live on.

Will. If't be but a caſt Farm, or ſome poor Cot-
tage rather then nothing, it may be hee'l content him-
ſelf with a little, you know ſomewhat hath ſome
avour.

Old Hard. He that hath ſet me and my love at
nothing, Ile leave him worth as little.

Anne. Chide him you may, but yet not cast him off;

For Fathers ought most chastise where they love ;
 Parents as I have read, their rage should hide
 Where children fall through weaknesse, not through pride.

Old Hard. They are none such to me, my vow is past,
 My life may fade, but yet my will shall last.

Enter Philip and Sufan.

Will. See where the four bare legs that belong to a bed come, I could almost pity him.

Jack. And why pity him, all the while that marriage is the first step to our making ?

Phil. See Sir 'tis done.

Old Hard. And thou undone.

Phil. In losing your kind favour more undone
 Then in your casual wealth.

Old Hard. By all that I enjoy.

Phil. Oh swear not, spare that oath, Ile credit you,
 Although you speak but mildly.

Old Hard. So thrive I, if for this marriage made
 in dispight of me I make thee partner of any substance that's accounted mine.

Phil. Not made in spight of you, unsay that language,
 And then you chide me truely as I live.
 And though on earth by you disherited
 Hope to be heir to heaven ; I matcht with her
 In sincere love, but in no spleen to you,
 Though you have sworn to give my fortunes from me ;
 You have not sworn to reave me of your love,
 That let me have, let others take the land.

Old Hard. My love goes with my land, and in
 this marriage
 Thou hast lost both.

Phil. Your substance I despise,

But to lose that draws rivers from my eyes.

Anne. Oh bear a soft and more relenting soul,
And look upon the vertues of your sonne,
This Gentlewoman's birth.

Old Hard. Wife, wife, if he have married her for
birth,
Then let her birth maintain him.

Anne. My kind sions,
Speak to your father.

Will. Alas Mother, you hear my Father hath
sworn, and do you love him, and would make him
break's oath.

John. Ingage his soul, that were a wives part in-
deed.

Will. As I live I would not wish him now he has
sworn to alter his minde in the least circumstance,
for more then Ile speak.

Phil. I am a kinder son then you be brothers,
have you renounc't me for your son ?

Old Hard. I have.

John. You see he has.

Phil. You have not yet renounc't me for your
servant,
That title let me bear, Ile be your man,
And wear your Livery, since my poverty
Inforces me to serve, let it be you.

Will. Grant him that good Father, when you want
imployment for him, I may sometimes have occasion
to use him my selfe.

John. A reasonable motion, you want a serving-
man, since you must hire one on force, as good him as
another.

Phil. He wants a Maid too, let him hire this
woman, his servant not his daughter, give us but as
you would do to strangers we are pleased.

Will. The motion's not amisse, can you milk sweet
heart.

Susan. I can.

Will. And sweep a house, serve a hog, grope a hen, feel a duck, wash and wring.

Susan. What I have used, my soft hand best can shew,
But what I cannot Ile be glad to learn.

John. A good willing mind in troth, and can you bake and brew?

Susan. I shall be easily taught.

John. Y'ad best look too't, for as you brew, so y'are like to drink.

Old Hard. Sirrah, sirrah, can you hold the plough and thrash, sow, reap, load a cart, drive a Teem.

Phil. These or what else Ile practice.

Old Hard. Come then of with these gay cloaths, no habit's fit for hyndes ; help boys to suit them as their fortunes are ; go search in the clowns wardrobe.

Will. Fear not wee'l fit 'em as wel as if we had tane measure of 'em.

Anne. To see this misery with such patience born, Makes me to pity where these others scorn.

John. Here Sir is that wil serve the turn if you employ him in the cornfields, Ile warrant him fright the birds, here's that wil make him look like a scarecrow.

Will. And here's that will change the copy of her case, though not of her countenance.

Old Hard. Too good for drudges, live now by your sweat,

And at your labour make account to eat.

Phil. Here's but a forry wedding day.

Susan. My sweet *Philip*
That thou shouldst suffer these extreams for me ;
Onely for me.

Phil. Let that betwixt my soule
And thine be witnesse of my constant love ;
Alafs for thee that thou must drudge and toyl,
And having been a Mistress all thy life,
Must now become a servant.

Ent. Clown.

Clow. This being the wedding day of my Masters eldest Son, I expect rare cheer. As first, the great spic'd Cake to go in, Cake-bread fashion, drawn out with Currans, the Jealous Formety must put on his yellow hose agen, and hot Pies come mincing after, the boyl'd Mutton must swim in a River of stew'd broth, where the channel's made of Prunes. Instead of peables, and prime reasons, and Currans in the stead of checker stones and gravel, to omit Geese and Guls, Ducks and Dotterels, Widgins and Woodcocks, of which there will be plenty. At our wedding dinner we shall have the Bride in her tiffety taffeties most sumptuous, and the Bridegroom as wel in brancht Sattin as brancht Rosemary most couragious. Ile in and see them in all their beauty, and give them the Joy, the boon Jour, the *Besilus Manus*, or to be more vulgar to the Incapable, the God give you good morrow.

Phil. Good morrow fellow simkin.

Clow. 'Tis he, no, no, 'tis not he.

Suf. Good simkin.

Clow. Her face, the trick of her eye, her leer, her blink, her askue, but to say it is she, *Proh deum atque hominum fidem*.

Phil. Art thou amazed to see me thus transformed,

Or her thus alterd, none but such a Father,
Such a remorseless and hard hearted Father,
Could so translate his children.

Clown. Oh Mr. *Philip*, I see your Father is no Scholer, but a meer Dunce, I protest I never red a more vilde translation.

Suf. Nor see so fuddain and unmeet a change.

Clow. O young Mistris, *Ovids Metamorphosis* could never shew the like ; but how comes this to passe, the manner, the manner my heart begins to condole,

and my conduit pipes to open, we shall have a showre preſently ; the manner ?

Phil. This morning having married my betrothed,
For could I leſs do having vowed ſo much ?
I came to him and moſt ſubmiffively
Entreated pardon for my ſelf and her.

Clow. Kind young man—— hold good heart.

Phil. He preſently reviles us, then renounc'd us,
Nor would he give us, ſhould he ſee us starve
And famiſh at his gate, no not a crust
Of his hindes bread, or of his ſmalleft beer
Not a bare crusful ſhould we dye for thirſt.

Clow. 'Twil out, 'twil out, but now for the apparel.

Suf. When he renounc'd us for his children,
We had no meanes reſerved unleſs with baſeneſs
To beg our viſtuals, were reſolved to work,
So he at our entreaty hired us both
To be his hindes and drudges.

Clow. Your apron good Miftris, and ſo and ſo,
you were ſtript out of your filks and fattens and
forc'd to put on theſe rufſets and ſheepſkins.

Phil. Even fo.

Clow. O moſt tyrannical old Fornicator (old Master I would fay). Well ſince 'tis fo, no more young Master, but fellow fervant ; no more Master *Philip* but *Phil* ; here's my hand Ile do two mens labours in one to fave you a labour, and to ſpare your ſhoulders Ile help at many a dead lift : Come Ile go teach ye hayte and ree, gee and whoe, and which is to which hand ; next Ile learn you the name of all our Teeme, and acquaint you with Jocke the fore-horſe, and Fibb the fil-horſe, and with all the godamercy fraternity.

Suf. Succeed it as heaven pleafe.

Phil. What muſt be, muſt be, heaven hath ſet it down,

At which they smile, why should we mortals frown ?

Clow. To see so brave a Gentleman turn Clown.

Exeunt.

Act. 2. Scen. 1.

Enter Goodwin and Foster.

Fost. Are we not somwhat too early think you ?

Goodw. It appears so, for neither challenger nor defendant are yet in field.

Fost. Which way doe you think the day will goe ? or whether of them do you hold to be the better man ?

Goodw. That I am not able to judge ; but if the opinion of the world hold currant, he that kild one brother, is thought will be the death of the other, but these things are beyond us : lye close for being seen.

Enter Rainsforth and Forrest the younger.

Rainsf. Your resolution holds then ?

Young For. Men that are easily moved, are soon removed

From resolution, but when with advice
And with foresight we purpose, our intents
Are not without considerate reasons altered.

Rainsf. Thou art resolved, and I prepared for thee,

Yet thus much know, thy state is desperate,
And thou art now in dangers throat already
Even half devoured ; if I subdue thee, know
Thou art a dead man ; for this fatal steel

That searcht thy brothers entrails is prepared
 To doe as much to thee ; if thou survivest,
 And I be slain, th'art dead too, my alliance
 And greatness in the world will not endure
 My slaughter unrevenged. Come, I am for thee.

Young For. I would my brother liv'd that this our
 difference

Might end in an embrace of folded love ;
 But 'twas heavens will that for some guilt of his
 He should be scourged by thee, and for that guilt
 In scourging him thou by my vengeance punish't,
 Come I am both waies armed against thy steel,
 If I be pierc'd by it, or against thy greatness
 Mine pierce thee.

Rainf. Have at thee. [Fight and pause.]

For. I will not bid thee hold, but if thy breath
 Be as much short as mine look to thy weakness.

Rainf. The breath thou drawst but weakly,
 Thou now shalt draw no more.

[Fight, Forrest loojeth his weapon.]

For. That heaven knows,
 He guard my body that my spirit ows.

[He guards himself, and puts by with his hat, slips,
 the other running fals over him, and Forrest
 kills him.]

Goodw. My Cofens faln, persue the murderer.

Fofl. But not too near I pray, you see he's
 armed,
 And in this deep amazement may commit
 Some desperate outrage.

For. Had I but known the terrour of this deed,
 I would have left it done imperfectly,
 Rather then in this guilt of conscience,
 Laboured so far, but I forget my safety,
 The Gentleman is dead, my desperate life,
 Will be overway'd by his Allies and friends,
 And I have now no safety but by flight.
 And see where my pursuers come, away,
 Certain destruction hovers o'r my stay.

Exit.

Goodw. Come follow, see he takes towards the City,

You bear the body of my Cosen hence
Unto the neighbour village : Ile still keep
Within the murderers sight, raise Hue and cry,
He shall not scape our pursuit though he fly. *Exeunt.*

Enter William and Philip.

Will. Now will trusse me that point *Phil*, I could find in my heart to beg thee of my Father to wait upon me, but that I am afraid he cannot spare thee from the plough : besides I heard him fay but the last day, thou wast more fit to make a hind then a serving man.

Phil. Sir, you were once my brother.

Wil. True, but that was when you were a son to my father.

Phil. I and my younger brother, I had then priority of birth.

Wil. But now it seems we have got the start of you, for being but a servant you are taken a button-hole lower.

Phil. When will this tedious night give place to day ?

Wil. I hope I may command.

Phil. I must obey.

Enter Joh. & Suf.

Joh. My string *Sue*, are these shooes well mundified, down a your maribones good *Sue*, I hope you are not so straight lac'd but you can stoop : you acknowledg me one of your young Masters, if not, 'tis not unknown to you that I know the way to my father.

Suf. Yes Sir, and can tell tales, I know you can, and I have felt the smart on't.

Joh. Whip me if you shall not if you begin once to grow stubborn : why when ?

Suf. As humble as your feet.

Enter Mrs. Anne.

Anne. Why how now maid is this work fitting you ?

And you Sir, you are lookt for in the stable,
And should not loyter here, will you be gone ?

Phil. I am for any service.

Exit.

Suf. And I too.

Exit.

Anne. We shall find other things for you to doe.

Wil. If you cannot here be they that can, a drudge,
a groom, Ile send him of my errand.

Joh. And if I do not find work for her, Ile doe nothing but take Tobacco in every room, because twice a day Ile make her make clean the house.

Exeunt.

Anne. These think because I am their Stepmother,
Their chiefest torture is most my content,
When I protest, to see them thus afflicted
It grates my very heart-strings every hour :
For though before their Fathers rathleſſ eye,
And their remorleſſ brothers, I seem stern,
Yet privately they taste of my beſt bounty,
And other of my ſervants are by me
Hired to overcome their chiefest drudgery.

Within. Follow, follow, follow.

Ent. young For. with his weapon drawn.

Young For. I am purſued, and there is no place of refuge

Left to my desperate life, but here's a woman,
Oh if ſhe harbour ſoft effeminate pitty
She may redeeme me from a shameful death.

Anne. A man thus arm'd to leap my garden wall ;

Help, help.

Young For. As you are fair, and should be pittifull
A woman therefore to be moved ; a Christian,
And therefore one that should be charitable,
Pitty a poor distressed Gentleman,
Who gives his desperate fortune, life and freedom
Into your hand.

Anne. What are you Sir, that with your weapon
drawn
Affright me thus ?

Young For. If you protect my life,
Fair creature, I am a free Gentleman,
But if betray me, then a poor man doomed
Unto a shameful death.

Anne. What's your offence
That such suspitious fear, and timerous doubts
Waits on your guilty steps ?

Young For. I have kild a man
But fairly as I am a Gentleman,
Without all base advantage in even tryal
Of both our desperate fortunes.

Anne. Fairly ?

Young For. And though I say it, valiantly.

Anne. And hand to hand ?

Young For. In single opposition.

Anne. In a good quarrel ?

Young For. Else let the hope I have in you of
safety
Turn to my base confusion. Gentle creature
I cannot now stand to expostulate ;
For hark the breath of my pursuers blow

A cry within follow, &c.

A fearful air upon my flying heel,
And I am almost in their fatal gripe.
Say will you save me ?

Anne. I will, then climb into that hovel.

Young For. Oh any where.

Anne. Nay quickly then.

Young For. Your hand fair Lady.
Anne. Away, leave me to answer for you.

Enter Old Harding, Goodwin, Foster, and Officers.

Old Hard. Over my garden wall, is't possible?

Goodw. Over this wall I see him leap it lightly.

Old Hard. That shall we quickly know, see here's
my wife,

She can inform us best.

Fost. Saw you not Mistris *Harding*, a young man
Mount o'r this garden wall with his sword drawn?

Anne. My eyes were stedfast on my work in
hand,
And trust me I saw none.

Old Hard. Perhaps he took down to the neighbour
village,
And when he saw my wife, altered his course.

Anne. 'Tis very like so, for I heard a busling
About that hedge, besides a sudden noise
Of some that swiftly ran towards your fields,
Make haste, 'twas now, he cannot be far off.

Old Hard. Gentlemen, take my word, I am high
Constable; it is part of my office, I'll be no shelter for
any man that shall offend the Law: if we surprise him,
I will send him bound to the next Justice, follow you
your search.

Good. Farewel good Mr. *Harding*.

Fost. Your word's sufficient without further War-
rant,
Continue our pursuit, all ways are layd
And ere he reach the City, shall be stayd.

Exit. Good. & Fost.

Old Hard. Adew good friends.

Anne. Pray what's the busness Sir?

Old Hard. Two Gentlemen, went into the fields to
fight,
And one hath slain the other.

Anne. On what quarrel ?

Old Hard. I had smal leisure to importune that,
Onely this much I learnt, the man that's dead
Was great in fault, and he that now survives,
Subject unto the danger of this search,
Bare himself fairly, and his fortune being
To kill a man Ally'd to Noble men,
And greatly friended : is much pittyed.
But Law must have his course.

Anne. If this be true
I thank my fate, and bless this happy hour
To save a life within Laws griping power.

Old Hard. Come then the mornings bleak, and
sharp the Ayr
Into the fire my girle, there's wholesome heat :
Ile in and see my servants set at meat.

Anne. Sir, ile but end this flower and follow you,
If this should be some bloody murderer,
Great were my guilt to shrowd him from the Law ;
But if a gentleman by fortune croft,
'Tis pitty one so valiant and so young
Should be given up into his enemies hands,
Whilst greatness may perhaps weigh down his cause
And ballance him to death, who thus escaping
May when he hath, by means obtain his peace,
Redeem his desperate fortunes, and make good
Th' forfeit made unto th' offended Law
Prove as Heaven shall direct, Ile do my best,
'Tis charity to succor the distrest.

Ent. Forrest above.

Young For. Fair Mistress, are they gon, may I de-
scend ?

Anne. No safety lives abroad, then pray forbear
To speak of scaping hence.

Young For. Oh but I fear.

Anne. My life for yours.

Young For. However poor I fare

May you of this your charitable care
Taft happy fruit.

Anne. You did not kill him foully.

Young For. No I protest.

Anne. Nor willingly.

Young For. I willingly fought with him, but unwillingly

Did I become his death's man.

Anne. Could you now
Wish him alive agen.

Young For. With his hands loose,
And yet he slew my brother.

Anne. Heaven hath sent
This gentleman because hee's penitent,
To me for succor, therefore till the violence
Of all his search be past, Ile shrowd him here,
And bring you meat and wine to comfort you,
Free I protest from all unchast pretence,
Till by some means I may conveigh you hence.

Young For. The life you save if I o'recome this
plunge
Shall be for ever yours, all my endeavours
To your devoted service I will store,
And carefully hoard up.

Anne. Sir, now no more.

Exeunt.

Act. 3. Scen. 1.

Enter Philip and Clown.

Clow. Come good fellow *Phil*, what nothing
but mourning and mowing, thy melancholy makes our teems to vaile their foretops, and all our Jades crest faln, and to see thee wail in woe in the deep cart roots up to the bellies plunge in pain : my Mistris *Susan* shee's in the same pittifull pickle too.

Phil. Oh if this hand could execute for her
All that my cruel father hath imposed,
My toyl would seem a pleasure, labour easie.

Clow. Ease, what's that? there's little to be found
in our house, now we have loosed the plough in the
fields, they'll find work enough about home to keep us
from the scurvey. Your hat *Phil*, see here comes our
Mistris.

Enter Mrs. Anne with Bread and a Bottle.

Anne. The place is clear, none sees me, now's the
time to bear my sorrowful charge bread, meat, and
wine: these six daies I have kept him undiscovered,
neither my husbands, nor my servants eyes have any
way discovered him. How now fellows, whither so
fast this way?

Clow. Nay we do not use to go too fast for falling:
our busynesse at this present is about a little houshold
service.

Anne. What busynesse have you this way?

Clow. We are going, as they say, to remove, or
according to the vulgar, to make clean, where Chanticleer and Damepartlet the henne have had some
doings.

Anne. What doest thou mean by that?

Phil. By my Masters appoynment, I must not say
my Fathers, he hath commanded us first to make
clean this hen-roost, and after to remove the hay out
of that hay-loft.

Ann. Oh me, I fear the Gentleman's betray'd,
what shift shall I devise.

Clow. By your leave Mistress, pray let's come by
you.

Anne. Wel double diligence your labour's faved,
'Tis done already, go and take your pleasure.
Son *Philip*, when I heard my Husband speak
Of such a base employment, I staight hired
A labourer to prevent it, and 'tis done.

Phil. You are kinder Mother then my Father cruel, and fave me many a toyle and tedious travail imposed on me by your husband.

Anne. O'r this place, Ile bear a jealous and watchful eye to prevent this discovery ; and wil you be gone ?

Clow. Yes sweet Mistress, if you would but give a wink, a word to the dayry maid for a mes of cream betwixt my fellow *Philip* and I, It's good to be doing something, for you know my Master does not love we should be idle.

Anne. Wel Sir, perhaps I shal remember you.

Clow. Come *Phil* let's be gone, and if you chance to blush at what my Mistress hath promis'd, Ile tel you who cast milk in your face.

Exeunt.

Enter Susan with someting in her Apron.

Anne. Shal I compare his present misery
With the misfortunes of this Gentleman,
Which I might reckon greater, but leave them ;
And to my charge we all must yeild to fate
He casts us down that best can raise our state.

Sus. Oh through what greater plunges can I pass
Then I have done already ; A fathers penury,
The good old man dejected and cast down,
My Husband even swept from the family
Where he was born, quite forsook by him
By whom he should be fostered, made a servant
Amongst his servants, and his brothers scorn,
These mischiefs make me wish my self unborn.

Anne. Agen prevented.

Sus. How hath this meditation drawn my thoughts
From my intended busines I forgot
What I was sent about ? my Master bade me
Scatter this Wheat and Barley 'mongst the hens
And I will soон dispatch it.

An. What makes thee

So neer the place that I so strictly guard,
What busnes have you there ?

Suf. Forsooth my Master
Bade me go serve the poultry.

Anne. Come you shall not,
For this time Ile doe 't for you.

Suf. Mother and Mistres too, 'tis courtesie in you
to profer it, but should I suffer, you might hold it
justly in me small manners.

Anne. I say it shall be so.

Suf. Shall any servant stand stil and see her Mis-
tresse do her work, pray pardon me, I should condemn
my self beyond imagination : shal I stand idely and
see the work done by your hand ?

Anne. I say I will.

Suf. My words dare not say nay,
But my more forward action brooks no stay.

Anne. Then doubtlesse hee's betray'd.

Suf. Oh me what's here ? why here's one that's
come to steale your hens, a thief who'l filch your
poultry.

Anne. 'Tis not so.

Suf. Shall I cry thieves aloud ?

Forrest leaps down.

Anne. For Heavens sake no.

Young Forr. Betray then hapless Forrest, once
more I lie
Ordayn'd for pity, or prepar'd to die.
What none but women and betray me ? then
I see your hearts are flintier far then men.

Anne. Think not that Ile betray you, nor shall she,
If she respect my love or her own life.

Suf. Betray my brother ? it shall nere be said
I stopt his flight when he had means to scape.

Young Forr. Oh fortune beyond hope amaz'd I
stand
To see my life laid in my sisters hand.

Suf. Dear brother.

Young Forr. My sweet sister.

Anne. A strange greeting,
And 'twixt two hapless creatures happy meeting.

Young Forr. What change hath brought you to
this downcast state?

Suf. Nay what mishap hath ruined you?

Anne. You both forget your dangers, then leave
off

These passive fits, and study for the safety
Of this distressed Gentleman your brother,
Now in the ratheles mercy of the Law.

Young Forr. Sister you have heard my fortunes.

Suf. With sad cheer,

Little surmising you had layed so neer,
Deare Mother let us crave your farther assistance in
furthering his escape.

Anne. I am all yours.

Young Forr. My safety lies in suddain expedition,
Debar me I am dead.

Anne. I ha' a brother

Lives at *Gravesend* an Owner and a Merchant,
And could we but convey thee safe to him,
He soon would ship you over into *France*.

Young Forr. All ways are loud, and hue and cry
sent forth

Through every hundred, how shall I reach thither
Without discovery?

Suf. Here stands an empty trunk in the next
room, which should be sent by water to *Gravesend* to
your brother, what if we should lock him fast in that?

Anne. I like it wel, but whom shal we employ to
bear it safe?

Suf. Give it my husband and your man in charge,
They two wil see it carefully delivered.

Anne. By them Ile write unto him earnestly
In your behalfe, and doubt not of your usage.

Young Forr. The trunck, the trunk, Oh quickly, if
you love me.

Anne. Come Ile to write.

Suf. Ile finde those that shal bear it.

Young Forr. The plot is likely, but heaven knows
I fear it.
Exeunt.

Enter Mr. Harding, John, and William.

Old Hard. Now boys no question but you think it
long

To have my state made over to your use.

John. Oh Lord Sir.

Old Hard. To have your eldest brother quite dis-
abled
Of any challenge or inheritance.

Will. We think it not long Sir, but if you should
use all expedition possible, I should say besrew their
hearts that would hinder it, we do not wish our
brother disinherited, but if it be your pleasure, Heaven
forbid that we being your sonnes should any way con-
tradicte it.

John. We should not shew our selves obedient
sons to perswad you to infringe your former vow ; For,
Father if you remember you swore long since to do
it ; And heaven forbid you should break your oath.

Old Hard. Boyes of mine own free spirit, mine
own heart,
And will you see him pine, beg, starve, nay perish
Ere you will once relieve him.

Will. I'ft be your will, wee'le swear to do it.

Old Hard. And though the beggars brat, his Wife
I mean,
Should for the want of lodging sleep on stalls,
Or lodg in stocks or cages, would your charities
Take her to better harbor ?

John. Unlesse too cold harbor where of twenty
chimneys standing, you shal scarce in a whole winter
see two smoaking ; we harbor her ? Bridewel shal
first.

Old Hard. Lads of my own condition, my own
humour, cal me a Scrivner, reach me pen and ink Ile
doe't imediately.

Will. Run for a Scrivener *Jack.*

John. Mean time post thou for Pen and Inck.

Enter Mrs. Anne meeting them.

Anne. Stay no such haste ;
 Sweet husband there be fitter times then these
 Made choice for such affairs, there's no enforcement
 To make your Will, being in such perfect health ;
 Pray if you love me do not talke of death,
 Nor to your safety give such ill presage,
 Besides this expedition in your sons,
 Shews that they covet more your Lands then life ;
 Defer 't then somewhat longer for my sake.

Otd Hard. Then for thy sake I will, but my kinde
 boys
 'Tis rather to sooth her, then your least wrong,
 I will delay a little though not long.

Will. It hath been long a doing, I would it were
 once done, if he should peak over the pearch now,
 and all fall to our elder Brother, we have used him so
 doggedly, the least he can do is to thrust us out of
 doors by head and shoulders.

John. Let him alone now, wee'l urge him too 't at
 more convenient leisure,

Old Hard. When heard you from your brother at
Gravefend,
 Or how falls out his voyage, can you tell.

Anne. I had a letter from him two days since,
 In which he writes me all his goods are Shipt,
 His wares in hold well stowed, and nothing wants
 Save a fair gale to bring him to the Straits.

Old Hard. Heaven make his voyage prosperous,
 for thou knowest
 I have a venture of five hundred pound
 Enterred with him, my fortune joyns with his ;
 If he succeed it falls out well with me,
 If not, I am likely to impart his losse.

Enter Old Mr. Forrest.

Old Forr. You are well found Sir.

Old Hard. I what art thou fellow.

Old Forr. You knew me in my pride and flourishing state,

Have you forgot me now, as I remember
We two were bred together, Schoole fellows,
Boorded together in one Masters house,
Both of one forme and like degree in School.

Old Hard. Oh thy name's *Forrest*.

Old Forr. Then in those days your Father Mr.
Harding

Was a good honest Farmer, Tennant too
Unto my Father. All the wealth he purchast,
Far be upbraiding from me, came from us
As your first raiser ; and you called me then
Your Landlord and young Master : then was then,
But now the course of fortunes wheel is turned ;
You climbed, we fell, and that inconstant fate
That hurled us down, hath lift you where we fate.

Old Hard. Well, we are Lord of all those Man-
nors now,

You then possest. Have we not bought them deerly ?
Are they not ours ?

Old Forr. I no way can deny 't,
I rather come as a poor suitor to you,
To entreat you for heavens sake and charities,
To pity my lost daughter, your cast sonne.
Sir, I in all had but three Children left me,
Crutches to bear up my penurious age ;
One of these three was butchered cruelly,
His body piteously alaſſ pierc't through.
Then had I but two left, my eldest Son,
And hee's or dead, or fled to fave his life ;
If he still live, I have wasted, fold and spent
Even all that little that my fortunes left ;
And now I have but one, one onely daughter,
And her I am not able to relieve
With ought fave tears and pity, to these helps
Oh lend your fair assistance ; ſhee is yours

As well as mine.

Old Hard. All my part I disclaim,
Both in my son and her ; they crost my pleasure,
And they shall tast the smart, I was derided,
They that love me, shal by my wil be guided.

Will. And that am I.

John. And I too Father.

Anne. Base Parasites.

Old Hard. You even pleased me wel,
And you shal mount the height from which they fel.

Enter Philip and Sufan.

Old Forr. See, see, alaſſ, thoſe that feuen Somers
ſince
Saw thy eſtate and look upon thee now,
Would at leſt pity, if not help thy wants ;
How happy was thy Mother and my Wife,
That ſlept their laſt ſleep long before theſe forrows
Take their birth.

Suf. Dear Father ſuccour us,
Help to redeeme us from this cruel man
That thus iuſtis upon our miſferies.

Old Forr. Fair daughter adde not to my tedious
woes,
Thou bidſt a blind man guide thee on thy way,
And takeſt a broken ſtaffe to be thy stay.

Phil. Good Sir reſeue us.

Old Forr. It muſt be then with tears,
For other help I haue none, and they heauen knows
Can little eaſe, but never help your woes.
Sir, if your heart be not of Adamant,
Or ſome hard mettal that's impenitable,
Pity your blood and mine, ſo ſoon grown deaf.
Kinde Gentlemen, ſpeak to your rathleſs Father,
Shew your ſelves brothers, do you turn aside.
Fair Miſtres what ſay you, I fee your eyes
In all things with our paſſions ſympathize
And you are doubtleſſe sprung from Gentle blood :

Gentry and baseness in all ages jar,
And poverty and wealth are still at war.

Old Hard. Thou growest too tedious, prithee
friend be gone.

Old For. I hope you do not scorn me.

Old Hard. The truth is, I feign would have thee
leave me.

Old Forr. 'Tis no disparagement unto your birth,
That you converse with me, if I mistake not,
Sure, sure, I am as wel born.

Old Hard. And yet sure, sure,
'Tis ten to one I shall be better buried.

Old For. I am as honest.

Old Hard. Nay there you are a ground.
I am honester by twenty thousand pound.

Old For. Are all such honest then that riches
have.

Old Hard. Yes rich and good, a poor man and a
knave.

Away about thy busness, loyter not
About my gates, I shal compel thee else,
For thy request my will is peremptory,
Thy softnes makes me much more violent,
Whom thou the more commisseratest I contemn,
They are in my deepest hate : Wife, Sons, let's go.

Old For. With eyes in tears funk, heart circum-
volved in woe.

Suf. What shal we now do ?

Phil. What ? but endure the worft,
When comfort's banish'd, welcome all extreams,
Yet I have sent my fellow, or my man
To prove some friends to help to stock a Farm,
I have not yet their answer, 'tis the last
Of all our hopes, that failing we have run
Our latest course, outcast, and quite undone. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Merchant reading a Letter, and after him
young Mr. Forrest.*

Merch. My Sister writes how your occasions stand,

And how you are to use my secreſie
 In a ſtrange buſineſs that concerns your life.
 She hath left nothing unremembred here,
 Or ſlighty urged to make me provident
 And careful of your ſafety : gentle Sir,
 Though I am a stranger to your fortunes,
 Yet for her fake whose love I tender deerly,
 I am all yours, my house to entertain you,
 My purſe to furnish you in any course,
 My Ship if you'l to Sea, is at your service,
 Make choice in which of theſe, in all, or any
 You will employ my faithful industry.

Young Forr. Oh Sir your unexpected courtesie
 To a poor Stranger, challenges the name
 Of brother to the kindeſt Gentlewoman
 That ever breathed this air, you cannot chufe
 But be of one ſtrain that ſuch kindneſs uſe ;
 You bade me to make choice of all your favours,
 My poverty and my neceſſity
 Do both of them in my extreameſ concerue
 To make me think the meanelſt of any meaneſ
 That can unplunge me from this gulf of trouble,
 To be much better then I can deſerve,
 To be much greater then I dare deſire,
 Being too poor to merit, too dejected
 To aim at any hopes.

Merch. You wrong your worth,
 You have deſert ſufficient, that ſhe writes
 In your behalf, and I commend her for't,
 Me thinks I ſee ſuch honest parts in you,
 That upon weaker urgencie then theſe lines
 I would build much affection, on theſe gifts
 That I ſee nature hath endowed you with ;
 Indeed I flatter not, none flatter thoſe
 They do not mean to gain by, 'tis the guife
 Of ſiccophants, ſuch great men to adore
 By whom they mean to rife, diſdain the poor ;
 My objeſt is much otherwife intended,
 I fain would loſe by him whom I commended.

Young Forr. If ever this my weak ability
Grow strong agen, I will employ it solely
To shun the base sin of ingratitude
Towards you and your fair sister.

Merch. Will you use me ?

Young Forr. But what shall I return you in ex-
change
Of those great favours.

Merch. Come your love, your love,
'Tis more then all I can attempt for you
Amounts unto, pray let me know the most
Of my employment.

Young Forr. Then will you but provide me a safe
waftage
Over to *France*, to *Flanders*, or to *Spain*,
Or any forraign coast ; I dare not trust
My native country with my forfeit life.
Sir, this is all I would entreat of you.

Merch. Y'are modest in your suit, the more you
use me,
The more I think you love me, therefore
This night ile get you waftage ore for *France*,
Such Sea apparrel as I use my self,
You shall accept part, here's ten pounds in gold,
And wheresoever you shall live hereafter,
Pray let me once a year receive from you
Some brief or noat. Ile not return your love
Idle, or empty handed.

Young Forr. My life's yours,
And lesster satisfaction then my life
Is much too little.

Merch. Much too much, no more,
No more I do entreat you, I am now
Upon a voyage to the Straits my selfe,
But 'twill be two days hence.

Young Forr. Heaven be your guide,
As I find you, so find friends in your need,
Blushing I run into your countlesf debts,
More sums of love then all my hord can pay,

But if these black adventures I survive,
Even till this mortal body lie ingra'v'd,
You shall be Lord of that which you have fav'd.

Merch. Onely your love, come wee'l provide this
night
For your safe waftage, and your secret flight. *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scen. 4.

Enter Clown, Foster, Goodwin, and a Gentleman.

Fost. Speak with us, why what's the businesse ?

Clow. Nay, that's more then I can resolve you upon the fuddain, it may be there's some great fortune fallen to him of late, and he would impart the benefit to you.

Goodw. Nay then let's go, where shall we find him ?

Clow. A word to the wife, it may be that hee's in some monstrous extream necessity, and would gladly borrow some money of you, or so.

Goodw. I, faidst thou so ? now I remember me, I needs must home, I have some busines, Ile see him at some other time.

Clow. Nay but one word more.

Fost. We cannot stay now.

Gent. Nor I, a great occasion calls me hence.

Clow. Nay then I see you are apt to take a man at the worst still, if you knew what little need he hath to borrow, borrow quoth he, a good jest, you know he and I, my fellow *Phil* and I 'mongst other works that my Master uses to put us to, we use to dig and delve ; now if we have found a pot a money, and would trust you with the laying of it out, why so ?

Fost. How ?

Clow. Marry even so, you know his Father is such

a dogged old Cormudgeon, he dares not for his ears acquaint him with.

Gent. Prithee go on.

Clow. 'Twere kindness in him to chuse you out of all the friends he hath in the world to impart this benefit to, were't not ? and say true.

Gent. Troth he was always a kind honest youth, and would it lay in me to pleasure him.

Goodw. Introth or me, he should command my purse and credit both.

Foſt. Where might we speak with him.

Clow. Hard by Sir, hard by, but stay Gentlemen, suppose there is no such matter as finding of money, but what we mist in digging to supply his prefent necessities he hopes to find from you, I promise you I partly doubt such a matter.

Foſt. How I forgot my ſelfe, I needs must home.

Goodw. Troth nor can I stay.

Gent. In footh nor I.

Enter Philip meeting them.

Phil. Gentlemen whither so fast, I ſent to ſpeak with you.

Clow. I can assure you Sir, they are better to ſpeak withall then to borrow money of, one word or two with you my friends (by your leave Master) Gentlemen I love you well, and that you may know I love you, I would make bold to reveal a ſecret to you, my young Master here, though you ſee him in theſe homely Accoutraments, ſimple as you stand here, he has more to take to then Ile ſpeak of, he might, I marry might he, he might go brave and ſhine in pearle and gold ; he hath now in his instant poſſeſſion a thouſand pound thick.

Foſt. A thouſand pounds ?

Clow. Nay, old lads, he hath learnt his 1, 2, 3, 4, & 5. And never cost him ten ſhillings.

Goodw. Five thouſand pound ?

Clow. You know where you hear it, Mum, here's your tale and your tales Man.

Gent. Good, good, proceed.

Clow. Now lift up your large ears and listen : to whom should he reveal all this wealth, but to some friend ? and how should he know a friend but by trying of him ; and how should he try a friend but by troubling of him ? and how should he trouble a friend but by borrowing money of him ? now Gentlemen it may be at first hee'l make his case poor and pitiful to you.

Foſt. Onely to try us.

Clow. Onely to try you, have you no brains ? do you think we have need of money ? has any of you occasion to use a hundred pound ? need of money, as I said afore, so I say agen, onely to try you, he has done the like to four or five that I know ; now because they would not pity his supposed poverty, he would not acquaint them with this infinite mass of wealth ; you have wits, brains, apprehension, if he makes his case known to you lay it on, if I said lay it on, lay it on, you are not every body, if I had not seen some sparks in you, you had not been the men, lay it on.

Foſt. Enough, enough, I understand thee fully, kind Master *Philip* will you use my aid in my fair em- ployment.

Goodw. Sir or mine.

Gent. Or mine.

Phil. Worthy friends, even one as all
Freely to speak, as you are Gentlemen,
And I from my childhood have protested love,
As you are Christians ; therefore to the poor,
Such as I am, should be most charitable,
Help with your plenty to releeve my wants,
You know my labor, and have seen my need,
Then take some pity of my poor estate,
And help to ransom me from slavery,
By lending me some money.

Clow. Did I not tell you so ! Lay it on.

Fosf. Sir you shall have a hundred pound of me.

Goodw. What need you use him and my selfe so neer.

Gent. Trouble not them Sir, you shall hate of me :

Clow. Take 't Master, take 't all.

Phil. Oh Heavens ! where slept this friendship all this while ?

Who said that charity was fled to heaven,
And had no known abiding here on earth ;
See these that know me disinherited,
And to have no means to supply my wants,
Strive who should most engage his purse and credit
To one so much opprest with poverty.

Clow. Alas sir, you see their kindness, I told you how strange he would make it ; Lay it on.

Fosf. Pray Sir accept my kindnessse.

Gent. *Goodw.* Pray take mine.

Clow. Pray Master take their courtesies.

Phil. Ile use them all,
And onely borrow twenty pounds a peece
To stock a poor farm for my wife and me,
Some threescore pounds will do't.

Clow. Now, now, lay it on.

Gent. Take it all of me.

Goodw. Why all of you Sir, is not mine as ready ?

Fosf. When one can do't, what need you trouble three ?

But for the thousand pound Sir, do not think
But you may trust me with the whole employment
Or all such moneys, and never trouble these.

Phil. What thousand pound ?

Goodw. Though it be six thousand I durst be steward of so great a sum.

Clow. Why Master Fellow *Phil* ?

Phil. Do you mock me Gentlemen,
My wealth amounts not to a thousand straws.

Clow. I told you he would make it strange ; lay it on.

Fost. Make not your wealth so dainty, for we know

You have at least six thousand pound in banck,
You may impart it unto us your friends.

Phil. Who hath deluded you, derided me,
And made a mockery of my poor estate,
Now I protest I have not in the world
More riches then these garments on my back.

Goodw. If possible, why here's my tale and my tales man.

Clow. No Sir you are deceiv'd, here is your tale
and you your selfe are your tales man, for you carry it
about you ; the truth is Gentlemen that we have be-
twixt us both no more crosses then you see.

Phil. Onely the late hope of those sixty pounds
Promis'd by you unurged and uncomelled
May raise my ruined fortunes.

Gent. Will you disburst it all that were so for-
ward ?

Fost. I have no money, do it you for me.

Goodw. It is but one mans labour do't your self, if
you have none I have lesf, God be with you, one
staies for me at home.

Gent. Nay take me with you Sir.

Phil. Why Gentlemen will you revault your
words.

Fost. I have no money.

Phil. But now you strived which man should lend
me most.

Fost. But then we reckoned Sir without our
host,

Then we suppoed you rich, but being grown poor,
I have made a foolish vow to lend no more. *Exit.*

Gent. I have made the like, you know your father
threatens

To disinherit you, and should we lend,

You being poor, shold of our purses spend. *Exit.*

Phil. Though I be poor, heaven may enable me.

Goodw. Heaven may do much, that's all the beggars saying,

Let me hound wealth, you seek for wealth by praying.

Exit.

Phil. The time may come ere long, so I divine
To punish those that at their power repine. *Exit.*

Enter a Pursevant meeting the Clown.

Pursev. Whither away so fast sirrah in the Queens name, I command you stay.

Clow. What are you that look so big?

Pursev. A Pursevant.

Clow. If you be so pursey, can you lend's any money, I assure you it was the last business we were about; or else tell me the reason why you stay my passage.

Pursev. Sirrah I have a Proclamation to publish and because my self am somwhat hoarse, and thou hast a large wide mouth and a laudible voice I charge thee for the better understanding of the multitude to speak after me word by word.

Clow. If it be nothing else, do but advance me and Ile speak high enough, come now, and teach me my new lesson.

Pursev. Whereas two famous Rovers on the Sea.

Clow. Whereas two famous Rogues upon the Sea.

Pursev. Purser and Clinton.

Clow. That lost their purses at the Clink.

Purf. Long since proclaimed Pirates.

Clow. Long since proclaimed spirats.

Purf. Notwithstanding her Majesties commission.

Clow. Notwithstanding her Majesties condition.

Pur. Stil keep out.

Clow. And will not come in.

Pur. And have of late spoyled a Ship of Exeter.

Clow. And have of late spoyled all the sheep in the Exchequer.

Pur. And thrown the chief Merchant over board.

Clow. And thrown the Merchants cheeses over-board.

Purf. I therefore in her Majesties name.

Clow. I therefore in the name of her Majesty.

Purf. Proclaim to him or them.

Clow. Proclaim to them or him.

Pur. That can bring in these Pirates Ships or Heads.

Clow. That can bring in these Pyecrusts or Sheeps-heads.

Pur. A thousand pound sterlinc.

Clow. A thousand Stares and Starlings.

Pur. If a banisht man his country.

Clow. If a man he shall be banisht his country.

Pur. If a condemned man liberty.

Clow. If a man at liberty condemned.

Pur. Besides her Majesties especial favour.

Clow. Besides her Majesties spectacles and favour.

Pur. And so God save the Queen.

Clow. And have you done now Sir ?

Pur. I have, farewel.

Clow. Farewel Mr. Pursevant : he hath so fill'd my head with proclamations. *Exit.*

Act. 4. Scen. 1.

A great Alarum and shot: enter Purser and Clinton, with store of Mariners, bringing in the Merchant bound prisoner with others.

Pur. Now valiant mates you have maintained this fight
With courage and with woonted hardiment :
The spoyl of this rich ship we will divide

In equal shares, and not the meanest of any,
But by the custom of the sea may challenge
According to his place, rights in the spoyl :
Though Out-laws, we keep laws amongst our selves,
Else we could have no certain government.

Clin. A gallant prize, and bravely purchast too,
With losf of blood on both sides. A sea fight
Was never better managed nor exployed
With more exchange of hostile opposition,
We did not look for such a valiant spirit
In any Merchants breast ; nor did we think
A ship of such small burden, so weakly man'd,
Would have endur'd so hot and proud a fight.

Mer. Nor did I think the providence of heaven
Would so have favoured men of base condition,
Such as profess wrong, pyracie and theft,
Have spoyled my men, and ransackt every corner
Of my surprised bark ; seised all my substance,
And shared amongst you my best merchandise ;
And not alone undone me, and in me
All that are mine, but in overwhelming us
Shook the estate of all my creditors.

Pur. Whats that to us ? men of our known con-
dition
Must cast behind our backs all such respects,
We left our consciences upon the land
When we began to rob upon the sea.

Clin. We know we are Pirates, and profess to rob,
And wouldst not have us freely use our trade ?
If thou and thine be quite undone by us,
We made by thee, impute it to thy fortune,
And not to any injury in us ;
For he that's born to be a beggar know
How e'r he toyts and trafficks must dye so.

Mer. If you must needs profess this thriving trade,
Yet since the seas afford such choice of store,
You might methinks have spar'd your own country-
men.

Pur. Nay since our country have proclaim'd us
pyrats,
And cut us off from any claim in *England*,
We'll be no longer now call'd English men.

Mer. Clinton I know thee, and have us'd thy skil,
Ere now in a good vessel of my own,
Before thou tookest this desperate course of life,
Perhaps if now thou do'st me a good office,
Time may enable me to quit thy love.

Clin. Troth I could wish we had light of any
other,
But since thy fate hath cast thee upon us,
We must neglect no opportunity ;
For they that intermit advantages,
Must know occasions head is bald behind.
My merry mates come top your cans apace,
Pile up your chests with prizes to the lids,
And stiffe the vast hold of our empty ship
With such rich wares as this our prize affords ;
Supple your biscuits with such choice of wines
As freely come brought by th' auspicious winds,
To unlade themselves and seek for stowage here ;
Since wine comes freely lets make spare of beer.

Pur. Let cans of wine pafs round in healths
through all,
Such golden prizes come not every day,
Nor can we alwaies meet such choice of spoils :
First bind the Merchant, lay him fast in hold,
And having seised all his best Merchandise,
Pierce with your ordnance through his ships crafed
keele,
And sink her down into the deep abyfs,
Whence not all the Cranes in *Europe* or the world
Can weigh her out agen.

Clin. Let it be so,
Lest she prove prize unto a second foe.

Mer. Be't as my fate shall please, my losf I value
But as goods lent me, now to be paid back,

But that which most afflicts my sorrowful soul,
Is that my friends have ventured largely with me,
Especially my Sister, who I fear
Will brook that ill which I with patience bear.

Pur. Place him below the hatches as our prisoner,
And now to part our purchase bravely won,
Even with the hazard of our dearest lives.

Clin. The danger past stil makes the purchase sweet.

Come first drink round my merry mates, that done,
Devide in peace what we by war have won. *Exeunt.*

Enter young Mr. Forrest, like a Captain of a ship, with Sailors and Mariners, entering with a flourish.

Young For. Gentlemen, and my merry mates at sea,
Those special favours you have crowned me with,
Can never be deserved upon my part,
So weak is my ability and knowledge
In navigation and exploits at sea ;
Yet since your love so far exceeds my worth,
That of an unexperienc'd Gentleman
You have prefered me above many other,
To be your Captain, and command your Ship,
I hope to bear my self so even and upright
In this my charge, that it shall not repent you
Of the least honour to my grace decreed.

1. *Mar.* Our Captain being lately slain in fight,
We by your valour scap'd our enemies,
And made their ship our prize, since we first knew you
All our attempts succeeded prosperously,
And heaven hath better blest us for your sake.

2. *Mar.* When first we took you to our fellowship,
We had a poor bark of some fifteen tun,
And that was all our riches, but since then
We have took many a rich prize from *Spain*,
And got a gallant vessel stoutly man'd,
And well provided of Ordnance and small shot,

Men and ammunition, that we now dare coap
With any Carrack that do's trade for *Spain*.

Young Forr. We dare do any thing that stands
with justice,

Our countries honour, and the reputation
Of our own names ; but amongst all our spoils
I wonder we have scap'd the valiant Pirats
That are so much renowned upon the sea,
That were a conquest worth the hazarding,
Besides a thousand pounds reward proposed
To that adventurer that can bring them in,
My peace and pardon though a man condemned,
Is by the proclamation ratified.

i. *Mar.* The ocean scarce can bear their outrages,
They are so violent, confounding all,
And sparing none, not their own countrimen,
We could not do our country greater service
Then in their pursuit to engage our lives.

Young For. I could we meet those Rovers on the
sea
So famous for their piracies and thefts,
So fear'd of all that trade for Merchandise,
So proud of their strong vessels and stout ging,
That man her with their proud Artillery
That thunders wrack to every ship alike ;
Oh with what ardour and enflamed desire
Would we in the mid sea encounter them !
Climb to the main-top, boy, see what you kenne there.

Boy. I shall, I shall Sir.

Young For. We seek for purchase, but we tak't
from foes,
And such is held amongst us lawful spoyl ;
But such as are our friends & countrymen
We succour with the best supply we have
Of victuals or munition being distrest.

Above, Boy. Ho there.

i. *Mar.* Ha boy.

Boy. A sayl.

i. *Mar.* Whence is she ?

Boy. That I cannot kenne ; she appeares to me
out of our hemispear no bigger then a Crow.

Young For. Discry her better,
Oh that it were the desperate Pirates Ship,
On that condition we might grapple straight,
And try our desperate fortunes on even change,
But I that have been born to misery
Can never be so happy ; oh my fate
When shall I pass away this tedious night,
Or when my stars will you burn out more bright.

Boy. Boatswain, ho.

1. Mar. Whence comes thy kenne ?

Boy. She makes from South to West.

2. Mar. How bears she ?

Boy. To the Leeward.

Young For. Clap on more sails and quickly fetch
her up. What colours bears her main-top ?

Boy. She's not so near in kenne.

Young For. Discover her more amply, now my
mates

Prepare your selves, for it may be some prize ;
You Master Gunner load your ordnance wel,
And look wel to your cartridges and fire ;
See that your gunner room be clear and free,
Your matches bear good coals, your priming powder
Pounded, not dank ; next charge your Murderers
For fear of boarding : Stearsman part the Helm,
And bear up towards them, be they friends or foes
We'l hale them if heaven please ; and Master you
Heed wel your compafs, Boatswain with your whistle
Command the Sailors to the upper deck
To know their quarters, and to hear their charge.

Boy. Captain, ho.

Young For. The news ? whence is her flag ?

Boy. She bears the Crofs of *England* and St.
George.

Young For. Then she's a friend for *England* and
St. *George*

Our gallant vessel in her main-top bears,

And all our preparations needless then.

Boy. Arm rather, for I see them from a far
Make all provision for a present fight,

They have managed their hatches, hung their pendants out, display'd their Ensignes, up with al their feights, their matches in their cocks, their smoaking Linstocks are likewise fired within their Gunners hands : and hark they shoot already.

A peece goes off.

Young For. Come descend ;
The Pirat, Fortune thou art then my friend.
Now valiant friends and souldiers man the deck,
Draw up your feights, and lace your drablers on,
Whilst my self make good the Forecastle,
And ply my Musket in the front of death,
Quarter your selves in order, some abaft,
Some in the Ships waste, all in martial order ;
Our Spright-sayl, Top-sail, and Top-gallant, our Main-sail, Boar-spright, and our Mizen too are hung with waving pendants, and the colours of *England* and St. *George* ply in the Stern.
We fight against the foe we all desire,
Alarum Trumpets, Gunner straight give fire. *Exeunt.*

Alarm. Purser and Clinton with their Mariners, all furnish't with Sea devices fitting for a fight.

Clin. Give them a full broad-side ; oh Mr. Gunner your upper tire of Ordnance shot over ; you gave not one shot betwixt wind and water in all this skirmish.

Gun. Sir, you speak not wel, I pierc'd them with my chase piece through and through ; part of their Capstring too I with a Piece abaft shot overboard.

Pur. Oh 'twas a gallant shot, I saw it shatter some of their limbs in pieces : Shall we grapple, and lay their Ship aboard ? where be these Irons to hook 'em fast ?

Clin. I fear they'r too well man'd ;
For see the Gunner ready to give fire

Unto their Murderers if we stay to board 'em :
Shall we set sayl and leave 'em.

Pur. How can we when our Ship has sprung a leak ?

Being ready now to founder in the sea ;
Some ply the Pump : oh for one lucky bullet
To take their Mainmast off ; he that can make it
Shall have a treble share in this next prize.

Gun. I shall go near it from my lower tyre.

Clin. Gunner do that, 'tis all that we desire.

Exeunt.

Alarum : Enter young Forrest and his Mariners.

1. *Mar.* Where is the Gunner Captain ?

Young For. Where he should not be, at his prayers
I think :

Is this a time to pray, when the Seas mouth
Seems to spit fire, and all the billows burn.
Come hand with me,
And we will board the Pirates instantly.

1. *Mar.* Hoyst up more fails, and fetch 'em roundly
up,

And with their gallant vessel grapple straight.

Young For. I spy the Pirates in the very prow
And forehead of their Ship, both wafting us
With their bright swords ; now Steersman take thy
turn ;

And Boatwain with your baser trumpets sound
Mingle your whistles shril, oh 'tis a Musick
The Maremaids love.

1. *Mar.* Who hates it that's a sooldier ?

2. *Mar.* Thy Linstock Gunner, take thy level
right,

The wind is ours to help us in the fight.

Young For. It blowes a stiffe gale, it makes all
for us,

Every Commander once more to his charge,
He that this day shall dye dies honourably ;

The Canons Basilisks, and Ordnance
 Shall tooll his funeral peale, and some now sound,
 Shall dye three deaths in one, shot, burnt, and
 drown'd.

Come spare no powder till you see our Ship,
 Whose hard tough ribs hewed from the heart of oak,
 Now black with pitch be painted blew with smoak.

Exeunt.

A great Alarum. and Flourish. Enter young Forest and his Mates with Purser and Clinton with their Mariners prisoners.

Young For. First thankes to heaven for this great victory

Bought with the fearful hazard of our lives,
 And larg expence of blood on either part.

Pur. We now are captives that made others thrall,

Thus ebbs may flow, and highest tydes may fall.

Clin. The latest day must come to have his date ;
 Stars govern all, and none can change his fate.

Young For. Such prisoners as these Pirats keep in hold,

Release them straight, the riches of their ship
 We 'mongst you will divide in equal shares,
 To every mans desart, estate, and place.

Pur. Fortune I spit defiance in thy face :
 Thy best we have tasted, and thy worst we know,
 We can but pay what we to nature owe.

Enter the Merchant brought in with other Prisoners.

Mer. Surprised agen, whose prisoner am I now ?
 I am Fortunes ball, whither am I bandied,
 Having lost al before, is 't possible
 That I can now be made a second prize ?
 I lost my wealth in my first hostile strife,
 And nothing now is left me save my life.

Young For. These prisoners we will at our further leasure

Peruse and know their fortunes and estates.

Mer. That captain I should know, that face of his Is with mine eye familiar, sure 'tis he Whose life I by my Sisters means preserved, With mony and apparel furnisht him, And got him place at sea, and hath he now Forgot me, what not know me, the world right, When rich we honour, being poor we spight : N'er look so strange, I do not mean to claim Acquaintance of such men as are ingrate : All my good deeds once done I throw behind, Whose meed in heaven, not earth I look to find.

Young For. That Merchant I have known, and now I better

Surveigh him, 'tis the man to whom I owe All that I have, my fortunes, nay my life ; What reason have you Sir to fly me so, Since unto you, and to my brothers wife, My hopes, my power, my whole estate is due, From whom my means and all my fortunes grew.

Mer. Do you know me then.

Young For. Think you I can forget, Or slightly cancel such a countles debt, Behold my ship, my conquest, and my prize, These prisoners with my full command is yours ; Yours, only yours, they at your service rest, Alas! dear friend how came you thus distrust ?

Mer. These Pirates robbed me, and have ceised my goods With which they have stuft their hold ; my brothers venter With mine own substance they have made their spoyl.

Yong For. All which behold I re-deliver you, And to the utmost farthing will restore ; Besides I make you partner in our prize, And herein am I onely fortunate To prove a grateful debtor.

Mer. Your gratitude exceeds all curtesie,
Both of my Sisters party and my own.

Young For. It comes much short of either; oh
dear Sir

Should I forget your friendship shewed in want,
And done in my extreamest poverty,
It were a sin, of heaven unpardonable;
This Pirats Ship load with your merchandise
You shall st freight man for *England*; where arrived,
Commend me to the mirror of her sex
Your Sister, in the humblest phrase you can,
To whom deliver, as from me, this jewel,
The best our voyage yeelds; tel her from me,
That Gentleman whose innoeent life she saved,
Hath by that token her remembrance craved,
To my brother, and my Sister this small summe
To buy their service from their fathers hand,
And free them from his slavish servitude.

Mer. I shall doe all your will, and thus o'r-
fway'd,
Needs must report your debts are doubly payd.

Young For. Having my pardon purchast, and my
prisoners
Delivered to the fentence of the Law,
My next affairs shall be to visit her.

Purf. Our case is otherwise, our next affairs
Is to betake us to onr Beads and Prayers.

Clin. Be as be may, base fortune I defie,
We bravely liv'd and Ile as boldly dye.

Young For. Hoyft sayl for *England* with our long
wifht prize,
Whilst we applaud that fortune he defies. *Exe.*

*Enter old Mr. Harding, Anne his wife, Foster and
Goodwin, William and John, Philip and Susan
setting forth a Table.*

Old Hard. Y'ar welcom Gentlemen, come take
your places

As your degrees are : wife the chair is yours ;
My loving boyes fit, let th' servants wait.

John. Brother, that's you.

Old Hard. This day I do entreat you Gentlemen
After the Tables ended, to be witness
Unto some deeds that must inherit these,
And him that is my eldest quite disable,
To which I must entreat your friendly hands.

Fost. Mine stil is at your service.

Goodw. So is mine Sir.

Will. O day long lookt for.

Joh. Now shall we live like two young Emperors ;
oh day worthy to be writ in the Almanack in red Let-
for a most famous holyday.

Phili. Well jest on Gentlemen, when all is try'd,
I hope my patience shall exceed your pride.

Will. Wait at my elbow with a clean trencher
Phil: doe your duty, and have your due, you know
your place, be ready with a glass of beer, and when I
say fil, fil.

Enter the Clown.

Clow. If please your worship here is a manner, or
a kind of some foul desire to have some conference with
you.

Old Hnrd. A sea foul ?

Clow. Yes a Sea-gul, I mean a Mariner, he faies
he hath some news to tell you from my Mistris her brother
at sea.

Old Hard. Touching my venter, prithee guide
him in.

Clow. He smels as they say of pitch and tar, if
you will have him to perfume the room with his sea
musk. Ile shew him the way instantly.

Old Hard. I prethee do, and that with expe-
dition.

Anne. I did not look thus soon to hear from
him.

Old Hard. I fear some strange mishap hath late beslavn him.

Enter Saylor and the Clown.

Anne. Now honest friend the news, how fares my brother?

Old Hard. How doth my venter prosper?

Sail. Sir, your Ship is taken, all your goods by Pirats seised, your brother prisoner, and of all our venter there's not the value of one penny saved.

Old Hard. That news hath pierc'd my soul, and enter'd me

Quite through my heart, I am on the sudden tick,
Sick of I fear a mortal malady;
Oh, oh.

Joh. How is it with my father?

Old Hard. Worse and worse, the news of such a great and weighty loss kils all my vitals in me.

Will. Father, for heavens sake father dye not yet before you have made over your land.

Joh. That were a jest indeed, why father, father?

Old Har. Trouble me not, if I survive this night, you two shal be my heirs.

Will. This night if it be thy will.

Anne. Alas, how fare you Sir?

Joh. Take courage father.

Old Hard. Son lead me hence, and bear me to my bed,

My strength doth fail, I cannot help my self.

Will. Run, run for the writings, they are ready drawn at the Scriveners, bid him bring them quickly with a vengeance.

Old Hard. Let them alone, my hand hath not the strength

To guide my pen, let them alone I say,
Support me to my bed, and my kind neighbors,
Assist me with your prayers, for I divine
My soul this night shall amongst the Angels shine.

Joh. Marry heaven forbid, can he find no time to die but now? come let's in, & haunt his ghost about

the writings. *Exe. man.* Good & Fost.

Fost. 'Tis strange the bare report of such a loss
Should strike a man so deeply to the heart.

Goodw. I oft have read the like, how some have
dyed
With sudden joy, some with exceeding grief.

Fost. If he should dye Intestate, all the land
Falls to the elder brother, and the younger.
Have nothing save meer from his curtesie.

Goodw. I know it, neither lands nor moveables.
Come lets hear what further news within.

Enter the Clown.

Clow. O my Master, my Master, what shal I do for
my poor Master, the kind churl is departed, never did
poor hard-hearted wretch part out of the world so like
a lamb ; alass for my poor usurping, extortioning Master,
many an old widdow hast thou turned into the street,
and many an orphan made beg their bead ; oh my
sweet, crul, kind, pittiles, loving, hard hearted Master,
he's dead, he's dead, he's gone, he's fled, and now full
low must lye his head. Oh my sweet, vild, kind,
flinty, mild, uncharitable master.

Fost. Dead on the suddain ! 'tis exceeding strange,
Yet for the eldest son it happens well.

Goodw. Ill for the younger brother.

Enter Jack and Will.

Will. *Jack.*

Fac. *Will.*

Wil. The land's gon.

Fac. Fathers dead.

Will. We have made a fair hand on't, have we
not ? who shall fil the glaſſ now, and wait upon our
trenchers ?

Fac. Nay who must go to plough, and make clean
the hen-rouſt, rub horſe-heels, lead the wains, remove

the billets, clense the shoules, and indeed who must do all the drudgery about the house?

Wil. Could he find no time to dye but now? I could even cry for anger: here they come.

Enter Phil. & Suf. wel habited, Anne and others.

Phil. My fathers dead.

Ann. Alas for my dear husband.

Phil. Comfort your self, although he die intestate It shall not hurt you; we have found you kind, And shall be now as willing to requite you, As able: How now brothers, do you weep? And bear a part with us in heaviness? No, no, your griefs and ours is contrary; I grieve I have lost a father, she a husband, This doth not move you; you lamenting stand, Not for a fathers los, but los of land: Do you remember with what rude despight, What base contempt, and flavish contumelie You have despis'd me and my dear lov'd wife.

Jac. We partly remember it.

Phil. So do not I; I have forgot it quite, In sign whereof, though had you got my lands, Heaven knows how ill you would have dealt with me, Thus Ile use you receive your patrimony.

Clow. No more fellow *Phil* now, but here receive your proportions.

Phil. Your diet if you please is at my table, Or where you please if you refuse my kindness.

Will. Kindness unlookt for, thanks gentle brother. *Jack,* why this gold will never be spent.

Clow. Oh it is an easie thing to bring this mountain to a molehil.

Jac. This is more of your curtesie then our deserving, to trouble your table being so many Ordinaries in town, were somwhat superfluous.

Phil. Spend but in compafs, rioting eschew, Waste not, but seek to encrease your patrimony,

Beware of dice and women ; company
With men of best desert and qualitie ;
Lay but these words in your hearts inrold,
You'l find them better then these bags of gold.

Wil. Thanks for your coyn and counsel : Come
Jack this shall be lavisht among the suburbs ; here's
drink mony, dice mony, and drab mony, here's mony
by the back, and mony by the belly ; here's that shall
make us merry in Claret, Muskadine, and Sherrey :
farewel, brother.

Jac. My most bounteous brother.

Clow. Farewel young Masters.

Phil. And now my vilde friends, such as fawn on
plenty,
And cannot bear the very name of want.

Clow. We have found the Mine now.

Phil. You that disabled once the power of heaven,
And scorn'd my state unable to be rais'd.

Clow. You see here's your Tale, and your Tales-
man.

Phil. Take heed lest here for your unthankfulnes,
That once rais'd, doe not remove your estates
(God be with you) henceforth howe'r you speed,
Trust not in riches, and despise not need.

Clow. One threescore pound will do 't.

Phil. Mother, the thirds of all my Fathers lands
Are yours ; with whatsoever you like else ;
And now sweet *Sue* it glads me I shall make thee
Partner of all this plenty that borest part
With me in all extream necessities.

Suf. You are all my wealth, nor can I tast of
want

Whilst I keep you ; O would these fortunes raise
My down cast Father, or repeal my Brother,
My banisht brother to his native home,
I were in all my thoughts at peace with heaven.

Phil. All that I have is theirs, my only sorrow,
Next to my father, is in part for them,
And next for your dear brother tane at Sea,

Whose losse if he survive we will repair
 Even with the best of our ability ;
 But come unto our fathers burial first,
 Whom though his life brought sorrow, death content,
 We cannot but with funeral tears lament.

Clow. And now no fellows unles it be at footbal.

Enter Merchant.

Anne. Heaven being just could not deal longer
 roughly
 With one so virtuous and compleatly honest,
 He merits all he hath, but to my state.
 I am at once doubly unfortunate,
 I have lost a husband and a brother too.

Mr. A husband, Sister, but no brother, lo
 That brother lives.

Anne. And can it heaven be so ?

Mr. You are the cause I live.

Anne. I brother ? how ?

Tidings were brought into this place but now
 Your ship was spoyl'd, you prisoner.

Mer. And 'twas true,
 Yet all these losses I regain'd by you.

Anne. By me ?

Mer. By you, and Sister thus it was ;
 You sav'd the life of a young Gentleman,
 Whom for your sake I furnisht out to sea,
 He when my ship was taken, I surpris'd,
 And bound, and cast in hold, restor'd my fortunes,
 And besides all my merchandise restor'd,
 Wherein you bare chief venter, made me sharer
 Of the rich Pirats prize.

Anne. That Gentleman !

Mer. The self same in whose life you did save
 your self some thousand pounds, I have as further
 token of his gratitude, in this choice jewel he com-
 mends to you millions of gratulations and kind thanks,
 besides unto his Sister store of gold to redeem her
 wretched husband and her selfe from my deceased

brothers slavery, which now I see pale death hath done
for them.

Anne. You speak of unexpected novelties,
With which we will acquaint their sorrowful souls ;
These tokens will be joyful to them both,
And tydings of his safety welcomer
Then that great summe by him regain'd at sea.

Mer. We do them wrong to keep news of such joy
So long from them, which wee'l no longer smother,
Two thousand pounds I bring you and a brother.

Exeunt.

Act. 5. Scen. 1.

*Enter the Sheriffs, the silver Oare, Purser and Clinton
going to Execution.*

Pur. NOW how is 't with thee *Clinton* ?
Clin. Well, well.

Pur. But was't not better when we raign'd as
Lords,
Nay Kings at Sea, the Ocean was our realm,
And the light billows in the which we sayl'd
Our hundreds, nay our shires, and provinces,
That brought us annual profit, those were daies.

Clin. Yes golden daies, but now our last night's
come,
And we must sleep in darknes.

Pur. Worthy mate
We have a flash left of some half hour long,
That let us burn out bravely, not behind us
Leave a black noysom snuf of cowardise
Ith' nostrils of our noble countrymen ;

Lets dye no base example.

Clin. Thinks Tom Watton,
 Whom storms could never move, tempests daunt,
 Rocks terrifie nor swallowing gulphs affright ;
 To whom the base abyffe in roughest rage
 Shew'd like a pleasant Garden in a calm,
 And the Sea-monsters but like beasts at land of
 Profit or pleasure *Clinton* can be
 Affrighted with a halter ? hemp him strangle
 That thinks of him so basely.

Pur. In that word

Thou hast put a second sentence of our lives ;
 Yet *Clinton* never was't my thoughts of thee :
 Oh the naval triumphs thou and I have seen,
 Nay our selves made, when on the seas at once
 Have been as many bonefires as in Towns,
 Kindled upon a night of Jubilee,
 As many Ordnance thundring in the Clouds
 As at Kings Coronations, and dead bodies
 Heav'd from the hatches, and cast over-board,
 As fast and thick as in some common Pest
 When the Plague sweeps Cities.

Clin. That it had swept us then too, so the seas
 Had been to us a glorious monument,
 Where now the fates have cast us on the shelf
 To hang 'twix air and water.

Sher. Gentlemen, your limited hour draws nigh.

Pur. I that's the plague we spoke of, yet no
 greater
 Then some before have tasted, and hereafter
 Many be bound to suffer (and if *Purser*,
 As dying men seldom deeme amiss)
 Presage not wrong, how many gallant spirits,
 Equal with us in fame, shall this gulf swallow,
 And make this silver oare to blush in blood ?
 How many Captains that have aw'd the seas
 Shall fall on this unfortunate peece of land ?
 Some that commanded Islands, some to whom
 The Indian Mines pay'd Tribute, Turk vayl'd :

But when we that have quak'd, nay troubled flouds,
And made Armadoes fly before our stream,
Shall founder thus, be spilt and lost,
Then be it no impeachment to their fame,
Since *Purser* and bold *Clinton* bide the same.

Clin. What is our Ship wel tackled ? we may
lanch

Upon this desperate voyage.

Hang. Corded bravely.

Pur. Call up the Boatswain, soundly lash the slave
With a ropes end ; have him unto the Chest,
Or duck him at the Mainyard.

Hang. Have me to the chest, I must first have you
to the Gallows, and for Ducking, I'm afraid I shall see
you duckt and drakt too.

Pur. Oh you brave Navigators that have seen,
Or ever had your selves command aboard,
That knew our Empire there, and our fall now,
Pitty at least us that are made the scorn
Of a base common Hangman.

Shr. Thou doest ill to offend them in their deaths.

Hang. I have, and long to make an end of them.

Pur. Hadst thou but two months since wrinkled a
brow,
Look'd but askew, much less unloos'd thy lips,
To speak. Speak said I ? nay but lodg'd a thought,
Or murmur of the least affront to us,
Thee, basest of all worms meat, I had made
Unwholsom food for Hadocks : But I ha' done.

Clin. Enough *Tom Watton*, with these sheets not
failes,

A stiff gale blows to split us on yon rock.

Pur. And set sail from the fatal Marshal seas,
And *Wapping* is our harbour, a quick sand that shall
swallow many a brave Marine souldier, of whose valour,
experience, skil, and Naval discipline, being lost, I
wish this land may never have need : but what star
must we fail by ? or what compasf ?

Hang. I know not the star, but here's your compass.

Pur. Yes that way points the Needle; that way we steer a sad course, plague of the Pilot; hear you Mr. Sherif, you see we wear good clothes, they are payd for, and our own, then give us leave our own amongst our friends to distribute: There's, Sir, for you.

Clin. And you.

Pur. The work man made them took never measure on a Hangmans back; wear them for our fakes, and remember us; there's some content for him too.

Hang. Thank your worships.

Clin. I would your knaveship had our worships place,
If hanging now be held so worshipful.

Pur. But now our Sun is all setting, night comes on,
The watery wilderness ore which we raign'd,
Proves in our ruins peaceful, Merchants trade
Fearless abroad as in the rivers mouth,
And free as in a harbor, then fair *Thames*,
Queen of fresh water, famous through the world,
And not the least through us, whose double tides
Must o'rflow our bodies, and being dead,
May thy clear waves our scandals wash away,
But keep our valours living; now lead on
Clinton, thus arm in arm lets march to death,
And wheresoe'er our names are memoriz'd,
The world report two valiant Pirats fell,
Shot betwixt wind and water; so farewell.

Exeunt as they entered.

Enter old Forrest and young Forrest.

Old For. A fathers blessing, more then all thy honours
Crown thee, and make thy fortunes growing stil:

Oh heavens I shall be too importunate
To ask more earthly favours at your hands ;
Now that you after all these miseries
Have still reserv'd my son safe and unscorn'd.
Besides thy pardon and thy countries freedom,
What favours hath her Grace conferr'd on thee ?

Young For. More then my pardon and the meed
propos'd,
To grace the rest, she styl'd me with the order
Of Knighthood, and for the service of my country,
With promise of employments of more weight :
The Pirats were committed to the Marshalleas,
Condemn'd already, and this day to dye :
And now as part of my neglected dutie,
It rests I visit that fair Gentlewoman
To whom I stand indebted for my life ;
That necessary duty once perform'd,
Out of my present fortunes to distribute
Some present comfort to my Sisters wants.

Old For. A grateful friend thou art, a kind dear
brother,
And a most loving son.

Enter Philip, Susan, Merchant, Anne.

Phil. Sir, more then all these fortunes now befall
me,
A fate 'midst all disaster unexpected,
My noble brothers late success at sea
Hath fild me with a surplusage of joy,
Nor am I least of all endear'd to you,
To be the first reporter.

Mer. 'Tis most true,
And I the man that in the most distress
Had first share of his bounty.

Anne. Of his goodness we have had sufficient tast
already, but to be made more happy in his sight would
plenly rejoice us.

Suf. It would prove like surfeit after sweet meats.

Young For. See all my friends, but first let me salute her to whom I am most bound.

Suf. My most dear father.

Old For. My blessings meeting with a husbands love

Make thy yeares long and happy.

Anne. You are most grateful
And much beyond my merit.

Suf. O spare me, Sir, to fly into his arms
That hath so long fled from me.

Young For. My sweet Sister.

Phil. Bar me not all the best fruition
Of what in part you have tasted : Sir, I am one
Amongst the rest that love you.

Young For. I take my Sisters husband, unto me
Therefore one most intir'd.

Mer. Sir the same,
And I though last in my acknowledgement,
Yet first in due arrearage.

Young For. You I know
To be a worthy Merchant and my friend,
To whose, next to your sisters courtesie
I stand engag'd most for a forfeit life :
But he next to the powers divine above
I ever must adore ; and now faire creature
I dare more boldly look upon the face
Of your good man then when I saw you last.

Mer. And that's some queston.

Young For. Wherefore hath that word struck you
with sudden fadnes.

Anne. My husband !

Phil. He's late dead, and yet hath left her none
of the poorest widdows.

Young For. Dead did you say,
And I a Bachelor, now on whom better
Or justlier can I confer my self,
Then to be hers by whom I have my being,
And live to her that freely gave me life ?

There is a providence that prompts too't,
And I will give it motion : Gentle Lady,
By you I am, and what I am by you
Be then to me as I have stil'd you last,
A Lady ; heavens have made you my preserver,
To preserve me for your self, loosing a husband,
Who knows but you have sav'd me to that end,
That lost name to recover ; and by me
Sweet enterchange and double gratitude :
I left you sped, but find you now dispoyl'd :
Married you venter'd for my single life ;
Widdow'd, by me to gain the name of wife.

Mer. What, pause you at the motion ? you are not
my Sister if you deny him.

Phil. Let me plead for him.

Suf. O doubly link me to you, be you stil'd my
Brother and my Father.

Old For. With you let my age joyn, and make me
proud to say, that in my last of daies, barren of issue,
I have got so fair a daughter.

Young For. Sweet, your answer.

Anne. Sir, I should much mistake my own fair
ends,
Should I alone withstand so many friends.
I am yours and onely so.

Young For. I yours the same,
And Lady now I kisse you by that name.

Enter Clown.

Clown. What kissing already ! then I smel another
wedding towards, and in no fitter time then now :
prepare your selves Gentlemen and Gentlewomen ;
make a hall ; for I come to present you with a Mask.

Phil. What Mask ?

Clow. Not such as Ladies wear upon their faces,
to keep the soul from the fair, but a plain Mask, or
rather more properly I may call it a Muming,
because the presenters have scarce a word to speak
for themselves.

Phil. If there be any that appear as friends, and come to grace our feast in courtesie, admit 'em prithee.

Clow. That shal I Sir, and with all expedition, And that without drum, without fife, or musitian. These two lines shall serve for the Prologue: now enter *scena prima, Dramatis personæ*; these be the Actors, yet let me entreat you not to condemn them before you hear them speak.

Phil. Amazement startles me: are these my brothers?

Clow. By the Fathers side it should seem; for you know he was a hard man, and it should seem 'tis but a hard world with them.

Phil. And these my false friends that distrusted heaven, and put their faith in riches; I pray Gentlemen how comes this charge?

Foh. How comes this change say you? no change of pastors, which they say make fat calves, but change of drink, change of women, change of ordinaries, change of gaming, and one wench in the change, all these helpt to make this change in us.

Wil. And change is no robbery, I have been robbed, but not at ruffe, yet they that have robbed you see what a poor stock they have left me: A whore stole away my Maidenhead, ill company my good conditions, a broaker robbed me of my apparel, drink of my wits, and dice of my money.

Phil. This is no more then expectation: but how come you thus altered?

Clow. If you had laid haltered, Sir, you had gone more roundly to the busines.

Fosf. Sir, there was coyning laid to my charge, for which (though I acquit my self) I made my estate over unto a friend (for so I thought him) but now he has cosened me, and turned me out of all.

Goodw. In dead of night my counting house was broak ope by theves, and all my coyn (which was my whole estate, and god I then did trust in) stole away, I left a forlorn beggar.

Phil. O wondrous, why this passes.

Clow. It may pass amongst the rest for a scurvey jest, but never like Mother *Passes* Ale, for that was knighted.

Mer. Ale knighted ! how I prithee ?

Clow. You have heard of Ale Knights, therefore it is not improbable that Ale may be knighted.

Mer. Thy reason ?

Clow. Why there is Ale in the town that passes from man to man, from lip to lip, and from nose to nose, but mother *Passes* double Ale I assure you, Sir-passes, therefore knighted.

Phil. Leave trifling, for more serious is the object. Offered before our eyes : In these heavens justice, In these a most remarkable president To teach within our height to know our selves ; Of which I make this use ; you are my brothers (A name you once disdained to call me by) Your wants shal be relieved : you that distrusted Heavens providence, and made a mock of want And others misery, no more deride ; Part of your losse shall be by me supplyed According to my power.

Young For. My noble brother, You teach us virtue, of which I could wish All those that see good daies make happy use, So those distrest ; for both theres president, But to our present nuptials ; reverent Father Dear Lady, Sister, Friend, nay brothers too, But you Sir, most conjoyned and endeared.

*In us the world may see our fates well scan'd,
Fortune in me by Sea, in you by Land.*

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE I.

The Royall King, and the Loyall Subject.

Reprinted in the sixth volume of Dilke's old Plays (1816).

Printed for the Shakespeare Society, together with *A Woman Kild with Kindnesse*, with an Introduction and Notes by Mr. Payne Collier, in 1850.

It had not been reprinted since the publication of the old edition in 1637. Whether the poet then authorized the appearance of it in type is not stated ; probably not, or he would have preceded it, as in most cases when he was a consenting party, by a dedication to some friend or patron, or by a brief address to the reader.

The preliminary matter consists only of a "Prologue to the Stage," which was, most likely, recited when the drama was originally acted : the "Epilogue to the Reader," which was not intended for an audience, shows that the drama had been written many years before it came from the press : indeed, the form and style of composition bears evidence of considerable antiquity ; and Heywood himself remarks upon his frequent introduction of rhymes—a practice that prevailed, as most persons acquainted with the productions of our early stage are aware, in the comparative infancy of our theatres, when a successful effort was made, by a mixture of blank-verse and rhyme, and by the employment of "strong lines," to compensate for the partial absence of that constant jingle to which the ears of popular spectators had been accustomed. Heywood tells us—

" We know (and not long since) there was a time
 Strong lines were not look'd after, but if rhyme,
 Oh ! then 'twas excellent."

So that we have the testimony of the author to establish, that his *Royall King and Loyall Subject* was written "not long since" the period when rhyme was in general use on the stage.

Were we to venture a conjecture as to the date when *The Royall King, and Loyall Subject*" was produced, we should say, that it was shortly before the year 1600; and Heywood adds, in his Epilogue, that it was when

—“ doublets with stuft'd bellies and big sleeves,
 And thofe trunk hose which now the age doth scorn,
 Were all in fashion.”

It would be out of place here to enter into any discussion on the construction of the plot, or on the delineation of the characters; but we may observe that the first is remarkably simple, and the last somewhat feeble and deficient in variety.

PAGE 6.
opposite hatred.

“ Opposite hatred ” means the hatred of opposites, or *enemies*, a fense the word often bears in our old poets : it occurs again in the next line but two—“ Guirt with the opposite rankes of Infidels.” It cannot be necessary to cite instances, many of which may be found in Shakespeare, and a striking one on p. 55 of the present play.

Ib.
my operant parts.

This passage is quoted by Steevens, in a note on *Hamlet*, act iii., sc. 2, to show that the meaning of “operant” is *active*.

PAGE 7.
With double use.

With double *interest*, or usance.

PAGE 10.

Ey, and hyperbolize in all his deeds.

The most usual mode of spelling “Ay,” in our old dramatists,

is by the letter I, used as an interjection ; but Heywood's printer in this play has adopted a new mode—*Ey*.

PAGE 11.

Our further plots digest.

In our old writers, “digest” is a word that is often used for *digest*. It occurs, among others, in Webster and Middleton, but it is not necessary to quote the passages.

Ib.

Hollow him straight.

Both Dilke and Collier read “Follow,” on the assumption that “Hollow” is a misprint. But it may be only the spelling that is at fault, and that the Marshal directs his servant to “Holla” or *cry out* after the King.

PAGE 13.

To Burchen-lane first, to have suited us.

Birchin Lane was principally famous, at this time, for shops where clothes were sold : see Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, p. 55, 2nd edit., where many authorities on the point are collected. See *King Edward IV.* Part I. (Vol. i., p. 11.)

PAGE 18.

Whither wilt thou ?

A proverbial expression, occurring in various old writers. Steevens quotes the passage in the text in his note upon *As You Like It*, act iv., sc. 1.

PAGE 21.

And venter lashing in the Porters Lodge.

“The porter's lodge,” says Gifford (in a note on Massinger's *Duke of Millain*) “in our author's days, when the great claimed, and indeed, frequently exercised the right of chastising their servants, was the usual place of punishment.”

PAGE 24.

Here's a short horse soone curried.

A proverbial expression, implying apparently that the business

in hand has been soon despatched. It is found in the *Valentinian* of Beaumont and Fletcher, where the Emperor and his courtiers are playing at dice, and one of them having lost his money stakes his horse—

“ *Chi.* At my horse, sir,

Val. The dappled Spaniard?

Chi. He.

Val. (throws.) He's mine.

Chi. He is so.

Max. Your short horse is soon curried.”

PAGE 29.

To grace where you appoint?

So the original edition, from which Mr. Collier does not deviate. Mr. Dilke reads “to grace where *we* appoint.”

PAGE 30.

feed and be fat, my fine Cullapolis.

Steevens, in his note on *Henry IV.*, Pt. II., act ii., sc. iv., quotes various old authors who, like Shakespeare, have employed this line, or something resembling it: it is parodied, or taken, from *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, which has been imputed to Peele. The only difference between Shakespeare and Heywood in the use of the passage, is that the former has “fair,” where the latter has *fine*. In neither does it stand exactly as Peele gives it—“Feed, then, and faint not, my fair Calepolis.” Elsewhere, with reference to another person, we have, in the same play, “Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe.”

PAGE 43.

Give expeditious order for the rites.

The necessary prefix of *King* is omitted in the old copy before this speech, which is given as part of that of Isabella.

PAGE 46.

With a standing bed in 't, and a truckle too.

Steevens quoted this passage in illustration of “his standing bed and his truckle bed,” in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv. sc. 5.

PAGE 47.

and are so strange.

The "old copy has *strong* instead of "strange," which is clearly the right word.

Ib.

old bully bottom.

An expression adopted, possibly, from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. 1, and differently applied.

PAGE 49.

Will you get you out of my doores, or shall wee scolde you hence?

"Scold" is the reading of the original quarto and of the Shakespeare Society's edition. I am inclined, however, to think that Mr. Dilke is undoubtedly right in reading "scald," both from the nature of the Clown's reply, and from the fact that the Bawd has already (p. 45) threatened the Captain and his servant to "wash them hence with hot scalding water," when the Clown makes a similar play upon the word. I have not ventured, indeed, to adopt the emendation: but any reader who is convinced of its necessity can easily alter the *o* into *a* with his pen.

As an instance of the looseness and inaccuracy of previous reprints of Heywood's plays, I may mention that in the passage cited above, Mr. Dilke prints, "Will you out of my doors," and Mr. Collier, "Will you get out of my doors;" the latter omitting one and the former two words of the text.

Ib.

Goe you then, with your paire, &c.

The terms "oars" and "sculls" were as well understood in Heywood's time as in our own, and the Clown here plays upon them.

PAGE 50.

With the French Fly, with the Sarpego dry'd.

The disease here alluded to was often imputed to the French: respecting the "dry serpigo," see Steevens's note to *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii. sc. 3.

PAGE 50.

But Ile be modest.

In the old copy, this declaration is made part of the speech of the Captain, but it clearly belongs to the woman, who, at the same time, offers to return the money.

PAGE 51.

Thinke the Plagues croffe, &c.

The placing of a cross upon the doors of houses, the inhabitants of which were infected with the plague, is alluded to by various old writers : it was often accompanied with the words, "Lord, have mercy upon us." *Vide infra.*

Ib.

Nay will you goe.

The above scene is extremely gross, but it shows the manners of the time ; and is not more so than many portions of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, and those of other dramatists, which do not convey a moral so admirable and forcible. Heywood's laudable object was to disgust, not to excite..

Ib.

PRINCE. *This roble Lady, &c.*

This speech is erroneously assigned to the Princess in the old copy. She speaks next.

PAGE 55.

The best of these, &c.

Perhaps we ought to read, "The *last* of these," viz., her father's love : the misprint was easy.

PAGE 57.

Nothing more sure.

In the old copy, the words, "than that" are made to begin the next speech of the Marshal. Mr. Collier thinks they should form part of the Queen's reply.

PAGE 59.

Fixt upon wealth, to want unnaturall.

The sense is perhaps incomplete, in consequence of the sudden entrance of Match and Touch-boxe.

Ib.

God-a-mercy horse.

A proverbial exclamation. See *Tarlton's Jests*, printed by the Shakespeare Society in 1844, p. 23.

PAGE 66.

This must not hold, &c.

From the number of rhyming lines in this play, we may perhaps suspect an error here, and that Heywood intended a couplet :—

“ This must not hold, prevention out of hand,
For if the Martial rise, *not long we stand.*”

Possibly, however, the poet purposely meant to avoid the jingle : the same remark will apply to what immediately follows between Clinton and Chester :—

“ *Clin.* Our wits must then to worke.

Cheſt. Of force, they must ;

This is not that to which our fortunes trust.”

In printing the play, in 1637, the author may have introduced the change, in order to give it a more modern appearance, and to expunge rhymes which, at the time the drama was originally performed, were acceptable.

PAGE 67.

That force perforce our ſubjeſt muſt give place.

An expression hardly requiring a note, since it frequently occurs in Shakespeare. See, particularly, *Henry IV., Part II.*, act iv. sc. 1, and act iv. sc. 4.

PAGE 70.

my Bandileero.

The *bandileer* was a leathern belt worn by the musketeers over the left shoulder, to which was suspended a bullet bag, a primer, a priming-wire, and ten or twelve small boxes, each containing a charge of powder.

PAGE 70.

my Pike to a Pickadevant.

This expression is found in the *Midas* of Lylly, and seems to have been the affected term for the beard when so dressed as to taper to a point, or what the courtly barber there calls a *bodkin* beard.

Ib.

our provant.

i.e., our provision—what was provided for soldiers in the way of food, and sometimes clothing and arms : thus in old authors we read of “provant breeches” and “provant swords.”

PAGE 80.

Prais'd for your hospitall vertues.

“Hospitall” for *hospitable*.

PAGE 84.

The Epilogue to the Reader.

The Prologue was “to the Stage,” but this Epilogue was, of course, not recited, but intended as an excuse for the revival of an old play, by the publication of it. Among other points, it refers to the period when rhymes were mainly in request with audiences, and they are abundantly sprinkled throughout the different scenes.

PAGE 355.

Prologue, &c., to the Famous Tragedy of the Rich Jew of Malta.

This play was written by Christopher Marlowe, and published by Heywood in 1633 with a Dedicatory Epistle “To my worthy friend, Mr. Thomas Hammon, of Grayes Inne.

“This play, composed by so worthy an Authour as Mr. *Marlo*, and the part of the Jew presented by so vnimitable an Actor as Mr. *Allin*, being in this later Age commended to the Stage : As I vsher'd it unto the Court, and presented it to the Cock-pit, with these Prologues and Epilogues here inserted, so now being newly brought to the Preffe, I was loath it should be published without the ornament of an Epistle; making choyce of you vnto whom to deuote it, then whom (of all those Gentlemen and ac-

quaintance, within the compasse of my long knowledge) there is none more able to taxe Ignorance, or attribute right to merit. Sir, you have bin pleased to grace some of mine owne workes with your curteous patronage : I hope this will not be the worse accepted, because commended by mee ; ouer whom, none can clayme more power or priuilege than your selfe. I had no better a New-yeares gift to present you with ; receive it therefore as a continuance of inuiolable obliegement, by which, he rests still ingaged ; who as he euer hath, shall alwayes remaine *Tuissimus* : THO. HEYWOOD."

PAGE 359.

FORTUNE BY LAND AND SEA.

This play, together with the *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, was edited by Mr. Barron Field, and printed for the Shakespeare Society, in 1846.

"Although this play was acted 'by the Queen's servants,' it was not published till the year 1655, after the death of its authors, and during the Protectorate of Cromwell, when plays could only be read, not acted. There is only that one edition, which is very badly printed, with all the blank verse like prose, to save space. With the exception of the fourth scene of the third Act, it is a very good drama, full of spirit and poetical justice. It would seem unnatural, now-a-days, that an eldest son, for marrying a young lady with no fortune, should by his father be not only disinherited, but made, together with his wife, domestic servants to the father and younger brothers ; but in Heywood's days such patriarchal tyranny could be practised with no check from public opinion. The land was almost the only property : that generally went by heirship ; and younger brothers, under pretence of having the run of the house, were virtually servants to the heir, unless they had the spirit to go abroad, as soldiers or sailors, or the wit to enter into one of the learned professions."—BARRON FIELD.

It may be noted that, in the original edition of this play, the names of both the authors are wrongly spelt ; an error of which I believe in the case of Heywood no other instance exists.

PAGE 376.

Betwixt us play the sticklers.

The *sticklers* were the moderators of a combat, Steevens thinks

from their carrying sticks, but Nares from the verb "stickle," (to arbitrate). The expression, "with his shop-club" in this passage, seems to favour the former interpretation. See *Troilus and Cressida*, act v. sc. 9 :—

"The dragon-wing of Night o'erspreads the earth,
And *stickler-like*, the armies separates."

PAGE 379.

you know somewhat hath some favour.

This is the first half of an old proverb. The whole of it is in Swift's *Polite Conversation*: "Something has some favour but nothing has no flavour."

PAGE 380.

the four bare legs that belong to a bed.

In Swift's *Polite Conversation* we have :—"Consider, Mr. Neverout, four bare legs in a bed ; and you are a younger brother."

PAGE 384.

Ile go teach ye hayte and ree, gee and whoe.

"In the eastern counties, according to Forby and Moore, the ejaculation *Hait-wo!* or *Height!* is now used only to turn a cart-horse to the left ; and *Ree!* is given by the latter as a command which causes a movement to the right. In Yorkshire, for *gee-oo* the carters say *hite* and *ree*. "Height nor ree," (neither go nor drive) spoken of a wilful person."—Way's *Promptorium*, in v. Hayght. In Nash's *Summer's Last Will and Testament* (1600), is another account of *hay-ree*.

Harvest. Hay, God's plenty, which was so sweet and so good, that when I jerted with my whip, and said to my horses but *hay*, they would go as they were mad.

Summer. But *hay* alone thou say'st not, but *hay* and *ree*.

Harvest. I sing *hay-ree*, that is, *hay* and *rye*, meaning that that they shall have *hay* and *rye*, their belly-fulls, if they will draw hard."

In the old Interlude of "John Bon and Mast Person" we see the words in action :—

"With *haight*, black Hab !

Have again, Bald, before, *hayght, ree, whoo!*

Cherely, boy : come off, that homeward we may go."

PAGE 389.

ANNE: And hand to hand?

YOUNG FOR. In single opposition.

"In single opposition, hand to hand," is a line from Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* Part I. (act 1, sc. 3). Rowley (Heywood's partner in this play) has the same line in Webster's and his *Thracian Wonder* (act v. sc. 2).

PAGE 397.

Unleſſe too cold harbor.

Cold-harbour, or Coldharborough, was an old building in Dowgate Ward. Stow (*Survey*, p. 188, ed. 1528,) tells us, "The last deceased Earle [of Shrewsbury] tooke it down, and in place thereof builded a great number of small tenements, now letten out for great rents to people of all sorts."—Debtors and persons not of the most respectable character used to take refuge there. Middleton calls it the "devil's sanctuary." *A Trick to catch the old one.—Works*, ii. 55, ed Dyce.

PAGE 415.

next charge your Murderers.

The small cannon placed in the forecastle of a ship-of-war were formerly called *murderers*. See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Honest Man's Fortune* (act v. sc. 3):—

"She has a *murderer* lies in her prow
I am afraid will fright his mainmast."

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.







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